SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XCII, NO. 5 NOVEMBER, 1932

A Brilliant Christmas Scribner's Magazine

WITH SPECIAL FICTION FEATURES

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a complete short novel
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European and American food
by Thomas Beer

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by Christian Gauss

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tax-exempt securities and real estate
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Also. To insure the return of manuscripts submitted and not found feasible for publication, authors must send with their manuscripts sufficient postage for return.

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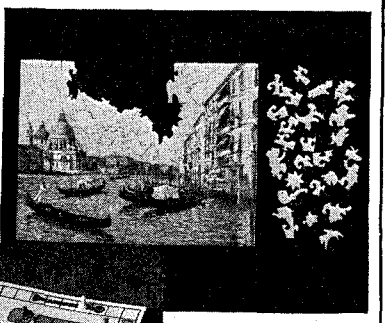
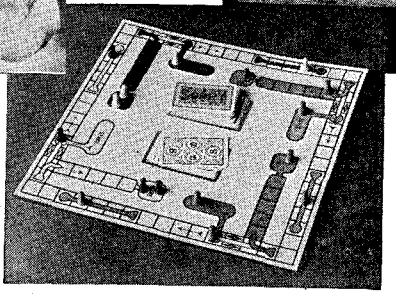
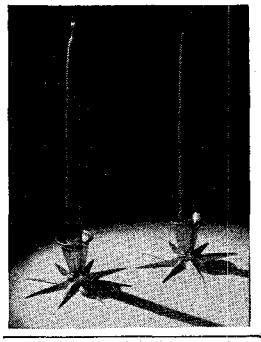


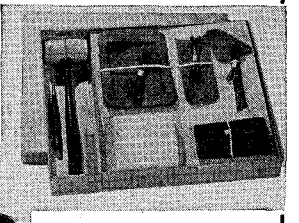


Jig-saw puzzles have come into the drawing-room. If you think they are simple, just spend an entire evening on this one as I did. The completed puzzle in each case makes an interesting picture. Come in assortments from $1 to $6.75, which contain 70 to 500 pieces.



A game for any person of any age. It looks like parcheesi, but it is far more exciting than that. "Sorry" comes from England, but is gaining wide popularity here. Played with men and cards on a board, with skill and chance equally important. In three sizes, $1, $2, and $3, postpaid.

Modern polished pewter low candlesticks. The star base is appropriate to any period of decoration and they are equally decorative on the dining-table and in the living-room. The modest price is $4 a pair, postpaid. (Candles not included.)



Two gifts for children which are really fun. One is a leather working set which contains tools and materials for making several small pieces such as a picture frame, purse, etc. Price, $4, postpaid. The other is a real block-printing set with all necessary tools. A child can cut his own designs, and print Christmas cards, book plates, etc. $3.75 postpaid.

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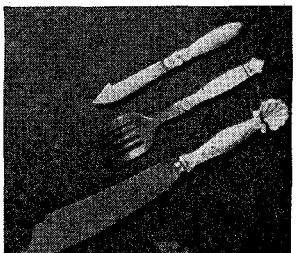

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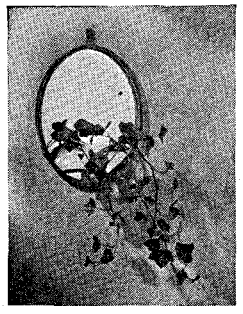

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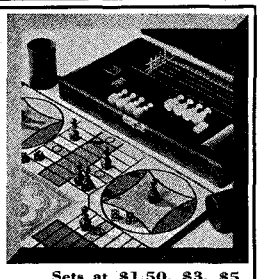

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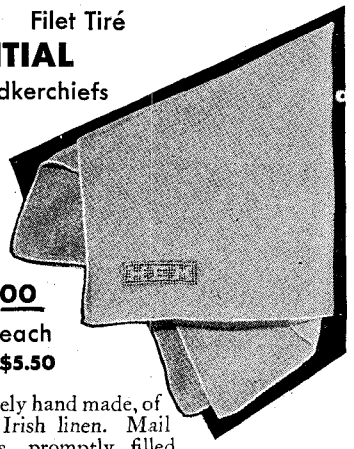

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LITERARY SIGN-POSTS

DEATH IN THE AFTERNOON, BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY. *Scribners.* $3.50.

This is a treatise on bullfighting; but it is a great deal more besides. The book, which like all worthy of the name is a feat of skill, adds a lasting laurel to the author's garland and confirms his repute as one of the most living of living writers that America has produced. As a treatise it sets forth for the first time in English, and perhaps in any language, with intimate knowledge, the technical details of a spectacle which it is easy to convict of barbarism, but which it would be as difficult to convict of dulness as to bring the charge against Ernest Hemingway's writing. In the studied negligence of his flowing loquacity, the technicalities, which might well have been dry as a pedant's prose, are transmuted into thrills. They are, in Hemingway's pages, as on the sand of the arena, the media of emotion; and the curiosity of the reader or spectator, for the author's artistry makes them one, drawn maybe by the occasion to express moral disapproval, is held by feelings no less absorbing.

The author does not stay to argue out moral issues. He does better. He will, as if by chance, stroll out of the barbaric bullring onto the civilized battlefield; and the panting moralist is left there to stammer, as he feels disposed, his own comments. In the same incidental manner, the author exposes the fund of ignorance with which the current platitudes of the uninitiated commentator are seasoned.

But bullfighting is admittedly a pagan sport, and the book is not for Puritans. Hemingway is, like every true artist, a pagan. Life is not to him a text for maxims and formulas, but a thing to be intensely felt; and the art of words a means, excitingly refractory and intractable, of reproducing feeling, to be mastered, cajoled, and conquered as the matador masters and cajoles the bull, making him swerve, swing, and sway to the motions of the muleta. So easy, seemingly, and smoothly felicitous! But in truth so deadly and terrible, the masterful conquest of life, of art, of the raging monster, with only a controlled quiver of tense nerves holding off the toss of the imminent horns. In that difficult ease and mastery lies the pagan joy of life and art. And the artist who has achieved it and sealed it with a clean thrust merits every "Bravo" he draws from his audience.

The reader is invited to discuss the show over a plate of shrimps and a bottle of amontillado in the cafés, and catches glimpses of a not too highly local-colored Spain; and, between bullfights, to stroll into the Prado for a fresh look at the Goyas and the Velasquez.

If he does not delight in the book, and the wonderful collection of photographs with running commentary, and the glossary, which is one more excuse for entertaining talk, he would be well advised to enquire what may be the matter with his ailing self. Maybe a slight touch of Presbyterianism or the like, which may not be serious, but had better be taken in time.

ROBERT BRIFFAULT.

MARK TWAIN'S AMERICA, BY BERNARD DEVOTO. *Little, Brown.* $4

Mr. DeVoto is profoundly furious. He is tired of certain critics. He is the West intellectually rising at the East. He takes America away from the clinicians to the believers in corpuscular joy. He thinks that various esteemed critics of Mark Twain have a pitiful notion of what he's about. He is through with the Thin-blooded Criticism of America. His book should start a much-needed and extensive row.

It is as a patriot in the 1932 manner that Mr. DeVoto writes. He implies that both Dostoievsky and Arkansas can be beautiful. And since he sees Mark Twain as having in him more than any other writer the unlimited and astounding truth of forty-eight States, he wants him studied—as Homer has been studied; not as a bodiless and sourceless instance of frustration.

And so Mr. DeVoto has it in for Messrs. Brooks, Frank, and Mumford. These critics he regards as plainly inequipped for some of their chosen jobs. Mr. Brooks, author of the most influential critical work on Mark Twain, is most largely the object of Mr. DeVoto's mental charges. He shows, to my satisfaction, anyway, that Mr. Brooks started on the Twain job without a complete set of tools. And he had measurements and plans and time; but no lumber.

It may very well be that a new period in the history of United States thought will have some sort of ascertainable beginning in "Mark Twain's America." I do not mean this to be the flamboyant laudation it may seem. For

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plainly, America is looking at itself newly these days; and more effectively than anywhere else I know, Mr. DeVoto's book contains the makeup of its new attitude. And, therefore, Mr. DeVoto's scoldings of Messrs. Brooks, Frank, and Mumford are not just scoldings: they are inevitable declarations of intellectual war. America *has* had joy, says Mr. DeVoto; it has had a folk-art; life in it has been just as free and as essentially æsthetic as anywhere else; this America made Mark Twain, and didn't ruin him; and if you don't know the earthy, coarse, glowing, cruel and beautiful Southwest of say, 1830, you might as well stick to Mallarmé and keep off the Mark Twain sector.

In the activity of taking America and Twain out of the hands of the mournfully misinformed, Mr. DeVoto goes, at times, critically wild, and is unfair. His intensely loving concentration on Twain has made him, I imagine, unseeing of the joyous qualities of other American writers. Twain's mind did have its rifts and chasms, and unfortunate anæsthesias—as all writers' minds have had. That is why it is more than ever necessary not to miss powers in an author towards whom one is spiritually indisposed. An author to whom Mr. DeVoto is unfair is Emerson. He calls Whittier and Longfellow better artists than he; and doesn't seem to have much use for him generally. Well, Emerson had life in him that Mr. DeVoto doesn't seem to see; and on Mark Twain's own terms, insofar as there is more life in Emerson—much more —than in Whittier or Longfellow, he is the better artist, in the essential meaning of that word. And Mr. DeVoto really maltreats Bret Harte: Harte wasn't the literary good-for-nothing our critic represents him as being.

And I here come to the danger contained in "Mark Twain's America." It may make for a new kind of literary unfairness. Twain himself could be ragingly unfair,—in the same way that Bostonians were unfair to him. He could not accommodate himself to honest artistic worlds that were foreign to his way of mind. He saw no good in Jane Austen or James Fenimore Cooper: entirely different people and both good. The danger I talk of is the coming into existence of a "rough" and "wild-and-woolly" cock-eyedness in literature. It so happens that Mark Twain and William Cullen Bryant are both good writers; and if American criticism goes Trans-Mississippi, it may be that only literary boulders will be seen as good, with carved marbles forgot. But we should like both Nevada and New England; both "The Big Bear of Arkansas" and Emily Dickinson.

ELI SIEGEL.

MORE MERRY-GO-ROUND. ANONYMOUS.
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NOT TO BE REPEATED. ANONYMOUS.
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SONS OF THE WILD JACKASS, BY RAY TUCKER.
L. C. Page. $3.

The second "Merry-Go-Round" book is loud and funny, irreverent and ribald. It adds life and color to the "official" portraits of prominent personages painted by ghost-writer and publicity man. It is the low-down on Washington told by newspaper men who know. One of the saner members of a government department characterizes it as "about 75 per cent true and the rest entertaining, if somewhat malicious, gossip." The total effect of the book is to show Washington fiddling while the country goes to ruin. Justice Holmes, Senator Norris, and General Glassford are the only men of prominence who escape, and even Glassford receives a minor wound. The liberal and progressive senators in general are awarded the accolade of silence. The attitude of the authors is chiefly that of reporters, with some show of moral indignation. They lose some of their effectiveness because they too well ex-

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emplify the typical newspaper man's point of view. They are thoroughly convinced that any one with a reputation is a "stuffed shirt" and are out to prove it.

"High Low Washington" is neither so loud nor so funny. It criticises the system rather than individuals, and criticism is never so entertaining as gossip. The first part of the book goes over familiar ground but the last three chapters: "David and Goliath" which tells the story of how one Oswald Schuette almost single-handed made the radio trust an issue; "Frenzied Finance," the story of the government's financial operations, especially in the crisis; and "Misery and Grandeur," devoted to Mr. Hoover, are decidedly worth reading. The last chapter particularly is as fine an estimate of the President as I have read. It absolves him from being the personal devil of the depression.

"Not To Be Repeated" is frankly labelled "Merry-Go-Round of Europe," and acknowledgment is made to that book on the jacket which explains how Ray Long conceived of a great scheme to educate Americans about Europe by publishing a book on each country. He finally decided on one book with chapters written by different people. From his mountainous labors came forth something which suspiciously resembles a mouse. The sections are uneven. The opening one on England is very dull, the next to last one on Central Europe is very good. One finds some pleasure in the fact that the Russian iron men (or tin gods, depending on your point of view) are regarded with as much irreverence as the other heads of European governments, but the material is otherwise disappointing to those who have followed what has been written about Russia.

These books seem to have a way of getting people in trouble. "Sons of the Wild Jackass" becomes a unique item by reason of the publisher's apology printed as a foreword. The author apparently thinks better of the Western Senators than the publishers and George Moses do.

ALFRED DASHIELL.

THE LETTERS OF D. H. LAWRENCE, EDITED BY ALDOUS HUXLEY. *Viking.* $5.

There was never anybody remotely resembling Lawrence. He seemed to have been born mature (his letters at twenty have no trace of juvenility) and yet his quest through life was that of a child seeking comfort—the comfort of those who could live full out and in flame, as he yearned to do. Aldous Huxley says that "of most other eminent people I have met I feel that at any rate I belong to the same species as they do. But this man has something different and superior in kind, not degree." That is exactly true, as every one who met him felt. He was a great man, a great individual and that will remain, regardless of the fate of his books. I feel "Sons and Lovers" a masterpiece but I am not a prophet. It would be easy to ridicule the Lawrence of these letters but none but a fool will attempt it. He was lovable and honorable and courageous and it is tragic to see the war crushing him. He has been analyzed from many angles but it seems to me that he never recovered from the suppression of "The Rainbow" and the horror and torture of the great blood-letting. The Letters are Lawrence and they are a masterpiece because Lawrence was a master. To read them is to see the miracle of genius opening out before you. He wrote "The Peacock" at twenty; he wrote "Sons and Lovers" at twenty-six; he sprang full-panoplied as an artist from a poverty-stricken coal-mining background. It is always a vain thing to urge a book upon a reader and I do not attempt it now. I say only that the Lawrence letters are unequalled in the language. They are so because Lawrence was an incomparable human being, a creature so fine that his mere presence on earth was a compliment to the human race.

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GOD'S GOLD: THE STORY OF ROCKEFELLER AND HIS TIMES, BY JOHN T. FLYNN. *Harcourt.* $3.50.

"God gave me my money," said John D. Rockefeller and John T. Flynn tells how, when, where, and why. Mr. Flynn has written an extraordinarily interesting book about an extraordinary man. But "God's Gold" is much more than a biography, the first impartial biography of John D. Rockefeller. It is the story as well of that great band of adventurers and plunderers who surrounded him. It is also the story of oil and of Standard Oil, of the inception and growth of monopolies and trusts in the United States and of the futile war waged by the petty bourgeoisie against the idea of monopoly. It is the story of the vast changes wrought in American business since the Civil War, in which changes Rockefeller was himself a prime mover.

Until 1914 the name of John D. was the most execrated name in American life. Today the once hated oil king has emerged into a kind of "genial sainthood," the dime-dispensing, golf-playing, Ella Wheeler Wilcox "sage of Pocantico Hills." What is not clearly understood, Mr. Flynn points out, is that if the beatification of Rockefeller was due to patient and sustained propaganda, his previous proscription was equally the work of propaganda —propaganda arising from "the outraged interests of thousands of little, wasteful, inefficient, selfish business men who at the time clung to the unworkable methods of the old school."

Of all the great American fortunes, according to Mr. Flynn, Rockefeller's was the most honestly acquired; his generalship the most genuinely constructive. He accumulated profits by building a great business and a great business system, while men like Morgan and Gates and Havemeyer were merely a group of glorified stock-jobbers. "Sixty years ago he saw the need of planning against the untamed and destructive forces of unregulated economy. He set about erecting a mechanism for planning in the industry in which he worked." The only trouble was that "he left out of the planning authority the public which paid the bills."

If Mr. Flynn is no muckraker, neither is he a whitewasher. He gives the devil his due, but he also leaves him his horns. And what horns! If the magnitude of a ruling house may be measured by the skeletons in its closet, surely Standard Oil must still be considered of the first magnitude. Mr. Flynn's scholarship is as upright as it is thorough. He has spared no pains to get all the facts and to set them straight. His book is a model of its kind.

EDWIN SEAVER.

BEYOND DESIRE, BY SHERWOOD ANDERSON. *Liveright.* $2.50.

For a long time now, with Mencken beating the drum, the puerile psychological circumlocutions of Anderson have tried vainly to escape the influence of D. H. Lawrence, Mark Twain, John Dos Passos, and, in this book, William Faulkner. Anderson seems never to make up his mind. "Beyond Desire" starts with the story of a Kansas college-boy farmer's love affair with a female Communist which is only incidental to the story of Red Oliver, son of a doctor of Langdon, Georgia; Red also has been to college, and works in the Langdon cotton mill; but Red Oliver is swept aside by the story of Ethel Long, librarian of Langdon, to whom more than a third of the book is devoted for no lucid reason, although her two battles with sexual perverts are absorbing in themselves. Like an old sailor, Anderson interrupts himself almost to the point of turning cartwheels; he repeats as though he has forgotten what he said; he is full of O'Neill asides and Joycian subconsciousnesses.

But it is the child's gift, maintained even in manhood, the gift of seeing as though for the first time, that constitutes Anderson; perhaps that is why he jumps at new things, new

(*Continued on page 10*)

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trends, why he has arrived at Communism. It is remarkable that so personal a man can get on paper so powerfully the factory religion, write machine poetry, catch the living flesh of factory workers, mill girls, "lintheads," translate the mass feeling of a strike. And in one thing Anderson is wonderful, a leader; in "Beyond Desire" he has obtained the literary reality of New Communism in the Old South, a mental achievement because, sympathetic to Communism, he was able to get the workers' feeling, the anomaly of the Negroes, and then to write in childish wonder of mediæval 1930 in Georgia, a theme as innocent as T. N. T.

ROBERT WHITCOMB.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1932, EDITED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN. *Dodd, Mead.* $2.50.

There is a mild note of satisfaction in Mr. O'Brien's preface to this volume. For eighteen years he has been studying American short stories, collecting them into books, isolating their general characteristics and decorating them with little stars to indicate their relative merits. Now he finds that the stories are better than they were when he began his work, and, what is more important, that the best of them are being written by people whose careers are only beginning. This volume in particular is a work of youth, "of youth which knows where it is going and what it wants to do." Eighteen of the twenty-five stories are by young and comparatively unknown writers, and the work of the young people is superior to that of the old-timers who are included.

There are many new names among the contributors, along with names like those of Erskine Caldwell and George Milburn that were new a year or so ago, and there are several new magazines given as sources. And while there are differences between individual contributions, these new writers have a lot in common. Their characteristic fault is a kind of inconclusiveness, and their characteristic excellence is technical skill; no one of them, for example, makes the mistake that so many of the contributors to Mr. O'Brien's earlier collections made—that of trying to say in a short story what could be more effectively communicated in a novel or a poem. They write of all sorts of native experiences that do not ordinarily receive much attention in our literature: of bus trips across the country, of the movements of families, of brief and accidental meetings somehow given significance. They all write of an American life which is nomadic and migratory in character, and they pull their symbols out of the peculiar developments of our civilization. One gets an impression of great artistic activity from the book, a conviction that these writers are insisting upon their own points of view, and creating their own journals to circulate them when other magazines are inhospitable.

So there is a real reason for Mr. O'Brien's enthusiasm. But one wonders how much of the improvement he salutes is a spontaneous growth and how much of it can be considered a result of his own activity. He credits Anderson and Hemingway with having "released" American writers, but surely his own part in this development has been as great as theirs. His own standards, supported year after year by the stories he has selected, have had a good deal of influence in forming the standards of the young writers whose work he now hails. Some of these stories—Clifford Bragdon's "Love's So Many Things," David Cornel De Jong's "So Tall the Corn," and Caldwell's "Warm River"—stay in the memory, but it is possible to believe they would never have been written, or never have been written so well, if Mr. O'Brien had not made his annual judgments.

ROBERT CANTWELL.

INHERITANCE, BY PHYLLIS BENTLEY. *Macmillan Co.* $2.50.

This is a book of power by a hitherto unknown novelist. Dealing with several generations, it is built on a scale comparable with "The Forsyte Saga." Beginning with the Luddite revolt against machinery, the story has for its background a whole series of social changes developing out of industry from that day to this, and shows how these changes affect a cross-section of English society for a century and more. Throughout it is a conflict between the practical captains of industry and the idealist-reformers, and as the strains of the contending forces sometimes become mixed, the families concerned have to contend with the hostile strain in themselves as with the downright foe. It all began when the son of Old Will Oldroyd, mill-owner, seduced Mary Bamforth, daughter of a weaver and sister to the Luddite, Joe, who was hanged for being implicated in the murder of his employer. There was issue from this illicit union, and its function in the century to come was to challenge the predatory nature of "legitimate" opponents. As far as the sexes of the two camps are concerned, there appears to have been, as in the original instance, an intense attraction of one for the other; the charming creatures of the Bamforth type live to be seduced by the virile Oldroyds, though not always without a struggle. Victory, however, does not necessarily belong to the male conquerors; the Bamforth strain asserts itself in its own fashion in the coming generations. Thus the combat goes on, and when the book ends in the post-war age and all that the Oldroyds have built has gone to smash, no one can tell if it is the end or merely a new beginning. On the whole, the story ends on a cheerful note. It may be said to have a thesis, but at no time does it intrude on a tale fraught with human drama and all that makes life thrilling and interesting and perhaps worth while.

JOHN COURNOS.

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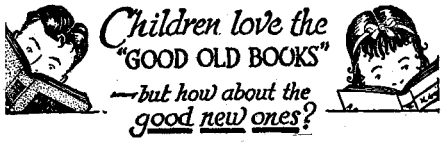

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flavor they cannot be reckoned among the indispensable documents. At best they serve to underline a single point about James and footnote Percy Lubbock's admirably edited collection of James correspondence. The point they underline is this: James's fascinated, technical, and highly informed interest in the theatre. The most valuable notes Miss Robins has printed are those which were written while she was translating, producing and acting Ibsen's plays in London. James was immensely interested in Ibsen, granting his high ability, but deploring the middle-class tone of his work. The letters, too, carry us through the time when James made his own effort to succeed in the theatre but cast little new light on the matter.

C. H. G.

SAMUEL BUTLER, BY CLARA G. STILLMAN. *Viking Press.* $3.75.

It would seem well-nigh impossible to write a tedious book about Samuel Butler, but Mrs. Stillman has succeeded in doing so. Her work is conscientious, painfully so, but she succeeds in subtracting from Butler all the marvellous flavor which was his. It will be a long time before any one betters Festing Jones's two-volume memoir. Beyond recounting Butler's career, Mrs. Stillman ventures into metaphysical matters and seeks to show how Butler anticipated the ideas of Whitehead, Eddington, Bergson, James, the vitalist biologists, and a motley crew of other thinkers and pseudo-thinkers. Mrs. Stillman is overconvinced of the rightness of the mystical physicists and the vitalist biologists. She should know that not all scientists are engaged in handing out bon-bons. Writing about Sam Butler with the emphasis on these matters is as big a mistake as writing about Ralph Waldo Emerson with emphasis on the oversoul. All the salt and savor is neglected and the sugar and saccharinity exaggerated.

C. H. G.

FRANK HARRIS, BY HUGH KINGSMILL. *Farrar & Rinehart.* $2.50.

Mr. Kingsmill's mixture of irony and analysis is happily suited to the telling of the strange career of Mr. Frank Harris under flags too numerous to mention. The paths from Toryism to radicalism, from Carlyle to Bismarck, to Shakespeare, to Jesus, from obscurity to fame and finally to notoriety are traced in incidents some of which the author shared. Harris's statements about his life are checked against known facts, often producing hilarious effects, and sometimes revealing the man and his desires more clearly than could any bald truth. This is the man of the "loves" and also the editor of *The Fortnightly Review*. He could say seriously, "Christ goes deeper than I do, but I have had a wider experience." Mr. Kingsmill describes his "clashing with his surroundings" as being due to his likeness to a "color-blind chameleon arriving at the color of a patch by hard thought, and turning purple on green, or scarlet on yellow, or orange on mauve." It is by no means necessary to be familiar with Frank Harris's published work to find this a delightful as well as penetrating biography.

ARCHER WINSTEN.

SUMMER IS ENDED, BY JOHN HERRMANN. *Covici-Friede.* $2.

Mr. Herrmann is either singularly naïve, or has purposefully developed one of the most intolerable affectations in current American fiction. The reader of "Summer Is Ended" will be alternately bored and repelled by a story that stagnates from page to page, by an endless repetition of clichés that may be intended as satire but doesn't achieve it, by what seems a determined attempt to be "simple." This attempt leads the author to several frankly grammatical errors and to sentences whose syntax is more than tortuous. "Everything she had

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been doing and everything she was going to have to go through was nothing of the sort of thing she wanted." This sentence will serve as an index of Mr. Herrmann's prose style, as well as of his powers of character analysis. The novel is exasperating in its insistence on monosyllabic prose and analysis that confines itself to such as this: "If she loved him and acted that way it wasn't fair, because it made him feel so bad." "Simplification" has been carried to its logical conclusion.

The tale itself is concerned with the emotional disturbances of Charlotte Dale and the tribulations she went through before she managed to land Carl Yoeman. The reader will be hard put to feel in the least concerned over her fate, for whether Mr. Herrmann intended it or not, he has created, in the person of Charlotte, a fictional robot whose sensibilities are almost nil, whose intellect (though we are repeatedly told she is "bright") is practically non-existent. It is quite possible that completely inarticulate, even stupid people might serve as protagonists for a novel that would possess authenticity and the power to move emotion in the reader. But this is not the novel.

ALVAH C. BESSIE.

EGON FRIEDELL, A CULTURAL HISTORY OF THE MODERN AGE, VOLUME III, TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY CHARLES FRANCIS ATKINSON. *Knopf.* $5.

The third and final volume of this translation covers the period from the Congress of Vienna to the Great War, but stops abruptly before the outbreak of the storm. It offers the attraction which every cursive historical survey, if sufficiently well written, can seldom fail to provide, more especially if ideas, literature, art, science, rightfully occupy as much space as diplomacy and political changes. So far as regards the entertaining qualities of Herr Friedell's review of the modern age and the liveliness of his style, there is no cause for complaint. But it is quite otherwise as regards his judgments, if they can be so called, and the principles guiding his survey—although these also are, in their way, entertaining.

Herr Friedell is a frank and rampant reactionary. He concludes his survey of a period which, in common with every intelligent person, he regards as the collapse of a world—"tossed into the pit"—with the suggestion of "a faint gleam of light" beyond the abyss. But the light which he would like to see shining once more upon the world is no other than the light of the Middle Ages. As seems to be the doom of every German, he is obsessed with metaphysics, and it is mainly in relation to metaphysics that he views the social ebb and flow. One is amused to find that the final touch in his picture of the world's collapse is devoted, not to any social, economic, or political symptom, but to a lengthy and fierce diatribe on psycho-analysis. This is explained by the fact that what our so-called historian is really concerned with is the metaphysical soul.

He is, for example, at considerable pains to discredit the "English fad" of organic evolution brought forth by the "childish soul" of Darwin, and more than hints his preference for miraculous creation. His hatreds are catholic, and they are lively—science, logic, rationalism, everything English, all modern art, technology, democracy, and "the rabble" come in for their share of scorn. There is nothing to choose between "Americanism" and Bolshevism; both are "Antichrist." As is to be expected the author has a tender spot in his heart for Nietzsche. He gets over the difficulty that Nietzsche called himself "Antichrist"—Herr Friedell's favorite epithet of abuse—by proving that he was really "the last of the Church Fathers." Another of his heroes is the ex-Kaiser, a thinker, a statesman, and a martyr, whose chief misfortune was that he had an English mother. There are no philosophical thinkers outside Germany, and no

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scholar—he affirms it in so many words. "Faust" is the one poetical monument of the age. Pages are devoted to dull and obscure German poetasters; Keats is not mentioned; Shelley gets three lines. One gathers that what the author really means by the collapse of the modern world is the collapse of Junker Germany. Displayed with such effrontery, the arrogant tribalism, blustering militarism, essential barbarism, and incurable mysticism—really a survival of the irrationalism of the savage—which mark the traditional German mind constitute a dangerously persuasive apology for the war to save Europe from the domination of German "Kultur." Herr Friedell is deeply interested in astrology.

Doubtless many who are dazzled by discursive erudition, or are eager for short cuts to second-hand "culture" will take this pretentious "Cultural History" seriously. There could be no clearer measure of the mental collapse into imbecility and barbarism which Herr Friedell professes to describe.

ROBERT BRIFFAULT.

JOSEPHUS, BY LEON FEUCHTWANGER. *Viking.* $2.50.

Joseph Ben Matthias, Flavius Josephus, priest of the first rank in the temple at Jerusalem, graciously granted by Vespasian the golden ring of the second Roman nobility, student, soldier, patriot, traitor, "Citizen of the World"—this is his book. As an historical novel it is superior to every other book about the period: as the portrait of a man it is among the most complete realizations of human character in contemporary literature. Compared to the author's other works it is far better than "The Ugly Duchess" and though it lacks the continuous brilliancy of "Power" it rises to heights of emotion and description that surpass anything in the famous history of Jew Süss.

Josephus, one feels, is to Feuchtwanger, the Eternal Jew. Clever, tricky, an opportunist, a flatterer, willing to abase himself to the depths that he may gain some material and accepting the customs and practices of the Gentile—that he may later "spoil the Egyptians," encrusting himself with whatever alien civilization in which he may live—but always, underneath, the proud, insulated Jew, biding his time and working through all things for the ultimate triumph of Israel—serving Jehovah with both all the good and evil in his being.

The book is a superb portrait gallery of historical characters. The golden-haired Poppæa, consort of Nero; Justus, the learned Jewish doctor from Tiberias who with prophetic fire "saw through" Josephus almost at their first meeting; Vespasian, the bluff Sabine peasant, three times a complete failure and hovering on the edge of his fourth debacle when the tide changed and carried him to the purple; Titus, Vespasian's son, a wilful boy who won what he wanted by force and ruthlessly broke whatever promises he had made to gain his ends; the Princess Berenice; her brother King Agrippa; the Jewish actor Demetrius Libanus—these are a few of the scores of people whose lives flash out of the pages in momentary glory.

The re-creation of life in Rome, Judea, and Alexandria is vividly perfect. The grandeur of the Imperial city, the beauty of the Temple in Jerusalem, the loveliness of the wide avenues and splendid palaces of Alexandria are made as real as if they still existed—that reality enhanced by the swarm of real people who fill the scene. In the closing chapters of the book, those in which Feuchtwanger describes the burning of the Temple and the final slaughter of the Jews, the narrative touches its highest point. Except for some mighty passages in Flaubert's "Salammbo" this reviewer can recall nothing to equal it in modern fiction,

But, after all, the real greatness of the book lies in its complete picture of the *man* Josephus—a picture that has its modern implications—many, many of them. Indeed, in some spots it might be written of New York—the bit for instance that tells of the indignation of the older and more patriotic Jews at the younger families in Rome "Changing their sacred Hebrew names to Latin or Greek equivalents, Chayin to Caius . . ." an echo from the second century of that lovely half-forgotten ballad "And Goldberg Isn't Goldberg Any More."

"Josephus," then, is totally worth reading. It stands with the really great historical novels. The translation is by Willa and Edwin Muir, and the book is the November choice of the Literary Guild.

R. B. D.

THE NATION AT WAR, BY GENERAL PEYTON C. MARCH. *Doubleday, Doran.* $3.

For frankness which is brutal and beautiful, commend me to the military. General Pershing had things to say about the General Staff and the General Staff, in the person of General March, its head, replies. Reply is not quite the word; he answers with howitzers. General March, as he remarks himself, is no "yes-yes" man. When President Wilson approved the abortive expeditions to Archangel and Vladivostok and, in the midst of murmurs of assent

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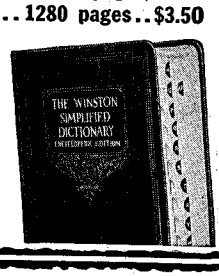

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from his cabinet, saw the vigorous head-shakes of General March, he commented on the fact with some asperity. "Ah, General, you disapprove!" The General disapproved. He must have been a cantankerous individual to have around, but the troops flowed across the ocean in a steady stream and the most gigantic over-seas expedition of all time proved, finally, to be a success. Organization did it and General March and his superior, Newton D. Baker, were in charge of the organization.

The book makes no pretense of being a complete picture of this triumph. It does, however, present a graphic study of what faced the American forces and gives even more a notion of the complexity of the human element which enters into warfare. His praise of the Schlieffen Plan, which was the basis of the German general attack, is whole-hearted. The failure of the Germans to pulverize the Belgian forts at the outset by big guns may have been caused by the incompetence of Von Moltke, but it seems suspiciously like the lapse in the efficiency of the general plan. The more one reads of generals and wars, the less there is to believe of their omnipotence. The French war plan was entirely wrong; General French, of the British, walked for years over the terrain of Belgium before the war, anticipating what eventually came, but there was little to show for it when he blundered about the same territory at the head of his Expeditionary Force. Plain military dumbness ruined the Germans in the first dash.

But General March's book will be remembered best for the body blows he hands about with such prodigality. His strictures on General Pershing are severe. Since Pershing had the first shot in their personal conflict, he may now make a rebuttal. If he should reply to General March and General March should reply to him, ad infinitum, it would be very delightful. It would reveal the military mind, which is always something to be admired, and it would ease the tedium of a bad winter, which, some are cruel enough to suggest, may have been the result of that very war they are quarrelling over so interestedly.

K. S. C.

GUARDIAN ANGEL AND OTHER STORIES, BY MARGERY LATIMER. *Smith and Haas.* $2.

Margery Latimer was one from whom important things were expected. Her death is a tragedy of unfulfilment, leaving in doubt whether she would have found what she was seeking. This book, coming so close upon her death, tempts the reviewer into considering her as a person and as a writer, for in her case especially the two seem so nearly one. Even the manner of her death has an ironic quality and her questing nature shines forth in all she wrote.

The title story of this book is in reality a short novel and as such it appeared in SCRIBNER'S. There are eight shorter stories, all showing extraordinary talent and intense emotion. Indeed, the intensity at times reaches the verge of hysteria, and there is a lack of integration which shows the work to be that of a seeker rather than a master.

"Guardian Angel" concerns the interweaving of emotions in the relationship of an older woman and a young girl. "Married" is a similar relationship between a young woman and her ex-husband. In both the emotional dependence, despite struggles to break away and establish independent and reasoned positions for themselves, of the younger person is the dominant theme.

"Death of Mrs. Vanderwood" is less well done than some of the others but it is important in understanding the significance of Margery Latimer. The old woman reminiscing on her death bed tells the girl who attends her: "I was unhappy that Sunday. . . . Anyway, I suddenly realized that I was in pieces. Just as if I'd been knocked apart and never got together again. Oh, when I knew, when I knew that why didn't I do something, why didn't I try to get all fitted close together again?"

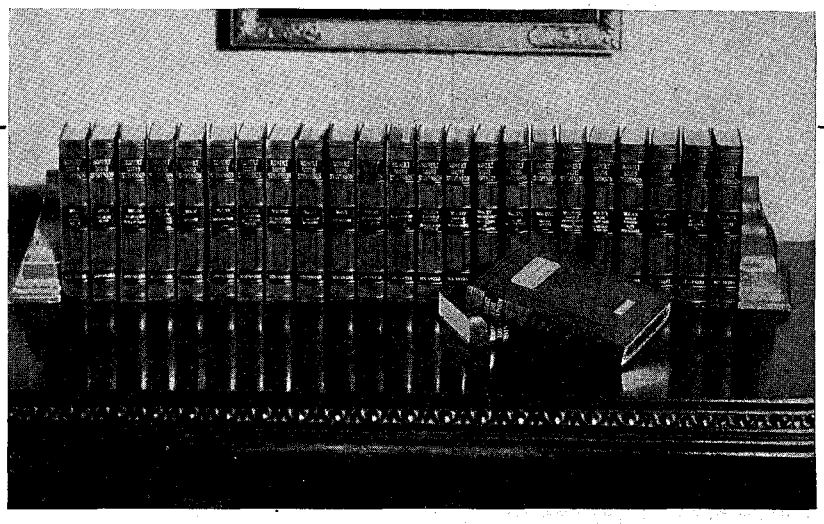
Margery Latimer's writing seems to be the effort of one trying "to get all fitted together again," and in the process she has revealed much about human character.

A. S. D.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BY JOHN BUCHAN. *Coward-McCann.* $3.75.
THE LAIRD OF ABBOTSFORD, BY DAME UNA POPE-HENNESSY. *Putnam.* $3.50.

The Scott centenary is greeted by two books which do credit to him. There is quite general agreement that he was not of the furthest reaches of literary eminence but that no one, in any comparable period, had greater influence on his age. His success, financially at least, was overwhelming. I make the point because it brings up what must have been one of the most delightful features of life in that day: the universal and resounding excitement which greeted a new Scott romance. We have lost that ability to be aroused by literature and it is a sad thought. If one single feature of Scott's life has come down to us as a legend, it is his integrity in paying off his creditors following the crash of his publishing venture. The general impression is that he did this under the direct stress of despair and failing health, as was done by General Grant later in writing his memoirs, but Dame Una Pope-Hennessy shows that Scott worried very little over his misfortune. His private income was still secure and he set to work to pay off his debts. In twenty-three months he could reduce his liability by $200,000. It was an amazing feat.

Mr. Buchan brings to his book a deep love of the man and his Scottish background. The



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Lockhart will continue to be the definitive biography of Scott but Buchan has done well with the man who was so doubtful of the good taste of being a novel writer that he published the first Waverley novels anonymously and went to all lengths to cover his tracks. From the first they were world events and it has been said that Scott is the best known of English authors, Shakespeare not excepted. He may not last forever but he has lasted a long time, and the pleasure per square inch he has given mankind is not exceeded by many others, if any.

K. S. C.

THE INTIMATE NOTE BOOKS OF GEORGE JEAN NATHAN. *Alfred Knopf.* $2.50.

Mr. Nathan is a man easy to dislike and you must be careful for that very reason. From his pages you get the idea of a gentleman a bit too cocky and disagreeable for his own good, but in the same breath you'll have to admit that his sketches of Sinclair Lewis and Theodore Dreiser, Clarence Darrow and Jim Tully and Ernest Boyd and Eugene O'Neill and H. L. Mencken are grand. Whether Mr. Nathan intended it or not, the sketches are reminiscent of Dreiser's own fine job, "Twelve Men," and they are hilarious pen pictures. In his theatrical criticisms, which fill the latter half of the book, he is a trifle more kindly than usual. Too far by half to Elmer Rice's "Left Bank," which I can't believe is as important as Mr. Nathan regards it, although I agree with him on the merits of Elmer Rice in general. But his artistic judgments are shrewd and accurate and when he belabors the American critics for their cruelty to the finest of our literary artists when they happen to lapse for a moment, we are with him full force. It seems to us the curse of American reviewing.

Either Mr. Nathan has ceased ringing in the names of foreign Czecho-Slovakia geniuses who are unappreciated in this sordid land, or we have been educated to strange sounding names and do not notice them. They didn't impress me in this volume, but before you gather the impression that I am being a trifle sardonic, let me hasten to say that the very insistence of Nathan on foreign stagecraft did a great deal to free America from the school of "Old Homestead" and "Up in Mable's Room." He has been from the first the artistic battering ram for Eugene O'Neill and many a man would be happy to allow that fact to stand as his epitaph.

K. S. C.

THE MARCH OF DEMOCRACY: THE RISE OF THE UNION, BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS. *Scribners.* $3.50.

The vast success of "The Epic of America"—in which Mr. Adams provided an interpretation of American history apparently very satisfying to the contemporary American—derived from a talent that may enable his new work, "The March of Democracy," to ultimately achieve an even greater success.

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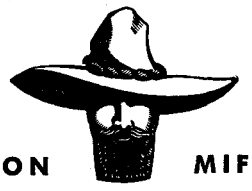

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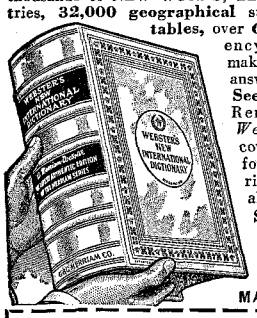

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event and manufacture reasons why such an explanation is credible, or at least tenable.

In "The March of Democracy," or rather, in the first volume of it (the second is promised by the publisher for February), Mr. Adams has used this skill in retelling the story of the discovery, the colonization, the revolution, and the rise of the union (a phrase which he uses as the subtitle for this first volume) up to the Civil War. It has been said, with probable truth, that Mr. Adams is not an original historian, that he writes history from history books, that he makes no original contributions, that he takes his knowledge from other men, and hence that he is sometimes led into perpetuating error. All this may be so without invalidating the utility of his performance. He has this strange gift for making history interesting and concise; that is his *forte;* to wish him to be something else is really very absurd.

In his rewriting, then, he has exhibited a certain versatility of mind which saves him from being merely repetitious. If he has contributed anything new, it is in his insistence upon presenting *all* the factors known to have affected any given episode. "The old type of history of a generation ago," he says in his preface, "had its faults of omission. There is some danger, however, that in correcting these, we may have run somewhat into another fault, that of stressing too much one or another of the factors, such as the economic one, which are rightly considered to be of great influence. History, like human nature, is vastly complex. There is no one key—economics, religion, politics, or what-not—to an understanding of the whole."

I. B.

THEY WINTER ABROAD, by James Aston (*Viking*) $2.50. A pseudonymous work—the blurb mentions Aldous Huxley, Norman Douglas, Evelyn Waugh, etc., as possible authors—about a group of Britons, male and female, spending the colder months 'neath Italy's sunny skies. A bit of clever dialogue, some rather innocuous nastiness and that's all. If any of the famous authors wrote it they ought to be paddled.

A GIANT SWING, by W. R. Burnett. Small-town boy, musically inclined, unappreciated at home, goes to New York, writes comic opera, gains fame, comes home, finds it all changed. And what of it? Not a patch on Burnett's earlier and lustier books.

BLACK MISCHIEF, by Evelyn Waugh (*Farrar and Rinehart*) $2.50. The Emperor of Bazania was black but he had been to Oxford and imbibed a lot of western notions—most of them crazy. He puts them into effect in his island kingdom and there is much amusing hell to pay. One might call this a fictional version of the same author's lively travel book "They Were Still Dancing," and not be too far from the truth.

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THIS COUNTRY OF YOURS, BY MORRIS MARKEY. *Little, Brown.* $3.

Mr. Markey has been called the finest reporter in America, which is certainly praise enough for one man, and sets out to prove it in this book. He leaves his post on *The New Yorker,* buys himself a car and starts to see America. The book is widely recognized as a good piece of observation but there has been some complaint at Mr. Markey's inability or disinclination to interpret what he saw. Since the one thing certain about the United States is that no one really seems to know what it is all about, he may perhaps be pardoned for his lapse. At any rate he gets around at a great rate and misses very little. He finds among other things that religion is not the force it once was and that authority of all varieties is breaking down. He interviewed everybody who could be prevailed upon to halt, drove 16,000 miles and did a fine job of showing what sort of people we are. Whether he got under the skin of America is a subject for debate. He at least provided material which could conceivably be utilized by thinkers who need that very thing. We enjoyed it a great deal.

K. S. C.

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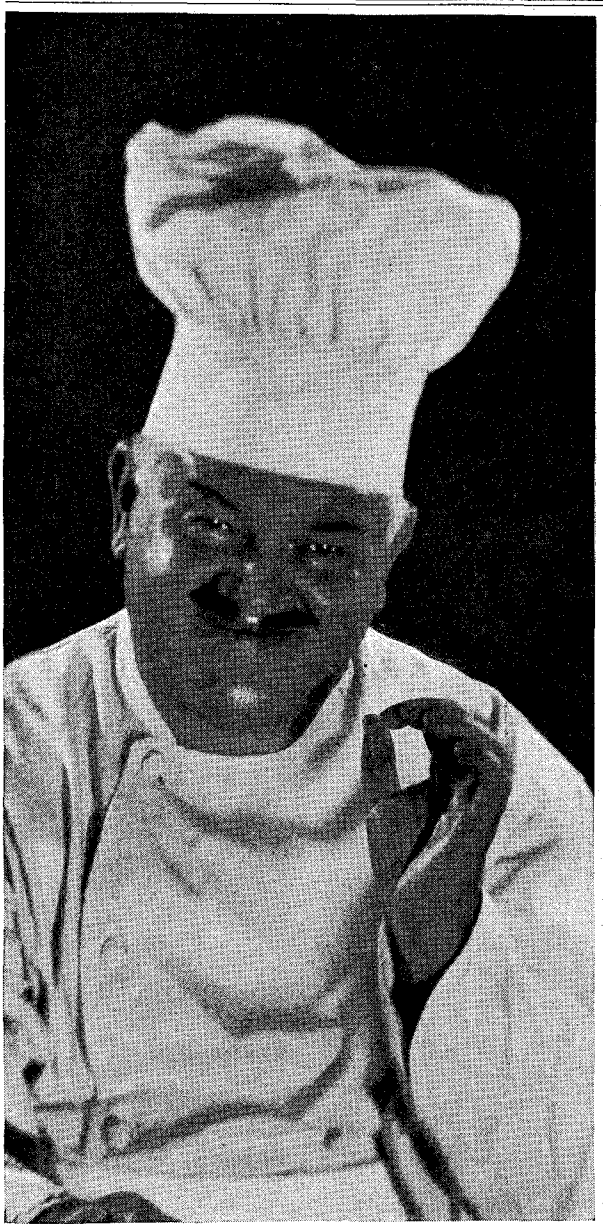

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XCII, NO. 5 NOVEMBER, 1932

The Next President

By Frank R. Kent

Is it a landslide for Roosevelt? Mr. Kent analyzes the trends of sentiment up to the moment of going to press, reveals campaign tactics and personalities—with special reference to the two Achilles of the campaign, Smith and Borah, and finds the Republicans faced with a reversal of their usual position at this period in an election canvass.

As these lines are written the Presidential campaign of 1932 is swinging into its final phase. By the time they are printed the fight will be practically over. Public sentiment, in a contest such as this, generally "freezes" about the middle of October, and not many votes are changed thereafter, except through the skilful use of money on the day of election. If one party has the election-day money and the other has none, there is a floating vote in every precinct in every State that can be secured through the judicious employment of messengers, watchers, and runners at five or ten dollars a day. This is the modern machine way of buying votes without breaking the corrupt practices law. If it is a one-sided affair in a close election, it can determine the result—and has in the past. With his family and friends, a runner thus engaged is usually worth five votes. Thus it is not hard, without competition, to corral a hundred votes in a precinct by this species of bribery—and a hundred votes thrown in the balance will swing most precincts. If, however, as is usually the case, both sides are equipped with enough money to enable each precinct executive to employ his share of the employables, they nullify each other and the floating vote—in some States they call it the "Sundown vote"—is divided.

In this election, despite the poor mouths made by the managers, there will be enough on both sides to take adequate care of this exceedingly practical and little understood phase of politics. This election will not hinge upon the floating vote. It will hinge, rather, upon the relative strength of popular tides against which both money and machines will be helpless and concerning the depth and direction of which no man will really be certain until the ballots are counted on the night of November 8.

In a good many ways the campaign differs from any of which present-day observers have knowledge. The unprecedented depression has upset the normal political basis, unloosed sectional and class currents that are incalculable. It is interesting to look back over the past six months and recall the shifts that have taken place. For example, in March Mr. Hoover was at about the lowest ebb of his political fortunes. Conditions in the country were appallingly bad. He was being assailed on all sides. Hardly any one had a good word for him. Charley Michelson, the ablest and best-paid publicity director in political history, selected by the late lamented political firm of Raskob and Shouse, and whom the Roosevelt management has had sense enough to retain, had had a glorious time. His job was to hammer Hoover and for three years he did one of the finest pieces of hammering ever seen. Every bit of Hoover bad luck, every piece of Presidential political ineptitude—and there were many, every evidence of Republican incapacity was taken full advantage of and given a publicity which Democratic assaults had not

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been able to command before. Partly this was due to the Michelson skill, partly to the times, partly to Mr. Hoover, himself, partly to the so-called Progressive Republican Senators, who were more anti-Hoover than any Democrat, and partly to the co-operation of a number of the Washington correspondents, who for various reasons got themselves into an embittered frame of mind about Hoover in the 1928 campaign and are violently inimical. However, so far as the Democrats were concerned, all of this was legitimate political stuff, not one whit less fair to Hoover than the sort of propaganda the Republicans put out against Woodrow Wilson was to him. What rendered it so effective against Hoover, of course, was the distress of the country, following so closely upon a campaign in which he had painted a fantastic picture of increased prosperity wholly dependent upon his own election.

As Mr. Hoover looks back upon his relatively brief political career, he must regret those statements and his failure to foresee the crash to which Coolidge and Mellon, those two shining heroes of the banking world, were blind, but to which he, with his better brain and clearer vision, should not have been—he must regret these more deeply than he does anything else. When the depression first hit us he floundered around and used bad judgment in his effort to minimize it. That "prosperity just around the corner" stuff, and those "the worst has passed" White House statements were anything but good and the effect upon Mr. Hoover himself was harmful. It played squarely into the Democratic hands and for a while made him the national goat upon which everybody blamed everything. It was at this stage that the country was full of rather cruel stories about him. One of them was of his asking Mr. Mellon to lend him a nickel to buy a soda for a friend and of the alleged Mellon reply: "Here's a dime—treat 'em all." Another was the remark attributed to Alfalfa Bill Murray, that Hoover was the greatest engineer in the world, "he had drained, ditched, and damned the United States in two years." But that stage passed and since the early summer of 1930—prior to the German moratorium—Mr. Hoover has done a great job, against heavy odds, and very few fair-minded, posted persons will deny him credit for it. Things have begun to get better. There is a more confident feeling in the country. Business has begun to pick up a little and the Hoover prospects correspondingly improve.

From his standpoint, however, they have not improved enough. The recovery has not been sufficient and is as yet too uncertain to dissipate the resentment bred of three years of depression. He is still on the defensive, unable to "point with pride," compelled to fight an uphill fight, the first of the kind his party has had to make in twenty years. Months ago, the Democratic politicians had the idea that the Presidency could be won this time merely by not "making mistakes." By that they meant all they had to do was to keep hammering Hoover, put up a ticket, and the discontent of the voters would do the rest. The country was full of sore people and the organized minorities were all against him. It was a great Democratic chance, provided they "made no mistakes." That was the idea and still is. Moreover, it seems to be working pretty well if you judge by the Democratic victory in Maine, the straw ballots, the rage of the bonus seekers against the President, and the reports of the triumphant Rooseveltian tour in the West. It is not, perhaps, a very noble strategy for a great party, but it is certainly the practical one. And it has been the one pursued more or less faithfully since the 1930 election, when the Republicans lost control of the House.

For a while the almost inconceivably rotten record of the House at the last session of Congress, under the Garner leadership, threatened to wreck this whole "no mistake" policy. Democratic leaders, in the Senate and out, fervently cursed the great Texas statesman, who is simultaneously running for two elective offices, thus establishing a political precedent and playing safe in a way no one ever thought of before. It did—that record —measurably improve the Hoover chances, though the session ended with Republicans generally in a despondent frame of mind, which was not in the least lightened by the utterly uninspiring assemblage that renominated the Hoover-Curtis combination. Their pulses beat stronger, however, after the Democratic convention. It was almost unanimously conceded that another ticket, nominated in another way, would have been more popular in the East. Ritchie, Baker, or Smith would have instantly swung an industrial support they now lack, to the Democrats in that section. However, since the convention, the soreness there engendered has pretty well disappeared, except in the case of the noble Al, though as Editor of *The New Outlook* he recently penned a long delayed declaration expressing his belief that Democratic success is essential for the good of the nation and asserting that the victory is already won. It could hardly be termed an enthusiastic endorsement. The names of Roosevelt and Garner were carefully avoided. There was no extolling of the Democratic House record or the Democratic candidate's campaign pronouncements. Instead, Al took another slap at that "Forgotten Man" phrase which Mr. Roosevelt adopted from the old Sumner Essay of 1885, and has mouthed so frequently in the past six months. Al said the "Forgotten Man" was a myth, the country would be better off if there was less talk about him, and the thing to

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consider now is what the Democrats will do with their victory after they get it. The truth is that the soul of Mr. Smith is full of bitterness. He feels badly treated and betrayed—and the feeling is well founded. He thinks he would have been renominated but for his religion—and that is true. He has a personal distaste for both Democratic candidates, and a deep distrust of the forces that nominated them. His is an interesting and rather tragic figure, and it finds its parallel on the Republican side in the gifted Borah.

Here, too, is a man with a bitter soul. It was Mr. Borah's idea that he elected Hoover. Certainly he made some magnificent speeches for him in 1928 and the press uniformly gave him credit for having had a great effect upon the result. The truth, however, is that, if both Mr. Borah and Mr. Hughes had died in 1927, Hoover would have carried just as many States in 1928. But Borah does not think so. He is an able man but a vain one—a really great egotist. He was convinced he had elected Hoover and thought he was entitled to mold the administration policies. When, very soon after the inauguration, he found he was not going to, he seemed to feel very badly over it indeed, and, through an adroit use of the press, at which game he has no superior and few equals in public life, he has probably done the Hoover administration more damage than any other individual not paid for it. The renomination of Hoover and the swing of both parties away from the Eighteenth Amendment, to which he still absurdly clings, put the Idaho hero up a tree. With very great news value he had nowhere to go. Privately, he predicted Hoover's defeat, but he does not like Roosevelt and despite the debenture bait thrown out to him by that sunny candidate in his farm relief speech at Topeka, and the friendly mention of silver he made later at Salt Lake City, the last of September still finds Mr. Borah hugging the secret of what, if anything, he will do, consoled by the thought of a press eager for his lightest word.

It has been suggested that Borah and Al might pair in this campaign, they being equally reluctant to support their own party candidates and even more dissatisfied with the other party's. Except that Borah has no following comparable to Al's, it seems a sound idea. With Al on record as a regular, no matter how reluctantly, Borah is the one unclassified public figure left in the campaign, which is a position he does not dislike because of its news value. All the other members of the Senatorial Progressive group have taken a stand one way or the other. Norris is openly campaigning for Roosevelt, Johnson and Cutting and Brookhart and Blaine and Frazier and LaFollette have thrown their influence on the Democratic side. Short of an actual bolt they are clearly against Hoover, as clearly for Roosevelt. The Idaho hero is the one man still mysteriously silent. He has not moved in months. It is possible, of course, he may go through to the finish without saying anything, but, considering his record, character, and the circumstances, the chances are there will be some statement from him before the end. The chances, too, I should think, are that he will not espouse the Democratic cause, will be as usual a party man on election day. The time, however, I think, has passed when what either Al or he says or does will have any great effect upon the result. It will too clearly lack spontaneity and sincerity. But, to get back to the general situation, while there is little enthusiasm over either Roosevelt or Garner, the party as a party is—with the one notable exception of Al—pretty solidly behind them, and enthusiasm for the candidates is not needed, according to the Democratic theory. In this election, the idea is that the people are set to vote "against" and are not particular whom or what they vote "for" so long as they get a choice.

It must be admitted that Mr. Roosevelt's campaign so far has been skilfully adapted to this idea and that he has "made no mistakes." For example, it was the hope of the Republicans that they could make this a campaign between conservatives and radicals, and right after the conventions the stage seemed set for just that sort of fight. The Hoover advisers felt if the issue could be made along those lines he could win. The country is essentially conservative and they looked for a repetition of the old Bryan fights. Mr. Roosevelt had proclaimed himself a "Progressive," a "liberal," a "forward-looking man." In the convention his fight was led by such radical leaders as the blatant young Huey Long of Louisiana; Bert Wheeler of Montana; Clarence Dill of Washington, and Bryan's old secretary, Representative Howard of Nebraska. And it was a deal with McAdoo, backed by William Randolph Hearst, two names which, in certain circles in the East, are used to frighten little children, that eventually nominated him. The Republicans were vastly pleased. Roosevelt was a radical. The "wild men" had taken charge of the party. It was another Bryan campaign. The business interests were endangered. The Democratic party had "gone native." It was a choice between order and chaos. The radicals were in the saddle. That was the theme of the Republican song and they felt it was music to which the country would respond. And perhaps it would have if the Roosevelt management had not quickly turned in the other direction. The view taken by the Roosevelt advisers was that as the Progressives and radicals were with him anyhow, the sensible thing to do was conciliate the conservatives without alienating the others. In brief, not to "make mistakes." The idea is to get elected. To get elected, clearly a certain amount of conservative support is needed. You cannot depend altogether upon unrest, discontent, and the Progressives.

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They may total enough in the pivotal Eastern States with large electoral votes to swing them to the minority party, but it is not likely. Hence, the situation was explained in words of one syllable by the Roosevelt management to the Progressive leaders, and the degree to which these have been muzzled, suppressed, sidetracked, and covered up, has been singularly successful.

Mr. Garner was tactfully told that it was the purpose of the Republicans to make him a target and play up the House record. "You're the boss," he told Roosevelt. "I'm here to take orders." The orders seem to have kept "Good Old Jack" pretty effectively quiet. He has, up to the time of writing, made not a single speech, and, while he will appear on the stump in October, the belief is he will merely hammer Hoover and "make no mistakes." Senator Wheeler wanted to speak in Wisconsin but the National Committee said "Not under our auspices." Huey Long, busy in Louisiana beating the unfortunate Broussard, announced late in September that he expected to go out in the country for Roosevelt. His campaign slogan is "Rid the country of the millionaires." It is an appealing idea to a lot of people, but the effort of the Roosevelt management will be to have Huey confine its promulgation to the section west of the Mississippi and he will have no radio hook-up. In the list of speakers given out from headquarters the names of Progressives were conspicuously absent. And Mr. Roosevelt, himself, has uttered not a single radical word. He has made quite a lot of speeches. With his Christian Science smile he has enthusiastically dwelt upon the beauties of the "new liberalism," but he has been careful not to enunciate an idea, doctrine, principle, policy, or programme that could cause the most conservative man the slightest shiver of apprehension. On the contrary, he has had at Hyde Park and Albany a procession of some of the most hard-boiled conservatives in the country, most of whom will not vote for him, but whose names among his visitors had a good, soothing effect upon the business world—or at any rate, such was the idea. And he has had two exceedingly careful Columbia University professors, known to newspaper men as his "brain trust," helping with his speeches. Not one has had the slightest flavor of radicalism. Certainly his railroad speech in the West was wholly free from such—so free in fact that it was devoid of originality. But it was without an alarming note. It had been checked up with various railroad presidents and quite a few railroad directors—Mr. Bernard M. Baruch for one—and highly approved by them as safe, sane, and sound.

The clear Roosevelt policy has been to trust the Progressives to hold their belief that he is "one of us" while convincing the conservatives that he isn't. Up to now he seems to have been successful—a success, however, that is due more to the anti-Hoover feeling than to any lack of transparency in the policy. He has "made no mistakes" and apparently will make none. It is true he has not said very much that is important. He has shed no new light upon conditions, and some of the remedies he has proposed seem purposely cloudy and vague. There has been little in which to set one's teeth but they have sounded well and trodden on no one's toes. So far he has avoided the deeply controversial subject of the bonus, though he may be pushed into taking a stand against it before long. What his practical friends would like is to have him derive all the benefit of the hostility of the bonus seekers to Hoover without having to commit himself before election. It is doubtful, however, that he can do that. The country is overwhelmingly against the bonus and if it got the notion that a candidate for President had no convictions on the subject, or was afraid to express them, might revolt against the idea of putting him in the White House. Mr. Roosevelt is of course against the bonus and, if President, would veto it just as Mr. Hoover did and, for that matter, as both Coolidge and Harding did, and as any other President clothed with responsibility for the soundness of the nation's finances would have to do. But he is a little late in saying so. He has for some weeks ignored the prodding of a supporting press and the pointed challenge of his former friend, Mr. Smith. The impression is that he is waiting until every bonus seeker looks upon Hoover as an enemy, and then when he takes his stand, will deplore the forceful evacuation of the Bonus Army and drench the veterans with kind words while pointing out the impracticability of their demand. That would be good politics and Mr. Roosevelt is as good a politician as Hoover is a poor one.

Summing it up, Roosevelt has pursued a pretty canny course. He has fiercely assailed the Hoover administration but taken no definite position on which he could be put on the defensive. He has avoided antagonizing any organized minority and expressed solicitude for every class, promising to better every condition. His has been a pretty smart campaign to date and certainly he has blocked the Republican plan to make him appear a radical. It has, in fact, limited the Republican argument considerably. With the disappearance of the radicals from the Roosevelt campaign, and the refusal of the candidate either to perform as a radical or propose anything concrete enough to make an issue, they are restricted to defending the record of Mr. Hoover and pointing out that the Demo-

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cratic candidate is without a definite programme or coherent ideas; that the Democratic hopes are based on capitalizing the distress of the country and gaining the support of the organized groups that want to raid the Treasury; that the record of the Democratic Congress makes a ghastly joke of the party's economy pledges; that there is neither unity of thought nor clarity of purpose in the party except on one thing—the desire to win.

It is the hope of the Hoover side that the intelligence of the people will enable them to see through what they contend is the hollowness of the Democratic ballyhoo, recognize the risk of a change at the moment recovery has begun and re-elect the President because of the fine job he has done against great odds and under the worst sort of partisan misrepresentation. Perhaps this hope might stand a better chance of fulfilment if the proportion of intelligence among the voters was greater—if they were swayed by reason rather than emotion in casting their ballots. As things stand today, the general opinion among political observers of experience is that the Democrats have much the better of the fight. Certainly they have vastly more confidence, and have now reached the point where every State in the Union is claimed and a 10,000,000 popular majority predicted. Not many, of course, believe this. None the less, the reports from a good many heretofore unshakably Republican states, particularly in the West, are such as seriously to disturb the Republican managers. The truth is that, for the first time since 1916 the odds are against the Grand Old Party in a Presidential campaign. So is every straw ballot taken in the country, save only that of the names in "Who's Who," the taking of which was one of the stupidest pieces of politics yet committed by an extremely stupid Republican campaign management. What possible compensation could there be in showing that two-thirds of the "thinking people" are for Hoover, when the mere promulgation of that fact was bound to increase the feeling against him of the unthinking voters who are in something like a 100 to 1 majority.

In the last three contests the Republicans always knew they had their fight won by the middle of October. This time they concede the doubt, which goes a long way to justify Democratic confidence. However, it is well to remember there are normally some seven million more Republicans in the country than Democrats, and that the Democrats have been confident before. In all probability, if the election were held today they would win, but so would Bryan in 1896 at the same period. There is still time for the Republicans to recover lost ground and swing back into line Republican states that seem to have slipped their party cables. They count upon a rise in commodity prices and a general improvement in business conditions for one thing. They count, too, upon the series of speeches Mr. Hoover is scheduled to make before the campaign ends, to present his own case to the people. Until now the brunt of the Republican effort has been borne by that exceedingly able statesman, Mr. Ogden L. Mills, the Secretary of the Treasury, whose speeches have been really effective. It is, however, true that Mr. Hoover should be able to plead his own cause best. Undoubtedly his speech of acceptance on August 11 strengthened him very greatly, but the effect of that has worn off. The upset in Maine and other things have given the Democratic campaign an impetus hard to check. It may be that the personal plunging of Mr. Hoover into his own fight can do it, but in the judgment of most, his main reliance must be a lifting of the depression sufficiently perceptible to become generally recognized. There is not much time.

It is interesting and, I think, true, that there is no real clear-cut issue in the whole campaign—not one upon which a man or a woman can say "I am a Democrat because my party stands for this," or "I am a Republican because my party is pledged to this." It is an extraordinary commentary upon the hollowness of the parties that there should not be one great public question upon which they clearly divide—not even on the tariff. And as for Prohibition, except with the fanatical drys and the extreme wets, it seems pretty completely submerged. Neither side wants to accentuate it. Both are glad not to have to make their fight on it. Only those very wet but worthy ladies who devotedly follow the ebullient Mrs. Charles H. Sabin still seem violent about it. As I stated in this place a month or so ago, they helped kill National Prohibition, but do not yet know it is dead. Incidentally, I should apologize to Mrs. Sabin for saying she had "let down" some of her followers whom she had told to put the cause above all else, by voting in 1928 for the then dry Hoover and against the wet Smith. She did so vote, but her organization was not then formed. Considering the tremendous roars about the respective Prohibition planks immediately following the conventions, the degree to which the issue has been dropped is more or less amazing, tending to show how easy it is to get excited about a difference that does not matter much. Relatively few people will vote for or against Roosevelt or Hoover in this election because of their attitudes on this question, certainly not enough to elect one or defeat the other. The real issue in the campaign, so far as I can see it, is Hoover. There is a pro-Hoover vote and there is an anti-Hoover vote. The Roosevelt vote, aside from strictly party support, will be nearly all an anti-Hoover vote, very little a pro-Roosevelt vote. The real question is how big will be that anti-Hoover vote on election day. The Democrats think it big enough to insure a sweeping victory, and nearly all the political experts agree—provided "no mistakes are made."

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"She'll be comin' round the Mountain,"
by Thomas H. Benton

Courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery

The Barricade,
by Boardman Robinson

American Men of Art

By Thomas Craven

THE task of defining in art certain tendencies and achievements which, with the strictest propriety, may be called American, is not lightened by the dissensions of the critics nor by the despondency of the painters. The misery of the economic world is sharply reflected in the world of art, reducing painters to a state of abjection rare even among artists, and forcing them to the consideration of the bleak realities of life—a cruel blow to those who, in the sunny days of speculation and unearned incomes, used to tell us that art pursues its own sweet way, independent of the sordid affairs of mankind. The importation of modernist goods has practically ceased; the fashionable galleries continue to exhibit their watered French stock; but few are interested and sales are scarce. The critics, like the rest of the world, are bankrupt. Wearily they repeat their unprofitable gibberish about International Art. They fume and scold, but their catchpenny æsthetics have no meaning and no audience. Most of the artists are misanthropes. The irredeemable majority turn out little forgeries of Cézanne and his apostles; the others are huddled under the American flag. The sudden shifting of interest from vague European theories to concrete American subject-matter need not deceive us: in most cases it is the result of expediency and despair. There is, however, in this country a group of artists who came by their subjects naturally, who, for years, have been deeply concerned with the trend of American civilization. These, I am happy to report, are flourishing today, and it is in such men that we must place our hopes for the development of a new and native tradition.

In the present economic crisis, America, more palpably than ever before, stands out as a separate part of the globe. If the nations of Europe are agreed on any one thing, it is that America is a pretty distinct place—peculiar, individual, unique, characterized by certain vile traits and low habits, by rude and unseemly prac-

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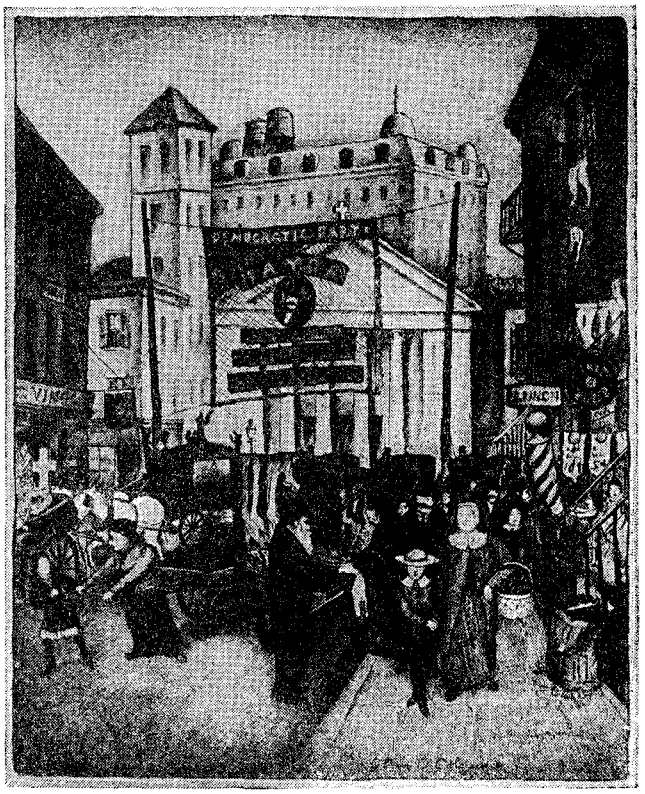
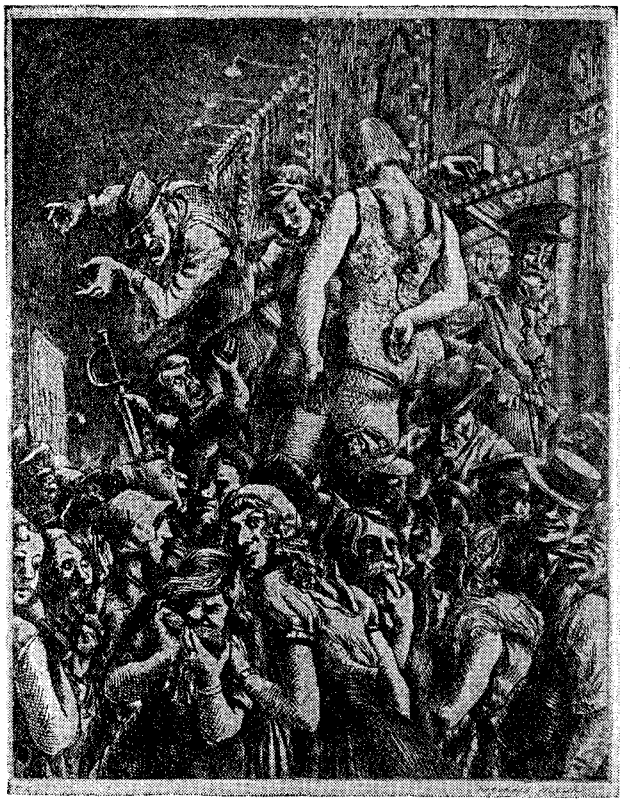


Courtesy of the Downtown Gallery

Bleecker Street,
by Glenn O. Coleman



The Barker—Coney Island,
by Reginald Marsh

tices which by no standard of comparison can be termed European. It is reasonable to suppose that some of these characteristics must appear in any genuinely American art; it is also reasonable to suppose that from the Continental point of view, and in the eyes of Americans obsequiously adopting that point of view, such an art would be branded as vulgar and worthless. This is precisely the case. The American snob, having acquired abroad a new set of attitudes and habits, looks upon his countrymen with grinning scorn, and bases his self-esteem upon the illusion that he is original and superior because his manners are different. Our museum directors, taken as a whole, are of this stripe. When they buy an American work of current vintage, they select a picture done in the accepted European style; their prizes are awarded only to works which, aping European manners, confirm their own pretensions. In officialdom the blind lead the blind.

A survey of the history of art, great or small, decorative or representational, reveals the trail of local characteristics. The life of the artist—or the life of any one, for that matter—is not a philosophical system embracing the whole world; it is the growth of an organism reacting to environment; it is the combination of the self and those factors existing outside the self, the perpetual readjustment of habit to the procession of changing facts. Such apprehension of the stream of facts as leaves a mark deep enough to affect the personality occurs within a limited range. The most distinguishing, indeed the inevitable sign of great art, is the mark of this limited range—the mark of a specific environment, the impress of a special civilization. Even the most vehement partisans of International Art—or simply Art, one and universal—even the most rabid opponents of American art as such, are continually talking and writing of French Art, Italian Art, Chinese Art, and Negro Sculpture. They deny their faith in acclaiming it.

American art has borrowed its constructive apparatus from abroad. Its technical instruments are derived from the Occidental tradition of Western Europe. There is nothing derogatory in the fact: tools have always passed from civilization to civilization. The working tools of American literature may be traced back through our British colonizers to the ancient Greeks, and further, to the cradle of the human race. American literature is distinguished from its British parent by local variations, by new forms created from the exigencies of a new environment. The essential thing in the formation of any art is that tools shall be applied to situations at hand—to the expression of actual experiences; the unfortunate thing, especially in painting, is that tools, in most instances, are used merely as demonstrations of mechanical instruments, that is, as exhibits of themselves. It is probably true that the language of painting, being less current and hence of more limited

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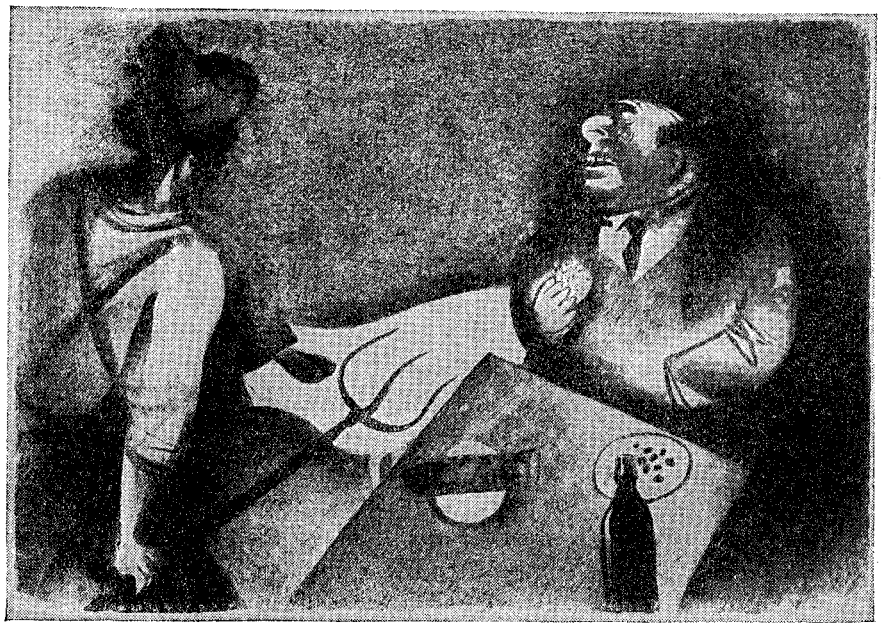
Angna Enters, by John Sloan

circulation than the language of verbal forms, is more susceptible of conventional repetition. But however stereotyped the patterns of art may have become, they have their remote origins in human activities—in ways of living and in the interpretation of life. Let us examine the matter a little more closely.

Throughout the ages, permeating one civilization after another, we find two kinds of art which, though of common ancestry, have proceeded in divergent channels. The first is the art of adornment manifested in dress and in the decoration of arms, abodes, and utensils. The second is the art of more complicated emotional meanings, essentially representational and impregnated with human values. The art of adornment among primitive peoples was bound up with religious ceremonials, and its forms, in consequence, were largely symbolical. It was by nature abstract, but the meaning of its symbolism, let us bear in mind, was a direct outgrowth of social observances and responses to the facts of life. In this it differs from the abstract abortions of modernist cults, the cubists, for example, who, aided by ingenious literary men, have projected absurd metaphysical values into works which are no more than exercises in pattern-making.

The art of adornment, in the course of its historical development, lost its symbolical implications and passed into the limited field of pattern-designing, or pure decoration, as it is known today. This brand of art traces designs on pottery, weaves patterns into rugs, and only a few years ago ran an exuberant jigsaw over American architecture. Its abstract nature and lack of meaning which modernist cults regard as the criterion of purity does not prevent its degeneration into complete vulgarity, a fact to be remembered by any one attempting to penetrate the theoretical background of modern art. Yet the art of decoration is not to be despised. It is, in truth, of inestimable importance in the development of painting. It is the first school of art, the kindergarten of appreciation. To those incapable of appreciating the beauty of a good pattern, the underlying theme, the physical basis of great art, is lost.

For the highest types of representational art, such as the canvases of Rubens and Rembrandt, are also forms of pattern-making in which certain relations of line and shape, by suggestion and by their equivalence to visual experiences in life itself, stand for, say, the human figure, a tree, a house, or a flower. These relations, intrinsically patterns of more or less complexity, and the outcome of long evolution, become the units of design in the art of representation. It is more difficult, of course, to control such units than to master the simple units of pure decoration; but in both departments the manipulation of forms tends to become automatic or habitual. In decadent periods of representational art,



Farm Relief, by William Gropper

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the units of design and their relations arrive at the stereotype. The stereotype, the child of habit, like all other habits, is broken only when new factors and new meanings engage the artist's attention—meanings that could not be represented by the old and exhausted forms.

I mention these technical matters to make it clear that in art, as in more practical activities, it is the new or different situation that breaks inertia and sharpens the wits of man for further discovery and invention. Thus it is plain that all vital art proceeds from a physical basis, that true creation springs from fresh interests and deeply rooted attachments to native subjects. I must also point out that to appreciate art one must have a realistic mind—the ability to see things as they physically are. To the gentleman of business who is accustomed to regard art as the sublimation of dreams; to the hard-headed man of affairs on whose ideals reposes—alas, now in ruins! —the structure of modern life, this will no doubt seem preposterous. For it is to the name reality that he makes his most reverential bow. But a little investigation of the nature of his interests, of the elaborate and involved symbolism of his technique, will dispel the illusion of his claims to the title of realist. One has only to follow the pronouncements of our political and industrial high priests during the last two years to understand how easily the "ought to be" of symbolical reasoning usurps the office of fact.

The ability to realize physical conditions would appear, at the moment, to have no place in the system of practical affairs. Intricate technical graphs, verbal formulas, and numerological charms are accepted as facts instead of the actualities to which such abstractions are normally related as instruments. The gentleman of business tinkering with his motor or practising his golf strokes is more essentially a realist than the master mind at his desk rationalizing his apparent interests. In the one instance, he is forced to the observance of facts, for the success or failure of his efforts is immediately perceptible; in the other, the logic of his symbolism is sufficient to produce the mirage of truth.

In art we have an analogous situation. In the minds of most painters, technique, or ways of doing, is a substitute for experience; in other words, the logic of construction assumes greater importance than the thing constructed. Of late years the artist has managed to rival the man of affairs in extravagant supposition. The insidious habit of theorizing on instrumental relationships is responsible for the evil, just as it is responsible for the absurd interpretations of conditions in the world of business. Method is confused with the end, or purpose, of method; it becomes the end, and when it does not square with obvious fact, it is the fact that is distorted. The creative spirit departs when the artist ceases to be an explorer in the world of reality; it returns only when some unusual situation arises which cannot be taken care of by habitual action; when strong environmental pressure forces the artist to modify his practice in order to enclose the meaning of his experience.

Courtesy of the Downtown Gallery

Horses in a Storm, by John S. Curry

To the beginner in art, the process of learning is similar to that of the amateur inventor engaged in evolving a new type of gas engine. At first, it is simply a process of discovery, and so far as the beginner alone is concerned, a creative process. But the results, except to the individual, are unimportant and remain unimportant until a special situation arises which so stimulates his inventive powers that a new form is produced. This calls for unusual aptitudes, for capacities beyond the normal—for genius of some sort. It is one of the characteristics of engineering genius that it is constantly confronted with unusual and challenging situations—the most potent stimulus to the new alignment of mechanical functions. This characteristic separates creative energy from the inertia of the average mind which hardens into habitual action and would almost seem to shun enlivening experiences.

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The great majority of artists are afflicted with the lethargy of the average mind.

Unless the artist finds in experience the stimulus to a new alignment of his materials and to new functions for his instruments, his discoveries remain purely personal. Thus it happens that the average artist is either an amateur or an academic hack. He may attribute esoteric meanings to his sterile repetitions, but the true character of his work cannot be disguised.

We have in America a number of painters who are not fooled by European conventions, who understand that a painting-habit, even though it has been acquired abroad, is none the less a habit, and that its apparent originality is simply the effect of a new setting. To this group life and experience are more important than art, which is as it should be, for any man who is absorbed in art, to the exclusion of living experiences, is on the road to the madhouse or the academy. With these painters instruments and methods are directed rather than exhibited, and therein lies the secret of such originality as they possess. It will be observed that all of them are concerned with subject-matter—with representational art—and in all we have evidence of sensitivity to environment. Their forms—the relations established between the parts of their works—are plainly affected by their experiences with things. They have the characteristic American interest in facts, social and physical. Not one is a hothouse product. I should have liked to include among the illustrations a work of pure decoration, but in combing the field thoroughly, I could find nothing that was not directly reminiscent of European practice—abstract stuff now grown stale enough.

It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to render final judgment on our contemporaries. Nevertheless, it is not presumptuous to say that the men presented here fulfil at least one of the preliminaries to great art: they are an organic part of the society in which they live, and their art reflects the color and character of that society. They are active participants in life; they are free from the esoteric absurdities of modernists who are unable to cope with realities; they are forceful individuals whom the history of the period will have to take into consideration.

John Sloan is an American, primarily an American of the great city. His etchings embody first-hand experiences and passionate conflicts with the dramatic elements of metropolitan affairs. He is moved by the specifically human aspects of life, and his art therefore, in the formal sense, is thoroughly conditioned by his subjects. In this respect he may be compared to Reginald Marsh, a painter of similar interests. Both artists, judged by the highest standards of instrumental development, are somewhat lacking. Sloan, the older, matured before modern art had plunged into a searching analysis of the basic ingredients of form—line, color, and mass—a tendency which has begotten an enormous amount of sterile and stupid experiment, but which, at the same time, has established the close alliance between form and the matter it encloses, or expresses. Sloan and Marsh, together with Charles Burchfield, lean slightly toward illustration in the most restricted meaning of that abused word.

But Sloan is a distinguished, if not a great artist, and in touching on a weakness in his equipment, I do not wish to minimize the importance of his contribution. Placed beside the highest specimens of constructive genius, his work is occasionally marred by uncertainties in design. But it is always alive; it speaks in the strong accents of comedy, tragedy, or satire, thereby performing one of the assured duties of art. If he attains but rarely the eminence of Hogarth, his kinsman, the fault, we may truthfully say, is one of fundamental technique rather than of intelligence and genuine feeling.

Boardman Robinson, associated with Sloan on the old *Masses,* and reared in the same atmosphere of social commentary, is a better designer. He is an artist of positive convictions, but like his successor in the field of political cartooning, William Gropper, he is not a wholly satisfactory observer of actual facts. Sloan is a social radical but a deadly realist as well. The radicalism of Robinson and Gropper tends to substitute the concept, or personal belief cast in symbolical form, for the living object. The realities of life—the hard facts—conditioned by individual psychology, supply the living detail of all the arts, and also, I might say, constitute the artist's most formidable problem. Facts are recalcitrant things: they do not readily accommodate themselves to a formal structure—to an orderly arrangement. In the necessary compromise between design and observable fact, Sloan is inclined to neglect the structure, whereas Robinson and Gropper do not hesitate to rationalize the fact. But all three are artists charting definite courses in the storm of modern life, spurning the shelter of the studio within the cloistered walls of which illusion is nursed into a sickly growth. Gropper, much younger than Sloan and Robinson, is an artist from whom we may expect extraordinary works. With more scholarship, more knowledge of the great traditions for the sake of a richer assortment of tools, he should develop into a painter of remarkable power.

Charles Burchfield, a most vigilant observer, seems, as the years go by, to stand aloof from his material—from the Main Street he made famous in paint. Too clever to submit to the stern discipline essential to the formation of a new and valid style, he resorts with disturbing reiteration to theatrical expedients. Recently, he has been rivalled, if not surpassed, by that brilliant Kansan, John Steuart Curry, whose interpretations of the Middle West are among the most original and dra-

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matic things in modern art. But Burchfield, to do him justice, was the first of the moderns to exploit the physical background of America. To a large extent, he is responsible for the turn of the tide from the French school, with its concentration on mechanical ingenuity, to the native environment. His influence on Benton, perhaps the most thoroughly American of our artists, cannot be ignored. Benton's characters remained stationary in a world of abstractions until Burchfield proved the gorgeous possibilities of the physical background.

Glenn O. Coleman also deals with the background of American life. His pictures of city streets are not so striking nor so effective in detail as Burchfield's studies of Main Street, but they are more substantial. Coleman's death last spring deprived us of a noble and gifted artist in the most promising phase of his career. He knew and loved New York, and in his last work he was beginning to combine, in a decidedly individual fashion, the occupational activities of the poor and unfortunate with the overwhelming planes and masses of the architectural setting.

Edward Hopper is a strange figure in art. Somewhat in the manner of Thomas Eakins, but more literally, he depends upon the accuracy of the seeing eye—the camera eye—upon visual sensations divorced from the normal accompaniment of perceptional knowledge which raises art into the realm of organized experience. His work, in common with that of Charles Sheeler, would not have been possible before the rise of photography. It is hard to find anything of much significance in this art. To me it is an interesting curiosity, an intensified camera record—neither form nor illustration. The unity of one of Hopper's pictures—the relationship between the various parts—seems to be simply an accident of nature attesting good taste in selection instead of knowledge or feeling.

Reginald Marsh, the youngest of the group, has been influenced by the robust Americanism of John Sloan. He has the same discerning eye for significant detail—and the same inclination to slight the design for the sake of truth to fact. He is a man of even temperament, with none of Sloan's fighting rage with life or the propensity to take sides in political and social issues. He sees the seductive turn of a working girl's leg where Sloan sees the run in the stocking, the sleazy finery above it, and the cheap background of the girl's existence. But he is an observer of life, or of that very real section of it extending from the shop and subway to the dance hall and Coney Island. Marsh, like Gropper, is young enough to develop better control of his instruments. He has not yet discovered that an artist's experiences, however strong and exciting, cannot be put together in a completely satisfying form unless he has command over the rhythmical relations and recurrent stresses binding a work into an indissoluble unit. In this modern day when artists do not fit automatically within any tradition, some scholarship is indispensable. Ways and methods of working have to be mastered even though such methods, later on, are profoundly modified by the materials under treatment.

Thomas H. Benton is a case in point. In all probability there is no other living artist who has at his command such a fund of technical resources culled from the various traditions. Yet this historical, and, at times, bookish knowledge which the average painter regards with marked distrust, instead of cramping him in a traditional rut, has enabled him to present the kaleidoscopic turmoil of contemporary America in powerfully co-ordinated forms. I cite the murals in the New School for Social Research as examples of his rigid formal style. Benton, as with Sloan at his best, is driven by modern life. The infinite, brutal detail of America dominates his work. The struggle with this glowing, red-hot matter, as it is coerced into order and moulded to his purpose, accounts, perhaps, for the atmosphere of gloom which, more often than not, pervades his canvases—and perhaps for the total absence of charm and variation in his surfaces. It is the raw fact with its detail and its implicit rhythm of line and mass that holds his undivided attention. Benton will never be a popular artist like the French idol, Matisse, but he has the essentials of the great artist. When we shall have recovered from the vogue in French fripperies, his work will stand as the expression of a real life. It will be something and mean something.

NOT FOR LOVE ONLY

By Bernice Kenyon

Not for love only,
But for the undefined
Varying brightness and shadow
Of your mood and your mind—
For your will or your yielding,
For all that you have or lack—
Though you drove me a thousand miles from you,
Yet would I come back.

Not for what you say on starry mornings,
Or dream about in white nights;
Not for all your gentleness,
Or the most profound and fierce delights;
But for our moments no more uncommon
Than our days of sun and rain—
Though you sent me away from you forever,
I should come back again.

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The Ventriloquists of Washington

By Rufus Dart II

Ever-increasing pressure upon government officials has produced new means of answering demands. "Invisible government" by lobbies has been frequently discussed. This article reveals the activities of another invisible crew, the ghost-writers who produce the speeches while their chiefs furnish the sound-effects.

WHEN the Emperor Nero first addressed the Roman Senate with a speech unmistakably written for him by Seneca, every senator bowed his head in shame, in the knowledge that something deadly had happened to Rome. Much more recently in history, the Honorable Sol Bloom was also alarmed for the safety of his country. It is no idle belief with Mr. Bloom that every man should plant himself squarely and boldly before the public for whatever he is; he puts this philosophy in practice on every possible occasion. Accordingly, when the original "Washington Merry-Go-Round" received its warm welcome a year or so ago, Mr. Bloom was outraged by authors willing to snipe at great public figures from the cover of a cowardly anonymity. Even though they had scrupulously avoided all mention of himself, Mr. Bloom thought there ought to be a law; and not content with merely thinking so, he lost no time in bringing before the House an Act that should put a period to these masked assassins. By the terms of his bill, smashing fines and sentences were henceforth to land on any publisher who published any book or article minus its author's name in good, bold type.

Good as they may be, the law and the philosophy just cited fall short of perfection. Mr. Bloom's measure has a missing half, which, if ever enacted, would land on congressmen, senators, cabinet members, Presidents, and Vice-Presidents, and nearly every other government official, and forbid any one of them to make any speech or print any book or article without first plainly announcing the name of the literary ghost who wrote it for him.

Need it be said that Mr. Bloom's Act to compel candor by law was never passed, nor is he likely to offer this proposed amendment to make the candor complete? If any such new prohibition were enforceable, which in the case of orators is doubtful, its first effect would be to silence the author of the law, Mr. Bloom himself. Its full effect would be to silence pretty nearly the entire United States Government. For there is hardly a government official, high or low, now and for some time past, who has not played the Nero on some important occasion. There are many who have never played anything else on any occasion. And there are some whose entire political careers and public reputations are built on the brains of Senecas behind the scenes.

It may still be extravagant to say that the government is run by ghosts, but the trend is in that direction, and already, in a sense, the statement is less extravagant than it sounds. The moves and plans that have given many an official wide renown as an able executive have often been the labor of some faithful underling who is carefully suppressed and never heard of. The late Mr. Taft, after noting many an instance of this, once affirmed that the government would run on even though the head of every department died or resigned.

Government officials in general still perform their own official acts, but they rarely step forth to give public account of themselves without becoming imposing dummies for the ghostly ventriloquists they keep in the background to do their thinking for them. The public has long known or suspected the presence of ghosts in nearly every other current pursuit, but has taken to be immune any such sacred business as government. It has a superstition that men in high public office become, by the magic of election, as big as the offices they occupy, and those in office have every incentive to keep up the fond illusion. Some, to do them credit, feel driven, by sudden respect for government office, to make some show of decently filling their posts. Whatever the motive, whether to save the pride of their country or merely to save their own faces, most government officials must somewhere find an extra cubit for their stature, and they find it in the literary ghost.

So common and fixed by now has become this employment of ghosts that no one, in or outside official life in Washington, gives it more than a passing thought. Every Washington correspondent has long known something of its extent, and a favorite amusement of the newspaper corps is speculation on "Who did that one?" whenever some powerful personage rises to heights in a statement or a speech unnaturally good. More seriously, they wonder that a dumb-show so long accepted in Washington can have remained so little known outside. Especially since there is no possible

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angle from which the spreading deception can be thought a good thing.

The American people, like the Roman Senate, have reason to question whether something deadly may not be happening to their national life. It is time they did, and time they thought something about replacing the examples of ventriloquist's art with more men like that handful of genuine public servants who really keep the country on the rails.

As one of the sources of revenue for the Washington voice-throwers, Mr. Bloom may be accorded the distinction of another moment's notice. Since he would project himself as a champion of candor and openness, he becomes the first target for a few shafts of the same. In the *Congressional Record* for July 25, covering the close of the long session, Representative Bloom inserted, by the leave-to-print privilege, eleven speeches on various phases of the career of General George Washington, as delivered at divers times and places by the New York congressman in his present capacity as Associate Director of the United States Bicentennial Commission. Touching on this bouquet of the flowers of speech, *The Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* editorially remarked:

"It is perhaps only jealousy on the part of the other members when they refer to this particular Appendix as 'the Sol Bloom Edition' of the *Record*. It is all too true that in the headlines it is Mr. Bloom's name that stands out; in most instances it is not until the small type of the text is reached that it is found the articles are about George Washington. Nevertheless it is the First President who is discussed and glorified. . . . But we are not among those who cavil at the New York Representative's virtual monopolizing of the recent issue of the *Record*. What if he did get some publicity for himself? Think of what he did at the same time for the memory of George Washington—eleven stories about him in a single issue."

What *The Post-Gazette* might have added was the fact that each of these speeches was written for Mr. Bloom by a literary ghost. Indeed the Pittsburgh paper comes close to guessing this secret when it adds, "Admittedly every one of these speeches by Mr. Bloom was a good one." In the course of about two years he put forth between sixty and seventy such Washington speeches, all from a ghostly source.

Earlier in the life of the Bicentennial Commission the Associate Director was given the honors of the radio and found some listeners who liked what he had to say, through his ghosts, of General Washington, and accordingly the Associate Director ordered the Government Printing Office to strike off some thousands of pamphlets containing these radio speeches, "in response to numerous requests," but minus all reference, in good bold type, to their actual author or authors. For more than one person in the employ of the Commission was needed to keep the Associate Director inflated to full pressure.

And his like is to be found in nearly every government activity, some of them at the very top.

At the top of one of them was a gentleman who, to paraphrase Carlyle, had poor Representative Bloom beaten into original rubbish. He stands as the archtype of all the ghost-made figures in public office. His capacity to seem possessed of great originality, without having a trace of it, plants him among those figures in history who became notable by sheer virtuosity in seeming so. This is the junior senator from Pennsylvania and—it has become a formula—"Secretary of Labor under three President of the United States."

If the Honorable James J. Davis had been content to remain the head of a fraternal body literally built by his hands, he might have lived and died a happy man, nationally honored as the guiding, driving, electrifying force of one of the finely planned and motivated educational philanthropies of the time. Instead, he entered the Harding cabinet with announcement of a vast surprise at his appointment, which, as his closer friends knew, he had pulled every wire and leg within reach to land. Among the means he employed was his private Tammany, the well-named Loyal Order of Moose, which, whether by fortune or foresight, he had induced Harding to join some time before. Unknown and largely unwanted, he got the portfolio and promptly set forth to remove both drawbacks.

Within a few months after assuming his duties, the new Secretary of Labor introduced himself to America with an account of his undeniable success in life, entitled "The Iron Puddler." The book had immediate notice and some natural sale. It was afterward sold by strong-arm methods among the Moose, and its hero has distributed some thousands of complimentary autographed copies. It tells the story of the little immigrant boy who, in the span of forty years, had risen to be Secretary of Labor and, as such, in control of immigration itself. Any such story is dramatic, and "The Iron Puddler" tells the tale for all it is worth, embroidered with philosophic comment on life in general, with special reference to America's opportunities and how to employ them to the best personal advantage. So far only newspaper men have been puzzled in trying to reconcile the James J. Davis they soon came to know, with the pith of the comment and the artistry of the writing in this book.

When it appeared, Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale ranked it in this very magazine as one of the six best books of the year, and in reviewing it for *The New York Times,* Mr. John Spargo hailed it as "drawn straight from the stuff and substance of American life."

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It was—far more so than Mr. Spargo imagined. The book was written by C. L. Edson, who some years ago conducted in the old *New York Mail* a column called, if memory serves, "The Man from Arkansas," and who later published a book of his own, with the probably Freudian title of "The Great American Ass." The hero of "The Iron Puddler" did contribute to the book a nucleus of anecdotes and incidents out of his life. The rest of the book is Edson. "The Iron Puddler" opens with a laudatory note from the late Speaker Cannon, itself ghost-written. And so the volume deserves, even more than the Messrs. Phelps and Spargo supposed, a lasting place in American letters—but not for what it is.

Early in the Presidency of Mr. Coolidge, the Catholics of the world foregathered in Chicago in Eucharistic Congress. Quite in the appointed order of things, they invited the head of the country, the President of the United States, to deliver an address of welcome. This was before the campaign of 1928 disclosed our many bitter religious rifts, but the canny Mr. Coolidge must have sensed their presence. Before a Presbyterian, a Methodist, or even a Catholic gathering of strictly American scope he might have appeared without adverse remark. To acknowledge with his official presence international Catholic dominion posed another problem, especially as a Eucharistic Congress could not be officially ignored. One after the other the members of Mr. Coolidge's cabinet, feeling the same delicacy, also ducked the honor of appearing in his stead. All but the Secretary of Labor. Unable on any occasion to refuse his public the pleasure of hearing him, Mr. Davis obligingly undertook on behalf of his President the welcoming address.

His lack was not to be able to distinguish a Eucharistic Congress from a frozen asset; his luck was to have in his employ at the time a ghost who could. Some day this particular ghost, Mr. Mowry Saben, must have a chapter all to himself. Classmate of Edwin Arlington Robinson at Harvard and a man of brains to begin with, he also studied at Oxford and Heidelberg. For a scholar of his attainments to be literary ghost to the hero of "The Iron Puddler" is one of the ironies of this particular stage in our national life, and may be one of the deadly things the matter with it. The address which Saben wrote was duly recited by Mr. Davis before this elevated assembly, and its character and quality may be judged from the commendations it fetched its putative author. *The New York Times,* still with an approving eye upon Mr. Davis, gave it warm editorial praise, and by mail, by word of mouth, even by long distance telephone, came congratulations to the Secretary of Labor from many a Catholic dignitary, including a cardinal or two. In the end the Eucharistic speech accounted for at least two of the five LL.D.'s afterward awarded the Honorable James J. Davis.

Ten years of these easy honors nevertheless palled upon him at last, although shrewd newspaper men hazarded the guess that Davis himself had palled upon the third of his Presidents. They had heard of rifts between the two while both were cabinet members under Harding and Coolidge, and ascribed retention of "Puddler Jim" to the new array of hair shirts which Mr. Hoover, on trying to replace him, would get from the multifarious fighting factions of labor. Finally the Secretary who had overstayed his welcome himself put an end to the situation. Disappointed of the Pennsylvania governorship, he consented to take, instead, the unexpired term of William S. Vare, rejected of the senate.

With the Vare backing, election to this was a virtual certainty, but Mr. Davis was taking no chances. As the town of Sharon, while not his birthplace, had served as the springboard of his career, the candidate honored that community with the beginning of his campaign. And to start it off on the proper elevation, and because a Vice-President is the second best of all magnets to voters, Davis induced the Honorable Charles Curtis to come over and make the introductory speech, after which he himself would venture a modest reply. Every effort was made to give the occasion an appearance of completely magnanimous and disinterested faith, confidence, and esteem on the part of one great man for another.

Curiously, when the time came, Mr. Curtis found himself utterly without words to voice his admiration for his friend the candidate. Nevertheless an easy way out of this embarrassment was found, and it all fell out as advertised. A great attendance listened for forty minutes while the second man in the country expressed his unstinted regard for that unsparing public servant, James J. Davis. And for fifty minutes it heard the candidate in reply—on the self-same subject, in the self-same key: the unsparing self-giving of that sterling public servant, James J. Davis. And both these antiphonal speeches were written by the same literary ghost in Mr. Davis's employ. During the campaign this same ghost, a former newspaper man by the name of Kline, is reported to have written for that industrious speaker as many as five speeches in a single day.

Now and again, during his senatorial campaign, Mr. Davis ventured into the pulpit, and at least one of his sermons, on "The Rock of Ages," is reported to have fetched many a tear, and as many votes, from his Baptist hearers. If rumor is true, this call to righteousness also was the product of a simple order to one of his

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ghosts: "Give me fifteen minutes on the old-fashioned religion."

The American people take their public servants to be literally that, and give them every conceivable chore to perform. Citizens of San Francisco and Los Angeles will form a committee to compose the bitter rivalry between the two cities, and ask the endorsement of a cabinet member, without which, of course, the movement is doomed. Schoolboys want his help in a prize debate. An orphan asylum requires to be dedicated. A national calamity demands an expression of high official horror. The welcoming of a prominent foreign visitor will be incomplete without the presence of a high government official—or if not his presence and a speech, then a message of cheer. Christmas, New Year's, the 4th of July, must be hailed with new hope and a clarion summons to the people. The calls are endless, and as Mr. Davis can have refused few of them, endless must be the line of college and high-school graduates he has sent high-hearted into life, of eminent men he has felicitated on their birthdays, of noted widows he has consoled, and endless his ringing messages and burning appeals for every good cause—every bit of it the work of his ghosts.

The numerous newspaper and magazine articles that poured from his secretarial sanctum, from those in *The Saturday Evening Post* to others in *The North American Review,* in *Good Housekeeping,* in Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, labor, manufacturing, and every other kind of publication, were likewise of ghostly origin. And once Mr. Davis enlisted eminent aid indeed. This happened in the instance of a hortatory speech to the Moose, in writing which a ghost had quoted from another celebrated orator the line, "No man stands so tall as he who stoops to uplift the fallen." On coming to the authority for the saying, Davis exclaimed, "My stars! I don't dare mention that man." The line was nevertheless too good to be spared, and the difficulty was surmounted by the simple expedient of omitting credit to the author and ending the line to read, "the unfortunate child." Another exalted Moose official, on hearing the speech, was so moved by this line that he had it cast in bronze, and placed in perpetuity in the lobby of his office building, ascribing it to his chief of the Moose. Thus James J. Davis once used Robert G. Ingersoll as literary ghost.

Wonder it is that ghosting on any such scale should have lain so long unknown, but its coming to notice at last should be no wonder to the junior senator from Pennsylvania. The very number of the ghosts he has employed—eight or ten, usually in succession, but at times teamed together—was certain to become conspicuous, and he scarcely can marvel if they sometimes tap the rich wells of their recollection at the behest of inquisitive newspaper men. Nor can he complain at these attentions. In the intimacy of a fraternity lodge, on the safe soil of his original specialty, where he belongs, Senator Davis can speak with simple sincerity on his own account. In assuming, instead, these heavy disguises of statesmanship, he has set the classic example, perhaps for all time, of ghosting in government and how it is done. Other government officers may never have pushed to any such limits their own resort to the same device, but few have scorned to employ it, and to some extent what Senator Davis has done goes on in every government office, from the White House down.

All the Government Departments maintain, under one or the other euphonious title, a publicity man, and with few exceptions the "preparation" of papers and statements for his chief or for lesser officials is a recognized part of his duties. The present Secretary of Labor is accoutred for the public forum by Colonel Edward B. Clark, an old West Pointer, war veteran, and newspaper man, as colorful as his chief is drab. It sometimes happens that the Secretary speaks the lines of still others, but he seldom speaks his own.

At the other end of the scale, the Department of State is staffed with officials able to leave its counsellor on public relations quite within the literal meaning of his title. Except at one point, the Department stands aloof from vulgar touch with the crowd, and that is the thriving new industry of getting one's wife and daughters presented at the Court of St. James's. Some of the ambassadors under its wing have carried to foreign shores this good old American custom of ghost-written speeches and papers, but then when the method of this selection is taken into consideration, anything else can scarcely be expected.

The Post Office Department would do far better with a ghost determined to think more of national than of party advantage, but like the Labor Department, those of Commerce, Agriculture, and the Interior come into more intimate touch with the taxpayers and are subject to the same countrywide lunatic demand for a cabinet officer's "stand" on every conceivable issue. Some poor devil must fashion a passable response to these for his chief. In the Interior, it is William Atherton DuPuy, upon whom, by the way, Secretary Wilbur, though a college president, has been willing to lean for aid in his speeches. Mason Peters, rating as "special assistant to the Secretary," stood in similar capacity to former Secretary Lamont, and basked in a well-paid sinecure the envy of every Washington correspondent. His chief, an excessively reticent man, addressed the public about once every March, weather permitting. Mr. Hoover, as Secretary of the same Department, employed a special

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man to form his letters up to requirements, and others to fashion his speeches.

Sometimes parties desirous of pulling a secretary's leg for his endorsement of some pet cause will submit it all ready for him to sign, and if approved or improved by his handy writing man, the Department head may obligingly do so. Secretary of Agriculture Hyde has such a man, but his own political speeches bear evidence of having received his personal, and loving, attention. The same is true of Secretary Hurley, for all that "Merry Go Round," in its new incarnation, makes merry with him for employing a Russian Jew to write him lines in the vein of a witty Irishman. Mr. Hurley also carries about, besides a genuine passion for Mr. Hoover, a pretty notion of his own political craft and weight, and never more clearly proves his occasional independence of a ghost than in some of his platform efforts—those flail-like blows which sometimes fly the wrong way.

Credit for two books which former Secretary Mellon, palpably no author, permitted to bear his name is ascribed to S. Parker Gilbert and Gerrard Winston, and his purely official statements, though doubtless done to his order, were worded for him—latterly by Mr. Mills, who now very distinctly speaks for himself and perhaps, as Heywood Broun supposes, for one other even more highly placed.

If that amiable gentleman and stickler over ethical niceties, Secretary Adams of the Navy, accepts assistance in his modest attempts on the stump, it is one more commentary on how rooted is this convention of government ghosting, and how shining are those who fall for its follies. No Washington journalist needs to be told that lesser dignitaries in the War and Navy Departments are habitual victims to it. By word from the Commerce publicity staff the same applies even to that ready radio-speaker, Doctor Julius Klein.

During the current campaign a long-suffering public has listened to many an effusion from many a nobody whose line was prepared or at least scanned by trusted political ghosts at party headquarters, lest he slip in something fatal or silly. For writing many of Harding's campaign speeches, Richard Washburn Child drew the ambassadorship to Italy. Less successful in this respect was Robert Goldsmith, who answered Mr. Child in speeches for the opposite and losing candidate, James M. Cox. Why a man like Alfred E. Smith should need the assistance of Mrs. Moskowitz, or any one else, still puzzles many of his admirers, except on the ground that to win a public of many tastes, the fare put forth by any Presidential candidate has to be the product of many cooks. Senator Moses early in the campaign fired at Mr. Roosevelt's ghost-writers, but Mr. Hoover is no less vulnerable.

When one or the other candidate lands in the White House the point takes on importance and the country becomes acutely curious as to what part of his mental output consists of "advice" and what is his own. No one needs to be told that Presidents Wilson, Taft, Roosevelt, and probably every other back to the time of Andrew Jackson, wrote his own papers; yet the late Speaker Cannon, in a probably ghost-written book, complains of Theodore Roosevelt that he once sent to Congress a special message one section of which he had not himself written and perhaps had not even read. President Wilson, put down as one who never listened to advice, utilized the words of another when they suited him better than his own, and once sent to Congress as one of his veto messages, word for word, a letter of protest written by James P. Monroe, a paper manufacturer of Lawrence, Massachusetts. Mr. Hoover, who once could empty a crowded hall more quickly than a fire-alarm, has made no bones of employing French Strother to present him to the public in acceptable Presidential form, and on known occasions has reached beyond that secretarial assistant for special information. By report, at least one of these instances occurred in his address opening the Washington bicentennial celebration on February 22.

Mr. Coolidge's ways with his post-Presidential newspaper and magazine articles, which have stirred amused whispers among the cognoscenti, are beyond the purview of this paper, but against all whisperings to the contrary, it is established that he wrote his own speeches while he was President. He had to, as Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, and the facility then acquired steaded him as Governor, as Vice-President, and finally in the White House. Some one to find him figures and information he did employ, but the language he gave them was his own. Either for inspiration or to ease his mind of other burdens, when a speech was in process, he used to wander into the White House kitchen, perch himself on the kitchen table, and try out his views on the help.

Harding, when Senator, was known as "Lazy Warren." His secretary once exclaimed to a friend, "Hell, except for speaking on the Senate floor, *I* am the gentleman from Ohio." Yet the man who bore the real title could put aside poker and golf and gather himself for an effort on the floor sufficiently workmanlike to empty the cloakrooms into the chamber and fetch fellow senators to him in droves to shake his hand or encircle him

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with their arms. In the White House he began with writing his own matter until newspaper critics of his sloppy Ohio editorial style drove him to Judson C. Welliver for the shaping of his speeches, a fact he once openly confessed in reading one of Welliver's products. But to this day one of his addresses remains so thoroughly a gem of eloquence that cynics still conjecture what genuine master of English prose did write it for him. It was the one he delivered on the pier at Hoboken over the first 5000 American dead brought home from the battlefields of France; and here, for perhaps the first time, its real authorship is divulged.

Turning to one of a group of guests at tea in the White House, Mrs. Harding said, "I wonder, Mr. Walmsley, if all newspaper men are cursed with a vice my husband has. Can you guess what it is?"

The embarrassed man went over the failings of his craft and ventured, "Procrastination?"

"Precisely." The President, Mrs. Harding went on, had been profoundly moved by the return of these heroic Americans. "The splendid dead," he kept repeating. The idea possessed him—appalled him, rather. He knew the height of public expectancy at the time as to what he would say, yet up to the moment of embarking on the *Mayflower* for the cruise to New York he had neither touched the speech himself nor engaged help in its writing. Its fate was unknown when the yacht docked at Hoboken, for on leaving Washington the President had disappeared and had not emerged until it was time to land and speak his lines. Then there was the devil of a time to get them typed and mimeographed for the press. The ink was still wet on the pages and the President was still stirred to the depths with what they contained when he read them over the flag-draped dead on the pier. That is perhaps one reason why the speech was good. Another was that the author of that particular one of Harding's speeches was Warren G. Harding himself.

When he had to, "Lazy Warren" could rise and do it. Otherwise indolence got him—and a strange humility. When a still more important event was at hand—the Burial of the Unknown Soldier—President Harding asked his cabinet members for suggestions as to what he should say. Later, in the audience at that ceremonial, sat a ghost who listened pop-eyed when the President swung into the middle part of his discourse. Almost word for word it was the "suggestion" which had been asked of his chief and which that chief had had him "prepare."

Any senator can be as lazy as Harding; or if he consents, can be worked to death. Men with such claims to respect as Glass of Virginia, or Reed of Pennsylvania, may be seen gum-shoeing about the Departments in search of any humble job for a humble constituent. Yet senators are still imposing figures; hardly one of them escapes the flattery of awe wherever he goes. Often when he appears on the rostrum or before the radio, it is enough for his audience to bask in the senatorial presence or hear the senatorial voice: so, since what he actually says becomes of minor importance, since party headquarters or the Administration itself will stuff him with facts, and a willing secretary or some other will string them together, why subject his own intellect to wear and tear?

Senator Walsh of Massachusetts, for example, answers the question by having his formal utterances composed by a nice old judge of his own State. Senator Smoot, who is a ready offhand speaker on his own religion, delivers now and then a sermon of ghostly composition, and used the same method even for the speech he delivered on laying the cornerstone of the new national Mormon church in Washington. The elder LaFollette was heavily in debt to his remarkable wife for the large amount of writing she did to save his strength; but then, as Dumas the elder was not a writer, the elder LaFollette was not a senator, since both were industries instead. And senators of eminence, turning to literary ghosts, have turned up ironies equal to anything achieved by the junior Senator from Pennsylvania.

The name of T. V. Powderly perhaps means nothing to this generation, but a few years ago it was a terror in the land when its owner was head of that powerful and frankly revolutionary force, the Knights of Labor. Powderly lived to hold office in the government he once had frightened, and for a two-year period, after Theodore Roosevelt had roughly tumbled him out, he made a handsome living by writing speeches for T. R.'s friends in the Senate and the House. Great Gibraltars of order and representative government, like the elder LaFollette, Lane of Oregon, Owens of Oklahoma, Cummins of Iowa, Dolliver of Vermont, that eminent historian Albert Beveridge, the silver-tongued orator Stanley of Kentucky, and even Champ Clark, recited speeches written by Arthur E. Holder, another fiery laborite and for years the blood-and-thunder man for Samuel Gompers.

The truth is that a senator is a syndicate. No man who talks as much as the average senator can possibly wring from his own brain the enormous volume of words he spouts, or even be sure of their source. Senators like Mr. Smoot will cheerfully read on the Senate floor a speech composed for a special Administration purpose by the remote and unknown ghost of some

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Department or bureau chief. There is probably no spot in the government where the literary ghost is so truly ghostly as in the Senate, and the shortest route to the number of senators who never have quoted one, consciously or not, is to take a census of the few who, for excellent reason, never speak at all.

Nobody knows, or ever will know, whence comes the talk in the House. The "Congressional Directory" contains the names of 25 men—there cannot be more than 50—who by direct effort or by the force of example and influence, do that chamber's work and keep the country's business going. The list begins with orators, authors, and scholars, like Robert Luce of Massachusetts, and James M. Beck of Pennsylvania, and ends with La Guardia of New York—a rhinestone to many but a diamond nevertheless, who may need polishing in the pages of *The Record,* but on the floor is a force. But a knowing eye is needed in counting even these men of genuine ability and purpose, or more than one will be skipped. They may be unknown to newspaper men and even to members of the House. They rarely speak on the floor and their labors are done at committee-tables —men like Voigt of Wisconsin, who knew more about farming problems than any other, and personally was never known outside a few modest Washington living-rooms. The rest are a spoonful of Davis and Bloom in a Mississippi of mush.

It may ever have been so. We have a belief that in Webster's time the Senate contained a Webster in every seat, whereas, apart from Daniel and a few of his peers, the rest were little more than mediocre. Yet men condemned for twenty-five years to watch the House from the press-gallery note a marked decline in its caliber during that time. You now may put it down as settled fact that in that feature of *The Congressional Record* where members "extend" the remarks they were not enabled to spout on the floor, Mr. Bloom has company. That section emits an unholy light with its ghost-written matter meant for the edification, and the votes, of the folks back home.

Senator Shortridge is fond of quoting, perhaps unaware of their full application, these lines of Pope:

> "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> As to be hated needs but to be seen;
> Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Not long ago a ghost, hard-pressed for telling lines for a speech by his chief, cheerfully "lifted" a slogan in use by a certain humanitarian organization. After the speech had been delivered the chief and his ghost chanced to pass a billboard bearing the line. "See that!" said the chief. "They're stealing our stuff!" There, as by lightning-flash, was his state of mind. Any idea became his private property by the simple process of entering his head; the eyes and ears of his ghost were merely an appanage of his own; and everything written by his ghost was, ipso facto, his.

Psychology is an explanation, not an excuse. What of a Government of the United States so riddled with ghost-work that nobody knows who does what? It turns public representatives cynical toward their trusts, and the public cynical toward its servants. Even as a social phenomenon it is a stinging commentary on the times in which it appears to be rooted. Two or three years ago Doctor Nicholas Murray Butler delivered at Southampton a speech which had for its point what he called the remarkable shift of the centre of gravity in recent times from politics to economics, from 400 years of the pursuit of liberty to perhaps another 400 years of pursuit of the dollar. Doctor Butler said more than he probably meant.

While business, the supreme interest and occupation, has supposedly drawn to itself the better brains, government, sinking in prestige, has filled itself in the main with those whose abilities consist in getting themselves elected, what time busier people are looking the other way. When business falters and must lean on the only means of collective action, the machinery of government, we learn with a shock how few are its stronger cogs and how many its weak ones. So, among the sharp hints from the times, may be this one—it may do no harm to seat in office a few more men who can do their own thinking. Or, as senators are fond of saying, the thing that happened to Rome may happen again.

BONUS AND TAXES—

two subjects of prime importance before the new session of Congress will be discussed in articles

by Stuart Chase *and* Henry Hazlitt
in the December SCRIBNER'S

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Flowering Wilderness

By John Galsworthy

The Concluding Chapters of Mr. Galsworthy's New Novel

For Our Readers Who Begin the Novel Here—A Synopsis of the Story Thus Far:

Dinny Cherrell and Wilfrid Desert meet by chance before Foch's statue in London. Dinny recalls Wilfrid as best man at the wedding of Michael Mont and Fleur Forsyte ten years before. Wilfrid, with a hero's record in the war, had made his mark as a poet before he had disappeared into the East. Dinny remembers some rumors about his infatuation for Fleur and mentions him to Fleur who describes him as "the queerest sort of person, and rather a dear. But he's impossible to be in love with—disharmony personified. . . . He's elusive, passionate, and a bundle of nerves; soft-hearted and bitter."

Nevertheless, Dinny falls completely in love with him. Just as they become engaged, Dinny's brother Hubert brings rumors about Wilfrid from the East. Wilfrid confesses to her that he, at the point of a pistol held by a fanatic, had renounced Christianity and become a Moslem. Dinny takes her stand with him, but begins at once to feel the pressure of society by the attitude of members of her family who know of it.

Jack Muskham, "the last of the dandies," expresses his opinion of an Englishman who turns yellow and "lets down the rest of us" in the East. Muskham voices the attitude of army and civil service circles that such an act as Desert's is little short of treason. Michael goes to Wilfrid. Wilfrid will not deny the story or withhold his poem "The Leopard" which might be the cause for the facts becoming generally known. Wilfrid tries to make Dinny give him up but she refuses. Dinny's father, General Sir Conway Cherrell, calls upon Wilfrid as does Jean, Dinny's sister-in-law, and both are puzzled by the mixed qualities in his character. Wilfrid himself does not know whether he is yellow, although he justified himself at the time. He publishes "The Leopard" as a sort of expiation, the truth leaks out, the newspapers take up the discussion, "The Leopard" becomes a best-seller.

Wilfrid tries to keep away from Dinny until he finds how the world will take his apostasy. Muskham moves to have Wilfrid expelled from Burton's Club, and meeting him later on the street with Dinny makes an audible deprecatory remark, whereupon Wilfrid calls him a "cad and a coward." Next morning, Dinny receives a phone message from Stack, Wilfrid's man, that Wilfrid the night before had received a letter by hand which had disturbed him considerably, and, this morning, had disappeared. Dinny hurries on a search for him.

XXIV

WILFRID'S taxi-cab, whose tank he had caused to be filled to the brim, ground slowly up Haverstock Hill towards the Spaniards Road. He looked at his watch. Forty miles to Royston—even in this growler he would be there by nine! He took out a letter and read it through once more.

"Liverpool Street Station.
Friday.

"Sir,

"You will agree that the matter of this afternoon cannot rest there. Since the Law denies one decent satisfaction, I give you due notice that I shall horsewhip you publicly whenever and wherever I first find you unprotected by the presence of a lady.

Yours faithfully,
J. MUSKHAM.

"The Briery, Royston."

'Whenever and wherever I first find you unprotected by the presence of a lady!' That would be sooner than the swine thought! A pity the fellow was so much older than himself.

The cab had reached the top now, and was speeding along the lonely Spaniards Road. In the early glistening morning the view was worth a poet's notice, but Wilfrid lay back in the cab, unseeing, consumed by his thoughts. Something to hit at. This chap, at any rate, should no longer sneer at him! He had no plan except to be publicly on hand at the first possible moment after reading those words: "Unprotected by the presence of a lady!" Taken as sheltering behind a petticoat? Pity it was not a real duel! The duels of literature jig-sawed in his brain—Bel Ami, Bazarov, Dr. Slammer, Sir Lucius O'Trigger, D'Artagnan, Sir Toby, Winkle—all those creatures of fancy who had endeared the duel to readers. Duels and runs on banks, those

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two jewels in the crown of drama—gone! Well, he had shaved—with cold water!—and dressed with as much care as if he were not going to a vulgar brawl. The dandified Jack Muskham and a scene of low violence! Very amusing! The cab ground and whirred its way on through the thin early traffic of market and milk carts; Wilfrid sat drowsing after his almost sleepless night. Barnet he passed, and Hatfield, and the confines of Welwyn Garden City, then Knebworth, and the long villages of Stevenage, Graveley and Baldock. Houses and trees seemed touched by unreality in the fine haze. Postmen, and maids on doorsteps, boys riding farm horses, and now and then an early cyclist, alone inhabited the outdoor world. And, with that wry smile on his lips and his eyes half closed, he lay back, his feet pressed against the seat opposite. He had not to stage the scene, nor open the brawl. He had but to deliver himself, as it were registered, so that he could not be missed.

The cab slowed up.

"We're gettin' near Royston, Governor; where d'you want to go?"

"Pull up at the Inn."

The cab resumed its progress. The morning light hardened. All, now, was positive, away to the round, high-lying clumps of beeches. On the grassy slope to his right he saw a string of sheeted race-horses moving slowly back from exercise. The cab entered a long village street, and near its end stopped at an hotel. Wilfrid got out.

"Garage your cab. I'll want you to take me back."

"Right, Governor."

He went in and asked for breakfast. Just nine o'clock! While eating he enquired of the waiter where the Briery was.

"It's the long low 'ouse lying back on the right, Sir; but if you want Mr. Muskham, you've only to stand in the street outside 'ere. 'E'll be passing on his pony at five past ten; you can set your watch by him going to his stud farm when there's no racing."

"Thank you, that will save me trouble."

At five minutes before ten, smoking a cigarette, he took his position at the hotel gate. Girt-in, and with that smile, he stood motionless, and through his mind passed and repassed the scene between Tom Sawyer and the boy in the too-good clothes, walking round each other with an elaborate ritual of insults before the whirlwind of their encounter. There would be no ritual to-day! 'If I can lay him out,' he thought, 'I will!' His hands, concealed in the pockets of his jacket, kept turning into fists; otherwise he stood, still as the gate-post against which he leaned, his face veiled in the thin fume rising from his cigarette. He noticed with satisfaction his cabman talking to another chauffeur outside the yard, a man up the street opposite cleaning windows, and a butcher's cart. Muskham could not pretend this was not a public occasion. If they had neither of them boxed since schooldays, the thing would be a crude mix-up; all the more chance of hurting or being hurt! The sun topped some trees on the far side and shone on his face. He moved a pace or two to get the full of it. The sun—all good in life came from the sun. And suddenly he thought of Dinny. The sun to her was not what it was to him. Was he in a dream—was she real? Or, rather, were she and all this English business some rude interval of waking? God knew! He stirred and looked at his watch: Three minutes past ten, and there, sure enough, as the waiter had said, coming up the street was a rider, unconcerned, sedate, with a long easy seat on a small well-bred animal. Closer and closer, unaware! Then the rider's eyes came round, there was a movement of his chin. He raised a hand to his hat, checked the pony, wheeled it and cantered back.

'H'm!' thought Wilfrid: 'Gone for his whip!' And from the stump of his cigarette he lighted another. A voice behind him said:

"What'd I tell you, Sir? That's Mr. Muskham."

"He seems to have forgotten something."

"Ah!" said the waiter, "he's regular as a rule. They say at the stud he's a Turk for order. Here he comes again; not lost much time, 'as 'e?"

He was coming at a canter. About thirty yards away he reined up and got off. Wilfrid heard him say to the pony, "Stand, Betty!" His heart began to beat, his hands in his pockets were clenched fast; he still leaned against the gate. The waiter had withdrawn, but with the tail of his eye Wilfrid could see him at the hotel door, waiting as if to watch over the interview he had fostered. His cabman was still engaged in the endless conversation of those who drive cars; the shopman still cleaning his windows; the butcher's man rejoining his cart. Muskham came deliberately, a cut and thrust whip in his hand.

'Now!' thought Wilfrid.

Within three yards Muskham stopped. "Are you ready?"

Wilfrid took out his hands, let the cigarette drop from his lips, and nodded. Raising the whip, the long figure sprang. One blow fell, then Wilfrid closed. He closed so utterly that the whip was useless and Muskham dropped it. They swayed back clinched together against the gate; then, both, as if struck by the same idea, unclinched and raised their fists. In a moment it was clear that neither was any longer expert. They drove at each other without science, but with a sort of fury, length and weight on one side, youth and agility

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on the other. Amidst the scrambling concussions of this wild encounter, Wilfrid was conscious of a little crowd collecting—they might have been a horse down! Their combat was so breathless, furious and silent, that its nature seemed to infect that gathering, and from it came nothing but a muttering. Both were soon cut on the mouth and bleeding, both were soon winded and half dazed. In sheer breathlessness they clinched again and stood swaying, striving to get a grip of each other's throats.

"Go it, Mr. Muskham!" cried a voice.

As if encouraged, Wilfrid wrenched himself free and sprang; Muskham's fist thumped into his chest as he came on, but his outstretched hands closed round his enemy's neck. There was a long stagger, and then both went crashing to the ground. There, again as if moved by the same thought, they unclinched and scrambled up. For a moment they stood panting, glaring at each other for an opening. For a second each looked round him. Wilfrid saw Muskham's blood-stained face change and become rigid, his hands drop, and hide in his pockets; saw him turn away. And suddenly he realised why. Standing up in an open car, across the street, was Dinny, with one hand covering her lips and the other shading her eyes.

Wilfrid turned as abruptly and went into the hotel.

XXV

While Dinny dressed and skimmed along the nearly empty streets, she had been thinking hard. That letter brought last night by hand surely meant that Muskham was the cause of Wilfrid's early sortie. Since he had slipped like a needle into a bundle of hay, her only chance was to work from the other end. No need to wait for her uncle to see Jack Muskham. She could see him alone just as well, perhaps better. It was eight o'clock when she reached Cork Street, and she at once said: "Has Mr. Desert a revolver, Stack?"

"Yes, Miss."

"Has he taken it?"

"No."

"I ask because he had a quarrel yesterday."

Stack passed his hand over his unshaven chin. "Don't know where you're going, Miss, but would you like me to come with you?"

"I think it would be better if you'd go and make sure he isn't taking a boat train."

"Certainly, Miss. I'll take the dog, and do that."

"Is that car outside for me?"

"Yes, Miss. Would you like it opened?"

"I would; the more air, the better."

The henchman nodded, his eyes and nose seeming to Dinny unusually large and intelligent.

"If I run across Mr. Desert first, where shall I get in touch with you, Miss?"

"I'll call at Royston post-office for any telegram. I'm going to see a Mr. Muskham there. The quarrel was with him."

"Have you had anything to eat, Miss? Let me get you a cup of tea."

"I've had one, thank you." It saved time to say what was not true.

That drive, on an unknown road, seemed interminable to her, haunted by her uncle's words: "If Jack didn't date so, I shouldn't worry. . . . He's a survival." Suppose that, even now, in some enclosure—Richmond Park, Caen Wood, where not—they were playing the old-fashioned pranks of honour! She conjured up the scene—Jack Muskham, tall, deliberate; Wilfrid, girt-in, defiant, trees around them, wood-pigeons calling, their hands slowly rising to the level—! Yes, but who would give the word? And pistols! People did not go about with duelling pistols nowadays. If that had been suggested, Wilfrid would surely have taken his revolver! What should she say if, indeed, she found Muskham at home? "Please don't mind being called a cad and coward! They are really almost terms of endearment." Wilfrid must never know that she had tried to mediate. It would but wound his pride still further. Wounded pride! Was there any older, deeper, more obstinate cause of human trouble, or any more natural and excusable! The consciousness of having failed oneself! Overmastered by the attraction that knows neither reason nor law, she loved Wilfrid none the less for having failed himself; but she was not blind to that failure. Ever since her father's words "by any Englishman who's threatened with a pistol" had touched some nerve in the background of her being, she had realised that she was divided by her love from her instinctive sense of what was due from Englishmen.

The driver stopped to examine a back tyre. From the hedge a drift of elder-flower scent made her close her eyes. Those flat, white, scented blossoms! The driver remounted and started the car with a jerk. Was life always going to drag her away from love? Was she never to rest drugged and happy in its arms?

'Morbid!' she thought: 'I ought to be keying my pitch to the Jockey Club.'

Royston began, and she said: "Stop at the post-office, please."

"Right, lady!"

There was no telegram for her, and she asked for Muskham's house. The post-mistress looked at the clock.

"Nearly opposite, Miss; but if you want Mr. Muskham, I saw him pass riding just now. He'll be going to his stud farm—that'll be through the town and off to the right."

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Dinny resumed her seat, and they drove slowly on.

Afterwards she did not know whether her instinct or the driver's stopped the car. For when he turned round and said: "Appears like a bit of a mix-up, Miss," she was already standing, to see over the heads of that ring of people in the road. She saw only too well the strained, blood-streaked faces, the rain of blows, the breathless swaying struggle. She had opened the door, but with the sudden thought: 'He'd never forgive me!' banged it to again, and stood, with one hand shading her eyes, the other covering her lips, conscious that the driver, too, was standing.

"Something like a scrap!" she heard him say, admiringly.

How strange and wild Wilfrid looked! With only fists they could not kill each other! And mixed with her alarm was a sort of exultation. He had come down to seek battle! Yet every blow seemed falling on her flesh, each clutch and struggling movement seemed her own.

"Not a bloody bobby!" said her driver, carried away: "Go it! I back the young 'un."

Dinny saw them fall apart, then Wilfrid rushing with outstretched hands; she heard the thump of Muskham's fist on his chest, saw them clinch, stagger, and fall; then rise and stand gasping, glaring. She saw Muskham catch sight of her, then Wilfrid; saw them turn away; and all was over. The driver said: "Now, that's a pity!" Dinny sank down on the car seat, and said quietly:

"Drive on, please!"

Away! Just away! Enough that they had seen her—more than enough, perhaps!

"Drive on a little, then turn and go back to Town." They wouldn't begin again!

"Neither of 'em much good with 'is 'ands, Miss, but a proper spirit."

Dinny nodded. Her hand was still over her mouth, for her lips were trembling. The driver looked at her.

"You're a bit pale, Miss—too much blood! Why not stop somewhere and 'ave a drop o' brandy?"

"Not here," said Dinny; "the next village."

"Baldock. Right-o!" And he put the car to speed.

The crowd had disappeared as they repassed the hotel. Two dogs, a man cleaning windows, and a policeman, were the only signs of life.

At Baldock she had some breakfast. Conscious that she ought to feel relieved, now that the explosion had occurred, she was surprised by the foreboding which oppressed her. Would he not resent her having come as if to shield him? Her accidental presence had stopped the fight, and she had seen them disfigured, blood-stained, devoid of their dignities. She decided to tell no one where she had been, or what she had seen—not even Stack, or her uncle.

Such precautions are of small avail in a country so civilised. An able, if not too accurate, description of the "Encounter at Royston between Mr. John Muskham, cousin of Sir Charles Muskham, Bart., the well-known breeder of bloodstock, and the Hon. Wilfrid Desert, second son of Lord Mullyon, author of 'The Leopard' which has recently caused such a sensation," appeared in that day's last edition of the 'Evening Sun,' under the heading "Fisticuffs in High Quarters." It was written with spirit and imagination, and ended thus: "It is believed that the origin of the quarrel may be sought in the action which it is whispered was taken by Mr. Muskham over Mr. Desert's membership of Burton's Club. It seems that Mr. Muskham took exception to Mr. Desert continuing a member after his public acknowledgment that 'The Leopard' was founded on his own experience. The affair, no doubt, was very high-spirited, if not likely to improve the plain man's conception of a dignified aristocracy."

This was laid before Dinny at dinner time by her uncle without comment. It caused her to sit rigid, till his voice said: "Were you there, Dinny?"

'Uncanny, as usual,' she thought; but though by now habituated to the manipulation of truth, she was not yet capable of the lie direct, and she nodded.

"What's that?" said Lady Mont.

Dinny pushed the paper over to her aunt, who read, screwing up her eyes, for she had long sight.

"Which won, Dinny?"

"Neither. They just stopped."

"Where is Royston?"

"In Cambridgeshire."

"Why?"

Neither Dinny nor Sir Lawrence knew.

"He didn't take you on a pillion, Dinny?"

"No, dear. I just happened to drive up."

"Religion is very inflamin'," murmured Lady Mont.

"It is," said Dinny, bitterly.

"Did the sight of you stop them?" said Sir Lawrence.

"Yes."

"I don't like that. It would have been better if a bobby or a knock-out blow——"

"I didn't want them to see me."

"Have you seen him since?"

Dinny shook her head.

"Men are vain," said her aunt.

That closed the conversation.

Stack telephoned after dinner that Wilfrid had returned; but instinct told her to make no attempt to see him.

After a restless night she took the morning train to Condaford. It was Sunday and they were all at church. She seemed strangely divided from her family. Condaford smelled the same, looked the same; and the same

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people did the same things, yet all was different! Even the Scottish terrier and the spaniels sniffed her with doubting nostrils, as if uncertain whether she belonged to them any more.

'And do I?' she thought. 'The scent is not there when the heart is away!'

Jean was the first to appear, Lady Cherrell having stayed to Communion, the General to count the offertory, and Hubert to inspect the village cricket pitch. She found Dinny sitting by an old sundial in front of a bed of delphiniums. Having kissed her sister-in-law, she stood and looked at her for quite a minute, before saying: "Take a pull, my dear, or you'll be going into a decline, whatever that is."

"I only want my lunch," said Dinny.

"Same here. I thought my Dad's sermons were a trial even after I'd been through them; but your man here!"

"Yes, one *can* 'put him down.'"

Again Jean paused, and her eyes searched Dinny's face.

"Dinny, I'm all for you. Get married at once, and go off with him."

Dinny smiled.

"There are two parties to every marriage."

"Is that paragraph in this morning's paper true, about a fight at Royston?"

"Probably not."

"I mean was there one?"

"Yes."

"Who began it?"

"Probably I did. There's no other woman in the case."

"Dinny, you're very changed."

"No longer sweet and disinterested."

"Very well!" said Jean. "If you want to play the lovelorn female, play it!"

Dinny caught her skirt. Jean knelt down and put her arms round her.

"You were a brick to me when I was up against it. Cry down my back, if you like."

Dinny laughed.

"What are my father and Hubert saying now?"

"Your father says nothing and looks glum. Hubert either says: 'Something must be done,' or: 'It's the limit.'"

"Not that it matters," said Dinny suddenly, "I'm past all that."

"You mean you're not sure what *he*'ll do? But, of course, he must do what you want."

Again Dinny laughed.

"You're afraid," said Jean, with startling comprehension, "that he might run off and leave you?" And she subsided on to her hams the better to look up into Dinny's face. "And, of course, he might. He looks proud. You know I went to see him?"

"Oh?"

"Yes; he got over me. I couldn't say a word. Great charm, Dinny."

"Did Hubert send you?"

"No. On my own. I was going to let him know what would be thought of him if he married you, but I couldn't. I should have thought he'd have told you about it. But I suppose he thought it would worry you."

"I don't know," said Dinny; and did not. It seemed to her at that moment that she knew very little.

Jean sat silently pulling an early dandelion to pieces.

"If I were you," she said, at last, "I'd vamp him. If you'd once belonged to him, he couldn't leave you."

Dinny got up: "Let's go round the gardens and see what's out."

XXVI

Since Dinny said no further word on the subject occupying every mind, no word was said by anyone; and for this she was truly thankful. She spent the next three days trying to hide the fact that she was very unhappy. No letter had come from Wilfrid, no message from Stack; surely if anything had happened, *he* would have let her know. On the fourth day, feeling that she could bear the suspense no longer, she telephoned to Fleur, and asked if she might come up to them.

The expressions of her father's and her mother's faces when she said she was going, affected her as do the eyes and tails of dogs whom one must leave. How much more potent was the pressure put by silent disturbance than by nagging!

Panic assailed her in the train. Had her instinct to wait for Wilfrid to make the first move been wrong? Ought she to have gone straight to him? And on reaching London she told her driver: "Cork Street."

But he was out, and Stack did not know when he would be in. The henchman's demeanour seemed to her strangely different, as if he had retreated to a fence and were sitting on it. Was Mr. Desert well? Yes. And the dog? Yes, the dog was well. Dinny drove away disconsolate. At South Square again no one was in; it seemed as if the world were in conspiracy to make her feel deserted. She had forgotten Wimbledon, the Horse Show, and other activities of the time of year. All such demonstrations of interest in life were, indeed, so far from her present mood that she could not conceive people taking part in them.

She sat down in her bedroom to write to Wilfrid. There was no longer any reason for silence, for Stack would tell him she had called.

She wrote:

"South Square, Westminster.

"Ever since Saturday I've been tortured by the doubt whether to write, or wait for you to write to me,

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Darling, I never meant to interfere in any way. I had come down to see Mr. Muskham and tell him that it's I only who was responsible for what he so absurdly called the limit. I never expected you to be there. I didn't really much hope even to find him. Please let me see you.

Your unhappy
DINNY."

She went out herself to post it. On the way back she came on Kit, with his governess, the dog, and the two youngest of her Aunt Alison's children. They seemed entirely happy; she was ashamed not to seem so too, so they all went together to Kit's schoolroom to have tea. Before it was over Michael came in. Dinny, who had seldom seen him with his little son, was fascinated by the easy excellence of their relationship. It was, perhaps, a little difficult to tell which was the elder, though a certain difference in size and the refusal of a second helping of strawberry jam, seemed to favour Michael. That hour, in fact, brought her the nearest approach to happiness she had known since she left Wilfrid five days ago. After it was over she went with Michael to his study.

"Anything wrong, Dinny?"

Wilfrid's best friend, and the easiest person in the world to confide in, and she did not know what to say! And then, suddenly she began to talk, sitting in his armchair, her elbows on her knees, her chin in her hands, staring not at him, but at her future. And Michael sat on the window-sill, his face now rueful, now whimsical, making little soothing sounds. Nothing would matter, she said, neither public opinion, the Press, nor even her family, if only there were not in Wilfrid himself this deep bitter unease, this basic doubt of his own conduct, this permanent itch to prove to others and, above all, to himself, that he was not 'yellow.' Now that she had given way, it poured out of her, all that bottled-up feeling that she was walking on a marsh, where at any moment she might sink in some deep, unlooked-for hole thinly covered by specious surface. She ceased and lay back in the chair exhausted.

"But, Dinny," said Michael, gently, "isn't he really fond of you?"

"I don't know, Michael; I thought so—I don't know. Why should he be? I'm an ordinary person, he's not."

"We all seem ordinary to ourselves. I don't want to flatter you, but you seem to me less ordinary than Wilfrid."

"Oh! no!"

"Poets," said Michael, gloomily, "give a lot of trouble. What are we going to do about it?"

That evening after dinner he went forth ostensibly to the House, and in fact to Cork Street.

Wilfrid was not in, so he asked Stack's permission to wait. Sitting on the divan in that unconventional, dimly-lighted room, he twitted himself for having come. To imply that he came from Dinny would be worse than useless. Besides, he hadn't. No! He had come to discover, if he could, whether Wilfrid really was in love with her. If not, then—well, then the sooner she was out of her misery the better. It might half break her heart, but that was better than pursuing a substance which wasn't there. He knew, or thought he knew, that Wilfrid was the last person to endure a one-sided relationship. The worst of all disasters for Dinny would be to join herself to him under a misconception of his feelings for her. On a little table close to the divan, with the whiskey, were the night's letters—only two, one of them, he could see, from Dinny herself. The door was opened slightly and a dog came in. After sniffing at Michael's trousers, it lay down with its head on its paws and its eyes fixed on the door. He spoke to it, but it took no notice—the right sort of dog. 'I'll give him till eleven,' thought Michael. And almost immediately Wilfrid came. He had a bruise on one cheek and some plaster on his chin. The dog fluttered round his legs.

"Well, old man," said Michael, "that must have been a hearty scrap."

"It was. Whiskey?"

"No, thanks."

He watched Wilfrid take up the letters and turn his back to open them.

'I ought to have known he'd do that,' thought Michael; 'there goes my chance! He's bound to pretend to be in love with her!'

Before turning round again Wilfrid made himself a drink and finished it. Then, facing Michael, he said: "Well?"

Disconcerted by the abruptness of that word, and by the knowledge that he had come to pump his friend, Michael did not answer.

"What d'you want to know?"

Michael said abruptly: "Whether you're in love with Dinny?"

Wilfrid laughed. "Really, Michael!"

"I know. But things can't go on like this. Damn it! Wilfrid, you ought to think of her."

"I am." He said it with a face so withdrawn and unhappy, that Michael thought: 'He means that.'

"Then for God's sake," he said, "show it! Don't let her eat her heart out like this!"

Wilfrid had turned to the window. Without looking round he said:

"You've never had occasion to try and prove yourself the opposite of yellow. Well, don't! You won't find the chance. It comes when you don't want it, not when you do."

"Naturally! But, my dear fellow, that's not Dinny's fault."

Continued on page 304

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New Poverties in Education

By Margaret Emerson Bailey

The composition was correct enough. It said what it had to say in good plain English, gave the writer's mood, and reached this climax:

"It had not been such a boring Christmas after all, though I had asked Mama for mink, and got only ordinary skunk."

I had reserved this paper for the last. It had seemed to me that some one in my class would deal vigorously with it, and would rid me of the need of criticism. But when I read it out, fourteen girls, all adepts at destroying any attitude which they considered "being snooty," sat without a comment. Lugs, after all, are only lugs, and intolerable or funny to the person who has reason to feel differently. The silence of these girls was not due to politeness or to any lack of humor. It came from a consensus of experience that Christmas in the main was boring, that so each would have felt, had she asked for mink and been given ordinary skunk.

What then did I have to fight? It is true that I had meant to start a laugh at money snobbery. But as things turned out, the object of my attack no longer was an individual. It had become the solid phalanx, and no matter what it stood for. To split the ranks, and in whatever cause, had become of prime importance. My tactics would have had to be the same, had I dealt with any outlook representing group solidity. For what I had to win was what my class could not be blamed for lacking—some variety, some sharp dissension, and revision of opinion. Balance, proportion, insight, all social imagination was at stake. Irrespective of the subject and its merits, I had to win one cohort with a different point of view.

I should like to use one more example where a spokesman came to my assistance. Provoked to it by some remark, my class was estimating aristocracy. Was there any really, in America at the present time? The girls, many of them carrying distinguished names, agreed that if they were quite honest, they would admit that the real basis lay in money, that it was a quicksand basis, and that the present depression would cause many individuals to disappear. But one girl, scarlet in face, put forth a timid protest. "I have," she said, "an aunt who lives in Boston. She always wants to know about a person's family." Grant that stock runs out, here was at once the contrast of a certain sort of fineness made with muchness. I blessed the aunt who lived in Boston. But had I been teaching in a Boston private school, I should have blessed as heartily the uncle in New York who wished to know about a person's bank roll, and who consequently led to a discussion of too much dependence on the past, and of the constant need for vigorous replenishment. Had I been teaching anywhere, I should have welcomed the intrusion of a relative who believed in an aristocracy of mind or, one with any sort of slant, however sane or odd, however conservative or radical, who offered a standard of comparison. For even though my pupils ended with rejections, he would have made them think outside of their own thoughts, and hence outside of their own lives.

How widespread is the growth of this deadly unanimity in schools, I learned last year to my surprise through correcting several hundred papers set as an English Experiment Examination. These papers came from widely different schools in different sections of the East. They were marked by numbers, these not seen by the readers. But as the correcting went its way, the papers sorted themselves out in a fashion that had never been intended. It had a significance far deeper and more serious than the technical merits or defects that might be laid at any individual teacher's door.

The most revealing question presupposed a fairy godmother. What would one ask of her? A room of one's own, space and the stringent need for solitude while growing up. There were many other answers that were identical in tone. But, there were as many from girls so used to the stage-sets of wealth, accepting them so incidentally, that they demanded the excitements of the superluxuries. There were as many from girls unused to the stage-sets of wealth who were like children with new Christmas toys that they took far from casually. They were preoccupied with things, with things just acquired, accepted, eagerly desired, no longer to be gone without, expressing their ambitions in terms of actual materials. It was a relief to come upon one young original who poked fun at the question by saying that having all she wanted, she would ask a fairy godmother for such conceit as would make her blind to all the failings in herself. In the meantime, there had been many answers that showed the social timidities, the genteeleries of those not very sure and anxious to impress. These began naïvely, "Since I shall not have to earn my living." And in contrast, there was the easy

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arrogance of those who owned the world and who meant to pursue what course they wished in it. There was the defiance of those who felt the world was hostile; there were the mental curiosities of those eager to explore its possibilities. What set me off upon a speculative tangent was the frequent comment of the head-examiner, a professor, humorous and wise and very just. "You must remember," he would say, "that you cannot lower a mark because you happen to dislike a point of view."

But was our dislike for a single point of view or were we disquieted by what was reiterated with too little of the stoic stuff to make it thoughtful or to make it special? The question set in the examination had tapped many wells. But the point is that twenty years ago, more springs would have yielded the personal character of an individual. Today, the divergence lay among the schools, and only hence among the pupils. Whether tonic or insipid, sparkling or flat, we had drawn up bottled water. It took no analysis to estimate which had come from the same locality. Judged by actual writing, the copy-books showed much variety. Judged by the contents, they bore the mark of the same classroom. With few exceptions, we might have sorted out those from the same school or kind of school.

It is this tendency to a life less and less rich in contacts, in interpenetrations, of all sorts, that increasingly threatens our private schools today. I know that we are supposed to encourage independence of action and individuality of thought, even to mulch and coddle them. And in some ways this is true. We do encourage both when the young deal with their own problems, especially with school problems. That world, which children used to think of as an unreal world, moved by its own strange, rigid laws that ruled out impulse and initiative, has become more and more the real one. It is governed to some extent by them; and certainly from a mere calculation of the hours spent in it, it is the place where they settle for themselves most questions that arise. But the moment that the problem lies outside of its four walls and does not concern itself with self-government or with athletics or with extra-curriculum activities, what are most of our schools but nurseries for social ignorances, for social intolerances and prejudices. Some pupils of course make a geographical escape. Yet no matter how poor or rich, how fashionable or unfashionable, there is a marked increase in the poverty of social imagination. It comes, as I see it, from two sources both conspicuous in the pupil's lives. Primarily, it results from the sharper and sharper cleavage between the rich and poor and the consequent stratifying of the children. Secondarily, it results from the long school day now in favor, and the consequent cleavage between one generation and the next.

To most parents, depending on which side of the fence they chance to be, the first predicament will not seem serious. The plain truth is that by and large they pay, and pay most willingly, for what has taken place. The very fact of parenthood seems to transform even a courageous person to a social coward, timid for his offspring. The very one who will explain that his own richest understanding came from some experience divorced from his own life, will be the very one to wish his children sheltered from any wide experience. Conscientious he may be, but in his selection of a school, he will care less for methods or curriculum, for high standing or good teaching, for the influence of head-master or head-mistress, than for the names upon the class list. What children are his children likely to be thrown with? When he has settled that, he will inquire about the rest.

So far he is right. The human product is largely the sum of his relationships. When all is said, it is not methods, text-books, or good teaching that have taught him most. In the process of growing up, it is human selections and rejections, loyalties, and avoidances that have made him what he is. The more varied they have been, the wiser is his judgment and the more fitted is he for the same processes, complicated and continued, in his adult life.

His future, as well as his immediate safety, is what we should be aiming at. And not necessarily are the names of parents, socially and economically established, guarantees of safety. There is no school that draws only from nice, stable, well-adjusted homes. If there were, they would ill-fit a child later to bridge the gap that leads into maturity. Moreover, as the minds will run from dullness the whole way to brilliance, so will the moral attitudes run from integrity and fineness to the lack of them. The real dangers that concern themselves with personalities are everywhere, and need oversight and direction while both are still possible. As a matter of fact, children are less safe against the perils that count most, if we merely put our faith in names, and in an economic background, and then wash our hands and let it go at that.

The average parent, however, chooses what need not do away with certain risks, and is very sure to add another. A class list will not satisfy him if it hints at too many unknown names, at a variety of background; at all that might breed the will to know, to evaluate, to have second thoughts rather than snap-judgments about ways of life quite unfamiliar. He is best contented if he is given the assurance that in a small place of what he thinks comparative safety, other ways of life need not be understood. What he truly covets for his children is social life made easy through their education, the quickest way of getting there. If the school's

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name will add prestige to an item in the social column, why so much the better. If not, he will stretch his purse to come the nearest to this. Let these institutions be careful to take birds of the same feather. Let these birds be trained to flock together, their supposed security in their scarcity, not in their numbers. Let them acquire a blindness to all those that fly in a different manner from themselves.

Now it would be a fallacy to say that this impulse existed only in this period. In the days of our grandfathers and grandmothers, there were certain boarding schools, finishing schools, even a few day schools, and selected groups called classes, which, once attended, gave a fashionable stamp. Working out a cross-ruff through large tuition fees and careful references, they took the tricks that made them known as turning out little ladies and little gentlemen, and being the exclusive schools.

But twenty years ago, the worldly parent worked at a disadvantage; for the average day schools for the lower grades charged a tuition fee that was a negligible item. Often started by some one whose sole equipment was "a fondness for children," often badly housed and poorly staffed, they had the incalculably rich advantage of the many kinds of homes they drew from. Almost any person, if his conviction led him so to do, could send his children to them. Especially in the smaller cities, a young man with his way to make, a young doctor or lawyer or architect could scrape and pinch enough to include this item in his budget. Even a minister, a professor, an artist or teacher of music who earned his livelihood from year to year could send his sons and daughters to the very best there was in town. And there, once entered, they might keep with their own kind. But at least the opportunity was offered to them to make friends with those whose people lived quite differently; with those who opened up new vistas of the meaning of wealth had or acquired, and carried with responsibility or lightness. In exchange, they could give glimpses of life in which property and ornament were absent; in which ideas not necessarily finer, but very different, were of prime importance. From each other they might learn what it was to live ambitiously, conventionally, simply, humorously, greedily, austerely. Seldom equipped with scientific laboratories, these schools provided research laboratories where the merits and defects of any way of living were revealed by actually dealing with them. The richest discoveries took place no doubt outside the classroom. But even there, it was impossible not to get some inkling that dull circumstances exist regardless of the money scale that makes them, and that they need not make dull people. There was a democratic force at work that put an individual on his own resources; that might make him cling to all he was accustomed to, if he saw reasons for so doing; or that might make him renounce what came to seem of little value. Truths were offered, falsities were offered, both equally revealing. Certainly, there was no solid group regularized by its set standards and protected from the knowledge of all other standards. Had informal discussion had the place it has today, the points of view expressed would have covered a wide range.

This same free interchange is still possible in schools that are so heavily endowed that low tuition fees are possible and scholarships are plentiful. But by and large, there is small chance of it today.

And there is an irony about this change. Those of us educators who have watched the whole phenomenon of reconstruction, the dawn and growth of a new kind of pedagogic knowledge, the improvement in resources and equipment, have had to watch a new impoverishment more damaging to education than any of the lacks we used to suffer from. The better the conditions under which we work, the more at our disposal, the higher our salaries and consequently the more full our teaching, the more handicapped are we by the thinning out of the human material that comes into each class.

It is reasonable that this should be so. For as the organization and equipment have increased and been perfected, so has the tuition mounted; so have the many extras mounted. The young man with his way to make must acquire his pile before he can pay for these new advantages. By the time that he has done so, the chances are that his children are too old. Unless he has some private means, the professional man must send his children elsewhere. Thus certain kinds of minds have vanished from the classroom. They were kinds not needed any more, but needed as much as ever if the school was to give many sorts of information, and was to be widely and sanely representative of what grown-up people thought of value. Save for the occasional instances, the haphazard, unintended but rich education of a child from other kinds of children exists today in inverse ratio to the technical excellencies of the modern school.

All along the line goes on this grouping of those having the same background with others having the same kind of background. Not long ago, I talked with a mother living in a community typically suburban. Here, the school problem had been solved by a group of her own friends; parents who had put their shoulders to the wheel. "But," she went on, "I'm sending my own children also to the village Sunday-school. Not for religious reasons, but because I don't want them to grow up too narrow." Her protest against uniformity seemed to me a little hard upon the Sunday-school. It seemed to me too artificial and too occasional to produce results, but I understood the problem in her mind.

For whether we teach rich or poor or middling,

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where we should work hand in glove with aristocracy in its real sense, we work hand in glove with snobbery, the ultimate foe of education. The aristocrat, irrespective of his wealth, has learned from other people gradually to reject and to renounce ideas when they seem false or shoddy and of little value. He may be wrong in individual instances. That is not the point. The point is that his schooling has taught him to weigh the values of that which he clings to against those which he gives up. The snob, irrespective of his wealth, has acquired the habit from other people, of discarding, without so much as an idly curious glance, what is unfamiliar by the very reason of its unfamiliarity. He may be right in individual instances. But he comes to act instinctively from ignorance and from suspicion, from prejudice. For his later years, the aristocrat has been trained to pass simply in and out of any mode of life, perceiving at least approximately its true essence where that lies in character and mind. In contrast, the other has been increasingly disarmed. He may revolt; a dangerous reaction in that he goes over to what is most foreign to him, in that it is merely foreign. Or he may go on excluding, until the books he reads, the people that he meets, the thoughts he thinks are pitifully scant.

Thus, whether it comes from the rich, the aspiring, the revolting, the drab, the poor, or the conventional, the chorus of "Three cheers for our side"—with no dissenting voice—cannot be a heartening sound to any teacher. It means that her scholars are not getting what most makes for growth, for intellectual strength and intellectual maturity. Can she do nothing? Not very much, because let a teacher teach as ably as she can, a critic, to strike home, must be a real contemporary. All sorts of sling-shots there should be in any class, skirmishes, standards taken or set up, new leadership into foreign countries, new generalships in those already known, an almost daily realignment of the forces. Not all the progressiveness of modern education will be a compensation in those schools which have made no struggle against uniformity of background. They fail in proportion to their lack of any clash, of any wild rebellion in the ranks.

Short Cut

A STORY

By Margaret Carpenter

THE Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Louisa Fickett sat on the edge of the bare wooden pew and looked straight in front of her. She was an insignificant small child, thin and colorless, with straight brown hair pulled back tightly from a high forehead. There was only one thing about her that merited attention—her eyes. They were of a peculiar pale amber, and they had, as she sat there, the blank concentrated stare of a wild animal. If any one had happened to notice Louisa's eyes at that moment, he would have turned quickly to find out what it could be that the child saw, if indeed he had the courage to look. But he would have seen nothing. Louisa was staring at the wall, which was no different from the wall of any bleak little country church.

"Poor child, she is too young to know what it is all about!" It was the only observation made on Louisa that morning, and about as accurate as most observations on a child who has nothing to say for itself. She knew quite well what it was all about. She knew that she would never see her father again. She knew that he was dead, and joy burned within her like the still flame of a candle before an altar. But every once in so often a little shudder would chase over her, and the still flame would waver in a gust of terror—terror at what lay deep down in her heart, terror at what she saw there against the blank wall of the church, and which no one else in the whole world saw, no one else except God himself.

Louisa's mother was crying.

"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. . . ."

Louisa wondered whether they were blessing the name of the Lord because he had given or because he had taken away. She had spent a good deal of time wondering about the Lord, ever since she had been old enough to know his name. Perhaps it was because he was called her Heavenly Father that she had such difficulty with him. Now if he had been called her Heavenly Mother, she could have accepted him without reservation, for Louisa's love for her mother was a pure and beautiful thing. It was to her what the sun is to a plant struggling for light in a cellar. Louisa's cellar was her hatred for her father, so when she tried to think of God as her Heavenly Father, things got all muddled up. It was like trying to put together a picture puzzle. All the pieces fitted nicely, even though it was not a pretty picture, until you came to the last

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piece and that one wouldn't fit at all, and that one was God.

"It is a sad and terrible thing, my friends, to see a man in his prime cut down . . ." The minister was talking about Tom Fickett and, all things considered, he was doing pretty well. There were only a handful of people in the church, for the Ficketts had few friends. Tom Fickett's friends did not go to church, and Eliza Fickett, although she was a devout woman, only managed to make it one Sunday out of four. It was three miles by road to the village, all but the last bit up hill. Of course, there was the Short Cut, but the Short Cut was not for Sunday shoes. Even Louisa was forbidden to take it on the way to and from school for fear that the catbriar might tear her clothes. The Short Cut ran across the swampy land back of the Ficketts' barn. It crossed the East Fork on two logs left from the remains of a bridge built years ago, when Clinton Hill was lumbered. It skirted the edge of the Ficketts' wood lot, and then climbed steeply and tortuously in half a mile, what the road managed in three. When Eliza Fickett went to church she walked the three miles.

A few people were sorry enough for her to come to her husband's funeral, a few came because they were curious and wanted to hear more about it, a few came because any funeral was an event. In the whole congregation there was not one who did not think the Lord had done well to take away Tom Fickett, and not one who did not believe that if Tom Fickett had not been drunk he would not have been dead.

Louisa was listening to the minister. She wondered what would happen if she should suddenly stand up and shout, "Thou shalt not lie!" Her lips twitched faintly. No, those pieces she had learned to fit into the puzzle. There were times for lying, times when you had to lie, times when you were naughty and never, never told any one at all. Only God punished people who were naughty. That's what her mother said and so it must be true. Somehow or other he caught them and punished them. If he couldn't punish them when they were alive, he waited till they were dead. That's what he had done with her father, and perhaps that's what he would do with her. She began to tremble again. If only she could tell her mother what she saw, maybe her mother could make it go away. Perhaps that night she could tell her mother. Her mother would let her sleep right beside her in the big double bed, and then she could tell her.

Louisa's mother still kept on crying. That was a lie, too, but if her mother lied, it was all right. Only, she wished that it wasn't such a real sort of crying. It made her wonder if maybe her mother was sorry, not glad, the way she was. She kept saying to herself that it would soon be over, it couldn't last much longer. In just a little while, every one would go away and leave them alone together, and she would have her mother all to herself. The little flame of joy burned up brightly again. Her mother would let her sleep downstairs, right beside her in the big double bed, and she would never have to go up alone to the attic room again, and lie awake, trembling and listening, listening.

"You'll kill me, Tom Fickett! You'll kill me! Look at me. . . . Look at me. . . . Can't you see you're killing me?"

Louisa knew truth when she heard it, and that was true. Every morning, Louisa looked at her mother with terror in her heart and saw that it was true. But now Tom Fickett was dead and her mother was saved. It was God's will.

"O God, who in thy great wisdom . . ."

The minister was praying, and Louisa covered her face with her hands, just like everybody else. Perhaps God really was wise. Perhaps it was people being wicked, or even just a little bit naughty, and getting in his way, that made all the trouble. Or was God himself a lie? They said he gave his angels charge over you, and yet he had been letting Tom Fickett kill her mother. Almost he had done that.

Now they were carrying the coffin out. The faces of the men who bore it were red, and they were breathing hard. Tom Fickett was a big man. Louisa shrank back a little nearer her mother. It was over. People were standing up. They were pressing close around them, shepherding them toward the door. The organ was playing "Abide with Me." Louisa liked the music, only they weren't playing it for her father. They were playing it for her mother, because now her mother was going to be happy and peaceful. "Dust unto dust. . . ." Her father was dust. There was nothing to be afraid of any more.

"What a comfort you must be to your mother, darling. You must take good care of her. She has no one but you to take care of her now!" An old lady patted Louisa's arm, and she looked up, nodding and smiling brightly. That was all she had ever wanted to do—to take care of her mother. And now it would be easy. It would be fun. She would sleep right beside her in the big double bed and every morning she would wake up before her mother did and lie there thinking how safe and happy they were.

"Let us take the child home, Mrs. Fickett. We'll stay with her while you go to the cemetery. She's too young. . . ."

Louisa began to tremble again.

"Don't you want I should stay with you, Mom?"

Her mother did not even seem to hear her. She was wiping her eyes. She bowed her head and her voice seemed to push Louisa away.

"That would be best."

Louisa took a long breath and moved over beside

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Mrs. Clinton docilely. It would be only for a little while. The sun was shining so brightly outside that it hurt her eyes. It felt like Sunday, only it wasn't. Some one gave her a fresh cut bunch of daffodils to hold, and she buried her face in them with a little spasm of delight. That's what everything was going to be like now —flowers and bright sunshine.

"Don't cry, Louisa, you've been such a good little girl!"

Louisa sniffed obediently. She did not want to cry, but maybe it was better to act as if she did, and anyway the daffodils had tickled the end of her nose. She found herself wedged into the front seat of the Ford between Mr. and Mrs. Clinton. Mrs. Clinton was a large woman, and her husband was small and thin, and he had a bald head. Louisa wondered if he ever shouted the way her father did. He didn't look so. Perhaps Mrs. Clinton shouted at him, though. Maybe sometimes it worked the other way around and women tried to kill their husbands. The Ford was chugging past the school house now. A plume of steam was waving merrily from the radiator. It was the only thing that did not have to act as if it had been to a funeral. It was recess time, and all the children were playing dodge ball in the yard.

"Are you warm enough, Louisa?"

Louisa had shivered, remembering how different she was now from all those children. She did not even want to wave to them, so that they would see that she was riding in an automobile. She only wished it would take a long time to get home, so she would have just a little while to wait for her mother.

"Joe Means said it was in the wood lot back of the East Fork," said Mr. Clinton suddenly. "He near cut his foot off, and he must have been lying there two hours, hollering for help. He'd crawled over onto the Short Cut trying to get home. They found him in a patch of catbriar right by the path."

Louisa wriggled.

"Hush," interposed Mrs. Clinton. "It was an awful, a terrible thing."

"Mom said he took a bottle with him," explained Louisa in a shrill voice. "It was that made him cut his leg. He'd been out there ever since lunch time, and he hadn't cut no wood to speak of."

"O Louisa, you mustn't say such things about your father!"

"He was drunk," repeated Louisa doggedly, "he was drunk, and God punished him."

Mrs. Clinton exchanged a glance with her husband over Louisa's head.

"I guess that's about right," said Mr. Clinton.

The Ford was sliding down the long hill now. In a minute, they would be home. Louisa leaned forward a little. She did not want to look but she had to. There, right behind that clump of sumac, was where the Short Cut came out into the road. Never, never again, would she disobey her mother and come home by the Short Cut. She looked quickly away again to the big haystack by the barn. It was covered with a tarp, and she always liked to pretend it was an elephant lumbering through the trees.

"Right up there," said Mr. Clinton, with a jerk of his head. "Right up there maybe half a mile, they found him."

"Who was it found him?" asked Mrs. Clinton.

"Charlie Doan. When it got dark and he didn't come home, Mrs. Fickett sent Louisa for Charlie, and Charlie took his hound dog, and the dog found him."

"Mom and I went up to the wood lot first, and we called and called, but we didn't hear him chopping, and then Mom thought maybe he'd gone off to the village again, and she wanted Charlie to go get him home."

"He must have been dead by then," said Mr. Clinton.

"And then Charlie went up by the Short Cut, and the dog smelled him, and then he came back and they sent me to Mr. Lucas's house to telephone the doctor, and it was dark . . . and I run all the way . . ." Louisa was shivering again and out of breath. "But the doctor said he was dead all right before Charlie found him."

"An awful, a terrible thing," repeated Mrs. Clinton.

The Ford swung in the gate and stopped with a jerk. They were home. Louisa hung behind as they went up the steps. Would her mother be much longer? She was always afraid of the house without her mother. When her mother was there it became a pleasant place, full of the odor of baking bread, of steaming water and soapsuds or clean clothes under a hot iron. Everything was safe and well-ordered and all sorts of happy things were possible. But when her mother was not there, Louisa was afraid. All those things which seemed so real and substantial vanished into thin air. Chaos pressed in upon her. She thought of the cellar, where snakes drank milk out of the flat pans set there in the chilly dark to keep sweet. She thought of the woodshed, just the other side of the kitchen door, full of a litter of broken tools and empty boxes, where the big wood block stood all stained from where her father killed the chickens, and where the rats scuttled about even in broad daylight. She thought of the attic overhead, where the wind whistled through the chinks around the chimney, where the corners under the eaves were dark and full of hidden terror, and where she lay at night, listening to her father's voice downstairs—that voice and that laugh which brushed aside like cobwebs all the delicate texture of peace and security that she

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and her mother had woven between them through the afternoons when she came home from school.

"Now, Louisa," Mrs. Clinton's voice was briskly cheerful, "put away your hat and coat. We must hurry and get some lunch for your mother. You can peel the potatoes."

Louisa drew a long breath. Everything was all right, really. Her mother was coming right home. Soon they would be all alone together, and that night when they were in bed, she would tell her mother, and then she would be able to forget, and there would be nothing left but the joy.

Even as she had dreamed, that night Louisa lay beside her mother in the big double bed. The kerosene lamp over on the bureau was turned down low.

"We'll leave it burn awhile," Mrs. Fickett had said, and Louisa was glad. It gave out a faint, homely odor. There could be nothing strange and awful about a room that smelled of lamp smoke. She pressed close to her mother. She closed her eyes and lay very still. It seemed as if in that stillness her mother must know without being told, that awful, that terrible thing. Perhaps the very next minute her mother would put her arms around her and say softly, "Never mind, my darling, Mother knows . . ."

Louisa swallowed. Her throat was dry, and her heart was beating so hard that it sounded like a drum in her ears.

"Good-night, Mom."

"Good-night, Louisa."

Her mother's voice still kept her away. It seemed to put a high wall between them. She tried to speak but it was like a big hand over her mouth. It was like something stopping her speaking. Was it God? Then she felt her mother crying, a strange, silent sort of crying that was worse than the other kind.

"O Mom, please don't cry. . . . O Mom, why are you crying?"

"Louisa, Louisa, just think . . . just think what they said . . . if we'd found him a little sooner, just a little sooner, we might have saved him. . . ."

Louisa was trembling again. She sat up in bed and hugged her knees, so that her mother would not know how she was trembling. She knew now that she could never tell her mother. She knew something more. She knew it was God punishing her. She knew that she must always keep way down in her heart that awful, that terrible thing. God had kept her from telling all that long afternoon when she came back from school. He was keeping her now. He was taking care of her mother. Her mother could never bear to know what she had seen. She drew a long shuddering breath. She would help God take care of her mother.

"But Mom . . ." she touched her mother's arm timidly. "Mom, it was God's will, wasn't it? It was God's will we shouldn't find him? If any one had, they'd have been stopping God doing his will. . . ."

Mrs. Fickett was still sobbing. She was so tired that she hardly heard Louisa, but something in the child's voice cried out to her for comfort. She drew the thin little body close to her.

"There, Louisa. . . . Don't tremble so. Lie close to Mother and we'll say the twenty-third Psalm, and then perhaps we can go to sleep."

The lamp was burning low. Louisa closed her eyes, closed them so tightly that she could not see how dark it was growing, could not even see that awful, that terrible thing—her father's face, all scratched and torn, peering up at her from the catbriar by the Short Cut on the way home from school, and his eyes, pleading, pleading. . . .

"Run, Louisa . . . Run for help. . . ." How thin his voice had been, like a thread, almost broken. "Run . . . or I'll be dead before you get there. . . . Run, Louisa . . . run . . . run. . . ."

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death. . . ."

Louisa held her breath, so that she could hear her mother, so that what her mother was saying could blot out those other words. Her mother's arms were around her—at last, at last she was close to her mother. Her mother was safe. Her mother was going to be happy and peaceful. She was going to help God take care of her mother. The little flame of joy burned steadily in her heart.

In the *January* SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
appears the first of three new short stories
by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

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STRAWS IN THE WIND

Significant notes in American Life today

FOOTBALL MYTHS

By Herbert Reed

Down on the floor of the Yale Bowl one of these crisp November Saturday afternoons; on the clipped surface of the beautiful field enfolded by the Palmer Stadium at Princeton; in the Harvard Stadium just outside Cambridge, Mass.; and elsewhere in unnumbered enclosures, twenty-two young men will fight out a mimic warfare the most enthralling to be produced in any nation.

High up behind where we are sitting with rugs about our knees as the sun sinks and the shadows fall from bleak West Rock, or perhaps across the plain at Champaign, Ill., the chirping instruments of the telegraphers, the "bugs" as the operators call them, will carry the news of victory or defeat to a thousand newspapers. And the chances are that the summarized story as it travels over the wires or through the air from the microphone will begin somewhat in this fashion: "Yale's high-powered machine swept roughshod over So-and-So this afternoon, swinging into action the famous Rockne system as transplanted from South Bend by Adam Walsh, one of the famous coach's ablest pupils."

There will be new heroes to write about, to be sure, but the high-salaried coach, and above all the "Machine" will be the burden of this song of Big Business in football, this ballyhoo of the "miracle coach." However, it so happens that without a flock of football players the miracle coaching is not forthcoming, the best system in the world does not function. There are no Robots in modern football. Indeed, there seldom were. In the rare cases where they still persist their records are not impressive. When the "miracle coach" wins, it is the System that does it—when he loses, individual players are to blame. However, systems have their merits if sufficiently elastic, while machines have none.

At the present time there are two great systems spread over the face of the land, the Rockne and the Warner. At first glance they are machine systems, simply because they show the effects of patient and persistent drill, and the institution that has not the time for that drill had better let them alone. But away down at the bottom they rest on the possibilities of individual brilliance of a higher order than anything even the Golden Nineties had to offer.

Just the other day I stood on the field at practice with a couple of the best coaches in the country, who have not, however, combined journalism or recommending hair-slickers or spats with their coaching.

"What I need right now," said the football chief in question, "is a good dog-house runner and a couple of tackles. With as many replacements as possible. You know, outside the passing, this game is played down in the dirt. That's where we've got to go if we want to win. And on top of that, I'm still looking for the divine spark." Not a word about the system.

Such a thing as a football machine appears only on paper and never on the field. In every planned play, even the much-vaunted "perfect play" staged now and then for a touchdown by the products of the late Knute K. Rockne's coaching system, there are developments that appear only as the play gains momentum, which affect its apparent precision, the precision that gives birth to the machine idea, and eventually results in its success or failure. An excellent example of this, the manœuvre that gave rise to the expression "the perfect play" in the first place, was the 65-yard run for a touchdown by Chris Flanagan of Notre Dame against the Army at the Yankee Stadium four years ago. The element that made this play successful was the fact that the Army left tackle was two feet out of his prescribed position. Had he been on correct post the play perhaps would not have been called, or at least would not have resulted in a touchdown, and therefore would not have achieved perfection. Plenty of kudos goes to the quarterback who called the play instantly, having seen the flaw in the opposing defense. Thus, not any machine but that rugged individualist, the quarterback, really was responsible for the touchdown and consequent victory.

In seeking to destroy this machine myth I go farther and state that there *never was* a football machine in the whole history of the game. Not even Fielding Yost's famous "point-a-minute" machine of the Nineties, which in the end was totally dependent upon the fact that a young man named Heston was the fastest man for fifteen yards in football clothes who ever stood upon a gridiron; not even the great Haughton Harvard teams in which precision was so beautifully developed after the famous coach had attended a Plattsburg training camp where he was initiated into the mysteries of squads right (the peculiar path of No. 3 in the rear rank being the path of a Harvard halfback today in one of the Crimson's best ground-gainers). It was under Haughton, too, that both signals and plays moved to a perfect rhythm, set in practice by the tick-tock of the metronome. Yet not even in the earliest days of Haughton were his great winning teams machines.

It is probable that most Harvard and Yale men, and a large section of the football public in general, remember the return of Haughton to coaching at Harvard, when his machine beat Yale by a field goal kicked by a slender chap named Victor Kennard. On occasional Saturdays it is my pleasure to sit at a certain field very close to the famous Vic Kennard, renowned spare part of the Haughton machine. Victor's job these days is scouting. Like Jimmy Knox, the daddy of all football scouts, he watches annually just one team for the Crimson, duly charting everything that team has shown in public for the benefit of Eddie Casey,

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present Crimson head coach, and his aides.

Referring to the incident that made him famous, Kennard says, "There certainly were things going on that season that Percy knew nothing about." Kennard had been told that he was expected to win the Yale game by a drop-kick, which would be his only function, and that he would be called in cold to do it. To the icy-mannered Haughton Victor was just exactly a spare part in his football machine, which he had geared to go deep into Yale territory but feared could not cross the goal line. First the worry over the proposed task began to cost Kennard weight, and pretty soon not a little sleep. As the game drew near he endured the agony of nightmares in which he saw himself called in and failing dismally at his appointed stunt. Of all this acute suffering Haughton knew nothing until long afterward. But Nourse, the Harvard centre, who was to pass the ball for the crucial kick, began to study the slender kicker, and at last Kennard unburdened himself. So between them they hatched a plot. Nourse told the other players that when Kennard was called in they were to be near their places, but not set, some of them standing upright, but all making sure to be on side. Nourse would crouch at once and shoot back the ball. And so it happened. The Yale players were caught flat-footed, not one of them set for the charge, and so hopeless was the chance of blocking the kick, that both teams stood upright and watched the ball sail over the bar and between the posts. In the course of the play only two men on the field were in action. So victory went to Haughton's machine through the individualism of two men.

It is true that the great backfield of Logan, Bradlee, Brickley, and Mahan, with Tack Hardwick blocking out tackles and backs on a system of his own invention which no coach ever taught him, followed as closely as possible the lines of the chart when they went through their running plays. But a greater group of individualists never stood upon a field.

The other great so-called machine backfield, the Four Horsemen of Notre Dame, Stuhldreher, Layden, Miller, and Crowley, had its periods of running as wild as so many hawks, out of sheer exuberance and native ability, and, although the regular signal was called when Frank Carideo ran a later Notre Dame championship team, he and Joe Savoldi cooked up the plays in which this great plunging back starred, by thrashing out the idea right on the field in choice Italian. It took a linguist to play defense against that team. Reverting for a moment to the Four Horsemen, Rockne told me one fatal day at Princeton—fatal, that is, for Princeton—"They're out there pulling stuff I never saw before, and stuff that I certainly never taught them."

The best example of this through all the football ages, perhaps, was George Smythe of West Point, who should be dubbed "Fore and Aft" Smythe. As everybody knows, it is a football crime to run back. The exception lies in getting away with it. The times Smythe ran forward it was a parade of demoralization for the opposing team. The times he ran back were nerve-wrackers for his followers. Yet nearly all his forward progress was made after he had run back, and laterally, in both directions. Talking not long ago with Eddie Garbisch, centre on that team, this All-America personage said: "You ask where I went on Smythe's runs? Straight up the field about thirty yards where I could get into touch with the deep defense man. And as I did so I said a prayer. That prayer was for a touchdown, because with Smythe lugging the ball, it was likely to be either a touchdown or a safety against us, with George tackled behind his own goal line. As soon as I heard drumming feet behind me I knocked over the defense man and we scored. But I've had many a long walk back."

Captain John McEwan, head coach, it was, who had this human top on his hands. At that time the late Colonel Herman J. Koehler, Master of the Sword, was a power at West Point. On the eve of the Navy game that year he told me in all solemnity, "I'm going to be on the side line tomorrow, with a service revolver, and if Smythe starts to run back I'll shoot him right there on the field, so help me." Sounds crazy? Well, only those who have been close to them know how steamed up these old-timers can get on the edge of a big game. When he said it, Koehler meant it. As it turned out, this same Smythe, with the score against him in the last minute of the Navy game, ran back, and sideways, then back, then forward, then sideways, and finally threw a forward pass for a touchdown and victory. He was just as crazy as Koehler.

I ran into McEwan that night. He pointed to a stack of books on the table. "Freud," he said, and grinned wearily. "No use. I tried it out on Smythe. And now *I'm* nutty. I guess when you have a libido like that there's nothing to be done."

Just to complete the record, I had a little talk with Smythe. "You see," said George, speaking of his convoluted running, "I guess I'm just that way." And it is of men who are "that way" or some other way, equally strange, that the heroes of the gridiron are made, and no machine has ever been devised to take their place.

There haven't been many teams that even looked like machines down Princeton way. The nearest were the great elevens of '89, Edgar Allan Poe's mighty outfit, Doggy Trenchard's '93 team, which sprung the novelty of holding the Yale line men up on their feet while they whirled them down the field, and the famous eleven of 1896, which beat Yale 24 to 6. Perhaps the 1903 team showed signs of machinery to the unpractised eye. But this eleven was built around John DeWitt, a domineering, at times almost savage personality, unpopular on the campus, but a born leader of the driving type, and one of the greatest football players who ever went to Princeton. DeWitt is one of the truly great who have passed on to the Football Valhalla, along with Alex Moffatt, the individualist who in one of his big games kicked four field goals, *on the run,* two with his right foot and two with his left. Hardly a product of the football lathe.

There is no doubt that Bob Zuppke was a little put out all the time Red Grange was becoming famous. It is true that Zuppke taught Red a great many useful things, and it is also true that he developed Britton and McIlwaine as interferers to clear a path for Grange, but the fact remains that Grange was one of the greatest "shadow" runners who ever played the game. He had one thing I have known no

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other player to have in equal measure, and that was the photographic eye. That was as much a secret of his success as his foot and hip work. When Grange took the ball there flashed on his retina a picture of the position of every man on the field. Instantly he figured where each man would be at every stage of his run, and charted his course accordingly. No coach can teach that. Somewhat disgusted with the "Grange and me" complex, the lively little coach took his team to Philadelphia (how he loves to beat an Eastern eleven!) and told Grange: "All right, today you're quarterback. I've got a team out there that is all yours. Go out and run it to suit yourself. It's your game." And it was. Grange had never had the generalship responsibility on his shoulders before. Zuppke had put it up to his star and the star came through. After Red's departure, Zuppke said, "Now I got a team without a hundred-thousand-dollar star on it. I got a team without any star." And he had. Not even the great Zuppke can get along without them, painful as it may be to admit it.

And now there is that other myth, that there is such a person as a superplayer, the greatest of all time. More and more good white paper has been spoiled in picking teams made up of such players, a dangerous pastime, with the psychopathic ward at the other end.

Even today, ad nauseam, we read of the exploits of the great Jim Thorpe, the Sac and Fox Indian of Pop Warner's days at Carlisle. His greatest fame was made by those who never saw him play. For many years now, Pop Warner has been bleating futilely to the world that Thorpe was not even the greatest player he ever coached. The bleating, of course, has not been very loud, for if one mentions Thorpe one has to mention Warner, and since Pop has become a widely ballyhooed author (he is really one of the greatest of all the coaches) publicity fits him like an old coat.

Jim Thorpe was a great football player. But he has been badly overdone. He made perhaps his greatest reputation running rings around a pair of stationary ends at West Point. (They have changed the system of end play at West Point since then.) And he passed his way all over a certain Pennsylvania team to the tune of 28 to 0. Digging over my notes of the Carlisle-Princeton game the following week at the Polo Grounds, I find that Thorpe was stopped in his tracks all afternoon, and Princeton won by the score of 16 to 0. A curly-headed Tiger end named Brown, suffering from a lame and strapped-up shoulder, spent most of the playing period throwing Jim Thorpe for many and serious losses. The rest of the time, when Princeton wasn't running with the ball, Eddie Harlan spent in kicking it at the feet of the Indian backs, which early exhibition of good judgment may have had something to do with his turning up in later years as Judge Harlan. This is nothing against Thorpe. He was just one more Napoleon indulging in a Waterloo. In fact, Princeton always made powerful bad medicine against Carlisle, and in all their six meetings was the victor.

So, if any reader wishes to spend a pleasant afternoon with Pop Warner, especially duck-hunting, I advise him to leave Princeton out of the conversation.

As for bad afternoons for stars on the football field, Ted Coy of Yale came away pretty nearly as scot free as anybody, although I remember only one game in which Ned Mahan, the great Harvard star, was thoroughly shut down. To this day Ned refers to it as the "nightmare game." And yet it was not entirely Ned's fault. The Crimson wonder ran into a Cornell eleven in 1910, coached by Doctor A. H. Sharpe, that was all set for him, especially on the ends. Up to that time he had been running against waiting, or at the best, hesitant, ends. This time he found in Shelton and Eckley, the Cornell wing men, a pair that had been coached to go right to him. The game wasn't five minutes old when the pressure these men put on caused him to fumble. Cornell recovered the ball and went over for a touchdown. In further defense of Mahan I must say that he was also the victim of strangely poor scouting—for Harvard. The Crimson was on the crest of the wave at that time, sang about the "bloody crossbar" and was in general very "snooty" as too habitually victorious systems are wont to be. So Reggie Brown went over to Ithaca, took a casual glance at the Cornell tackle play with Charlie Barrett carrying the ball, and opined that it could be stopped easily enough by dropping back the tackles. As it turned out, once these tackles were dropped back, they found it impossible to get up. Also, Mahan was told nothing about Ray Van Orman's system of end coaching. The first few shocks upset him, and a great player was stopped for the day.

Last season Albie Booth, Marchmont Schwartz, Barry Wood and others had their bad days, and Shaver of Southern California and Stecker of the Army came with a rush. Yet the former were none the less wonderful performers on their season's record.

Joe Beacham, now a Colonel in the Army and through with football, used to say, when any one mentioned a football machine: "Oh, yes ["yeah" was not at that time current], suppose we throw some monkey wrenches into the machinery? I'll take my chance with football players and a prayer."

Little by little the football public is being educated up to an appreciation of the work of the players in the line, and they have opportunities today seldom afforded the old-timers, with such rare exceptions as Heffelfinger of Yale, and Rinehart of Lafayette; of Hare of Pennsylvania, and Metzger, the "watch-spring guard," of Notre Dame. It is hard for the spectator to learn to take his eye off the ball long enough to appreciate the work of such men, but if he will do so he will be rewarded with exhibitions of superlative individual effort quite as scintillating as any put on by the ball carrier. For the time being a good offensive or defensive guard has to rely for his publicity on the loudspeaker of the announcer and such idiosyncrasies of personality in action, figure or costume, that may catch the eye. A bare-headed guard, for instance, like Jack Cannon of Notre Dame, is sure to appeal to the spectators, granted, as was the case with Cannon, that he is playing some of the finest football of the year. Evans, of West Point, a great kingpin of defense, stormed the attention of the spectators by the simple expedient of rolling up his sleeves. The rolled-up sleeves were taken as evidence of pugnacity, and so the onlooker began to watch him. Soon they found him hurling the interference back in the face of the Notre Dame quarter-

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back, and his reputation was made. "Watch-spring" Metzger, two years ago, led the interference for many of Notre Dame's best sweep runs, and he was the observed of all observers because of his small size for a player in that post, weighing as he did, 153 pounds.

The tackle has greater range, often making some of the best of his plays well out on the flank. He is much easier to follow. The end, of course, is as much in the public eye as the backs, and needs no artificial helps to fame. Although, if we are to hearken to young Mr. Collins, of Notre Dame, a fine end and now a coach, much of the finesse of offensive end play is often lost to the crowd. "You see," says Collins, "a good offensive end ought to make faces at the defense, and thus cover his intentions when he charges." Any good coach will admit that a first-rate back ought to be something of an actor, and it was only a few years ago that a great Dartmouth team was piloted to thorough satisfaction by the president and leading man of the Dartmouth Dramatic Club. I doubt if acting or making faces could be taught in a thorough machine manner, even by a Gil Dobie, who today is about the last of the Old Guard machine-minded coaches. But there are times when even Dobie's machine gets away from him, and he is also ready enough in the event of a smashing defeat to put the blame on individuals. "What can you expect from a lot of students?" queries Gloomy Gil.

"We are dependent, of course," an old-time coach told me one day, "on these individual upsurges. But they are to be ranked with Napoleon's 'imponderables'—you can't tell just when they are going to materialize."

In the last analysis it is pretty safe, I think, to agree with Bob Zuppke, when he says the best touchdown producer is desire. And that is hardly a product of machinery. "I don't know," says Zuppke, "who this Sui Generis is you fellows are talking about, but he sounds to me like a good Swedish halfback. Tell him I need him." They all need him. Fortunately for coaching reputations there are quite a few of him.

ARE DIVORCED WOMEN DIFFERENT?

By Helen Christine Bennett and Herbert G. Edwards

75 per cent of divorcees believe that poverty kills love,
But—only 36 per cent of married women agree with them.
69 per cent of divorcees believe sex is the most important factor in married life,
But—only 49 per cent of married women agree with them.
33⅓ per cent of divorcees believe that men are generally "mean" to women,
But—only 10 per cent of married women agree.

SEARCHING among the utterances thundered forth from pulpit and platform anent the responsibility for the growth of divorce in a country where the monogamous marriage is the ideal, one finds little analysis of the personalities of the parties to the divorce. If divorce is an evil, a menace to our form of social organization with the family as its unit, it would seem that a study of individuals who are divorced might furnish fairly accurate information as to underlying causes.

During a unique investigation conducted recently into the opinions and reactions of 500 American women with regard to men, certain facts concerning the likes, dislikes, and ambitions of divorcees, as compared with those of married women not divorced, asserted themselves. Mr. Edwards heads a commercial research bureau. Out of sheer interest he compiled a questionnaire and sent his trained women investigators to interview personally 500 women. The subjects are "representative" in that they fill five social and economic classifications and come from different parts of the country. Among these women the ratio of one divorce to six marriages, which is the rate quoted for the United States in 1929, holds constant.

Analysis of the interviews gives one definite conclusion. In a three-fourths majority of the subjects divorce is no mere acknowledgment of a mistake. Deep and violent feeling against men is clearly shown.

Even more clearly defined is the relatively high value which the divorcees place upon money in its relation to sex and marriage.

The question, "Do you believe the old saying, 'When Poverty comes in at the door, Love flies out of the window'?" brought an indignant denial from 64 per cent of the married women. Only 36 per cent of them believe that Love vanishes with the coming of Poverty. The unmarried women and girls were almost equally divided in their decision. But the divorcees voted 75 per cent in the affirmative; three-fourths of them believe that Poverty causes the flight of Love. This difference, that is, 75 per cent of the divorcees as against 36 per cent of the married women, is one of the greatest found in the entire investigation. A careful search through the economic ratings of the divorcees showed that they are as well off as the married. The conclusion must be that their financial ambitions are much higher.

The question, "Which is woman's first object in life, Love or a Home?" brought replies that also indicated material ambition on the part of the divorcees. Only 29 per cent of the married women and 30 per cent of the single women declare for "Home" as woman's first object in life. The great majorities vote for "Love." But a majority of the divorcees, 55 per cent, declare in favor of "Home."

There is further evidence in individual replies. One attractive American divorcee of thirty-five, who is employed as a secretary and has one child, betrays her absorbing interest in money all through her replies. Asked what one thing was most outstanding about her father she states, "He gave the impression of being made of money although he was not wealthy."

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Of all prominent men she admires "John D. Rockefeller and Doctor Frank Mayo for their achievements and for their success in the world." She regards $200 a week as the lowest sum upon which a couple of today should marry.

Another very attractive woman of thirty said that the most outstanding thing about her father was his "lack of success." She admires Babe Ruth and Bobby Jones, and as she is in a lower financial classification she sets $75 a week as the sum upon which a couple may marry.

The question, "Should a man have plenty of money when he proposes to a girl?" resulted in a total of 79 per cent in the affirmative as against a 47 per cent minority of the married women who demand "plenty." "Plenty" is a vague term, but because of the five economic ratings it was purposely kept vague. The women interviewed accepted it without question and answered promptly.

Another rather vague question, "Do you believe that men are out for all they can get?" also brought prompt replies. This query was to cover not only money but any form of satisfaction in life. 79 per cent of the divorcees answered, "Yes," but only 52 per cent of the married women agree with them.

Questions on the relations of the sexes show, as might be expected, a decided prejudice against men upon the part of divorced women. Presumably the married women who were questioned are not all ideally married, and fault-finding with husbands is more or less of a national pastime. But as in the replies concerning money, the differences between the married women and the divorcees are great.

The query, "Are most men fundamentally kind by nature?" brought a 50 per cent reply of "Yes" and "No" from the divorcees. But their 50 per cent of "Nos" rank almost four times the percentage of married women who find men unkind.

"Do you feel that men are generally mean to women?" a question asked at a different point of the interview to check upon the one just quoted, shows more clearly that divorcees sense a lack of justice in men. Just 10 per cent of the married women replied "Yes." Of the divorcees 33⅓ replied "Yes."

The question, "If men were more understanding and considerate, could women love much more passionately?" brought a big majority of affirmatives from all three groups, married, single, and divorcees. But while the married women gave a big majority, 69 per cent of them replied "Yes," the divorcees replied *100* per cent "Yes."

"Men do not know how to arouse love;"

"Men do not understand or try to understand;"

"Men in general are too preoccupied with other things to be thoughtful about their wives;"

"Men are selfish;"

these accusations come again and again in the reports.

Divorcees make a distinction between "Love" and "Sex." As quoted before, they give a majority vote to "Home" as woman's first object in life as opposed to "Love."

But the question, "Is there something more important to a married woman than a happy sex life?" resulted in a big majority of negatives. 69 per cent of the divorcees said that nothing is more important in marriage than happiness in sex. Only 49 per cent of the married women agree with them. The others find family happiness, children, and love more important. 58 per cent of the single women think a happy sex life more important than anything else in marriage. The differences in opinion are enormous. Apparently having achieved the "Home," which is the first object in life of the great majority of the divorcees, "sex" becomes by far the most important factor in life.

One twenty-six-year-old divorcee finds men "crude or insensitive in matters of sex," and states as her opinion "mental stimulation is more important in marriage than sex happiness." She wants a "gentle, considerate man," a "tender" rather than a "courageous" husband, $5000 a year at least to live upon, and she believes that "most divorces are caused not by the husband but by the wife." But she stands alone. She is the only woman of the 500 who believe that mental stimulation is more important in marriage than a happy sex life.

"Is a man who has had affairs previous to marriage more desirable or less desirable than a man without?"

There are three possible replies to this question, "Yes," "No," and "It makes no difference." Married women are equally divided in their opinions, 50 per cent saying that previous sex affairs make a man more desirable as a husband, and 50 per cent saying that they make a man less desirable or make no difference. But the divorcees differ markedly. 75 per cent of them prefer as husbands men with previous sex experience.

When the interviewers asked, "Are men of today romantic?" fully 50 per cent of the married women found them so. Only 30 per cent of the divorcees were willing to grant any romance to the man of today.

"Do men soon take the women they marry for granted?" brought a 69 per cent "Yes" from married women and an 83 per cent affirmative from divorcees.

Upon one question on which a great difference in opinion might reasonably be expected there was none at all.

"Is loyalty in a man absolutely essential?" There was a great majority in both groups in the affirmative. But it was the same majority. The divorcees hold man's loyalty in exactly the same relation to them as do married women. With exactly the same proportion lack of loyalty is not grounds for divorce.

Mr. Edwards finds thirty-five major differences in the opinions of married women and divorcees on matters relating to men, sex, and marriage. An analysis of the divorcees themselves shows that these differences concern 75 per cent of the total. The remaining 25 per cent are evidently average women whose matrimonial ventures have somehow gone astray. Their reactions parallel those of the average married woman.

But the 75 per cent stand marked as money ambitious, exacting women with distinct prejudices against men. The question still remains—are they so because they have become divorcees, or did they enter into marriage with the potentialities that made divorce inevitable?

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Perpetual Pagans

By Erna Fergusson

THE Pueblo Indians of New Mexico offer a promising field for missionaries. Converting them must be a gratifying undertaking, for any Indian will listen politely to your exhortations, he may even attend your church and bow before your altar; and if you do not have an uncomfortable tendency to face facts, you may enroll him as a convert and write proudly home of your success. The Indian, meanwhile, goes serenely on his pagan way, worshipping his own gods and living his own intricate ceremonial life. Now and then white people see the dances, which are the public part of elaborate ceremonies. These ceremonies, hidden from the white, are so important to the Indian, apparently, that the American's whole civilization is to him merely a passing thing: sometimes troublesome, sometimes convenient, never vital.

A Franciscan monk, speaking of the *pueblo* of Santo Domingo, said: "We have never touched them. They are as heathen to-day as they were before the white man came." The Catholic church has been in Santo Domingo for over three hundred years, and its people are nearly all nominally Catholics!

The Indian's point of view was tersely expressed to me one day as I sat on a wood-pile in Zuni, talking with an unconverted Indian. The village was quietly astir with that hidden movement which means secret ceremonies. It was just after the winter solstice and the Wood Fraternity was in retreat, praying, as is their duty, for the cold rains and snows which make roots grow. Two churches, a Catholic and a Protestant, had rung their bells and a hopeful missionary was going from house to house.

"Do the people go to church?" I asked.

"No, nobody—except sometimes boys and girls go, when they have cookies."

"Then what, in heaven's name, are these missionaries doing here?"

"Oh, they have a good time," with a gleam in his opaque black eye; "they fight each other."

Obviously these Indians have never really accepted Christianity, in spite of three hundred years of superficial adherence to it. In every one of the nineteen Indian villages of New Mexico there is a Catholic mission and most of the Pueblo people are ostensibly Catholics, though a few have been weaned away to various Protestant sects. Both these alien faiths sit very lightly upon the convert; but on the whole the Catholic faith seems more readily assimilated by the Indian, who likes the form of bell, book, and candle, and who is accustomed, in his ancient practices, to praying to images. Asked why he prays to sticks and stones, the Indian says, "We do not pray to these things, but to the spirit in them."

The Catholic influence probably depends largely upon the fact that the church openly countenances certain *pueblo* dances. The Corn Dance, for instance, is given in all *pueblos* on the day of the Catholic saint. After mass in the mission, the image of the saint is carried in procession to a shrine prepared for him in the *plaza*. There the Indians perform their ancestral dance prayer for rain, kneeling reverently before the saint in the intervals of the dance. An even more dramatic contrast is offered by the Christmas eve ceremonies in some *pueblos* where the priests have been tolerant enough to permit dancing in the church itself. Before or after the midnight mass, the painted feathered impersonators of buffalo, deer, or elk dance vigorously in front of the candle-lit altar, and then kneel humbly and drop coins into a box for the Infant Christ.

Living in a practically invincible country, the Indian has always faced months of drought, varied by weeks of torrential rainfall, which in an hour will wash away not only all his hard-won crops but the very soil in which they can grow. The whole Southwest is scarred by these terrific washes. The Indian has had to learn to plant deep, to cultivate assiduously, to make the most of every underground waterflow, and to make what protection he can against the devastating floods. Also he has had to understand the weather-signs as no white man does. If an Indian tells you it is going to rain, wear your slicker; for it surely will. Deeper than this lie the Indian's reverence for the hidden forces which make the weather, and his efforts to propitiate and control them. He seems to feel life in everything—sun, moon, and stars, clouds and wind and rain, growing things, even stones.

This is his religion. He personifies these things in his dances which are prayers: principally, of course, for rain. With rain comes growth, and growth is typified, very naturally, by sex. The phallic symbol on the pole which he carries in his dances is to the Indian a very natural reminder to the Sun Father that the Earth Mother must again be fertilized that rain may fall, that crops may be plenty, that flocks and herds may increase, that men and women may bring forth prolifically. To the Indian this is not obscene. Nature is close to him, and vibrant with meaning: he may fear certain of its manifestations, but he lives with it, touches and works with it, and it permeates every act of his life. He prays for rain by dancing, and when, as often happens, it begins to rain in the midst of his dance, he whoops and prances with triumph, gesticulating to show how his uplifted hands have brought the clouds together and made the rain fall. In contrast the Christian faiths must seem futile and remote to him.

The history of these Indians is an interesting example of how a people of integrity, honestly expressing their own genius, can withstand centuries of effort to break them down. The Indians of New Mexico and Arizona are to-day worshipping as they worshipped when the Spaniards first entered the country in 1540, in spite of the fact that the whole region is honeycombed with missions and missionaries. The Spaniards brought Franciscan monks, brave men who literally faced death and many of

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whom did die in their efforts to establish their faith among the heathen: martyrs to the incredible stupidity of the Spanish soldiery who persistently made enemies of a peaceful and hospitable people.

Naturally these zealous monks undertook to suppress the Indian's heathen rites. This they did by declaring that everything unchristian was witchcraft. Many a spiritual old *cacique* or medicine-man was hailed into court, tried for witchcraft, and punished. There are records of whippings, brandings, even executions on such charges. Obviously the Indian could not leave his religion, for his very life depended upon it. Without proper prayers there would be no rainfall, no water in the streams, no renewal of life anywhere. Understand that the Indian knows this absolutely, and you will understand why he faced persecution when he had to, and why he has for centuries gone quietly and persistently about doing what was necessary to assure the continuance of life. Believing that the white man profits also by his knowledge of how to control the forces of nature, the Indian naturally feels a tolerant scorn of the white man's stupidity, instead of a respect for his superior knowledge.

The inevitable defense against persecution was secretiveness. The Indian abandoned no observances; he simply took the forbidden ones into the privacy of his *kiva,* or shut visitors out of his villages while they were going on. To-day, in the *pueblos* most affected by the Catholic church, white people are permitted to see only a few of the dances. Zuni and the Hopi villages, which were never really subdued by the Spaniards, allow Americans to see most of their dances, discriminating only against Mexicans, who inherit the traditional hatred of Spain.

A San Felipe Indian, speaking of this, said: "The first time I ever saw white people looking at a masked dance was in Hopi, and I was shocked!"

This man was sent east as a child, for years kept away from his own people, deprived of the religious training of the Indian, and finally returned with cropped hair, heavy shoes, and the sad, baffled expression of the educated Indian. At once he learned the ways of his own people and returned as completely as he could to the traditional life. His children now attend the government schools, perforce, and are subjected to the solicitations of various missionaries. Asked what he was doing about that, how deeply the missionaries and schools were affecting the children, he said:

"Not too much. We work always with our children, teaching them."

The Indian child is taught from babyhood the art of conforming outwardly while he retains his own inner faith, and the important guile of never telling a white person anything. Standing where I could plainly hear the beat of tom-tom and chanting which accompany a dance, I asked a little girl, casually and without thought:

"Are they dancing?"

Without a quiver, she looked me right in the eye and said: "I don't know." Every Indian child must be told a thousand times: "Always tell a white person that you don't know."

The other defense is: "Yes."

"Is that the Sun Priest?" "Yes."

"Do you worship the sun?" "Yes."

"Do you believe in witches?" "Yes."

"Is the moon made of green cheese?" "Yes."

Most Indian children remain away from home and in boarding-schools for eight or ten years, during which they constantly hear their own faiths derided as superstitions. It is not at all unusual to overhear an Indian-school teacher at a dance say patronizingly to a young Indian: "Aren't you ashamed? I thought you knew better than this."

Usually only this insidious sort of thing is done, but several years ago an open conflict occurred between an Indian agent and the *pueblo* of Taos. In Taos, as formerly in all *pueblos,* every boy is required to live several months in the *kiva* for religious instruction. This term conflicted with the session of the government school and a stiff-necked agent forced the issue. The Indians, coached by white friends, demanded their right to religious independence; the agent demanded the regular attendance of the boy at school. That episode boiled itself out finally, and now teachers in Taos say that small boys disappear regularly from classes and return after the appointed time, looking wholesome and well, and with a deepened reserve about all matters of purely Indian concern. The Indian is not a humorless stoic; he is dignified with the sense of his own great background, and if he seems inexpressive it is probably because he realizes the futility of trying to explain these things to a white man.

Sometimes the ancient religions win a significant victory, as recently happened in the *pueblo* of Laguna, which is generally considered a most progressive *pueblo.* A priest boasts that they have no *kiva.* The fact that a ceremonial house takes the place of the *kiva* escapes him; but no matter. Government agents congratulate themselves because young Lagunas are leaving their own beautiful villages and their native life of farming and stock-raising to work as mechanics or as servants in town. Nevertheless, this spring all the young people employed away from home were summoned to the village for a certain rain dance. One girl, who works in town as a housemaid, explained on her return why so much importance was attached to it.

"Last year," she said, "the War Captain, who has to call the dances, went to Thoreau and got a job. So they had no dances. So it did not rain for months, and then, when the corn was up, it began to rain and it rained so hard that it spoiled everything. So this year they made the War Captain come home, and he is calling all the dances. So this year it will rain at the right time, and they will not have floods."

The stupidity of trying to destroy these old nature faiths is even more depressing than its unconstitutionality. Presumably one can reason about the Constitution; one cannot reason with stupidity. The great beauty of these Indian ceremonials has been utterly unappreciated by any one in authority. The beauty of their high seriousness, as well as the beauty of their form, has been recognized only within the last few years when artists have come into the Southwest and joyfully greeted the Indian as one of themselves. Any artist speaks the Indian's language and understands his point of view; for the Indian, as the artist, makes his living incidentally and makes his life out of his creative expression.

To the American it is laziness unspeakable to stop when you have done your job and enjoy life and living: pursue a hobby, develop an art, express a

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creative urge. He must, forever, keep his nose to the grindstone until he can see nothing else if he ever did look up. To the Indian, work is for the purpose of producing what he needs with a fair provision for the future. When that is done, he is through. Then he enjoys life like the fine, vigorous pagan that he is. He tests his strength and his skill in the hunt, in the rabbit-chase, or in catching snakes as they flash across the hot sand. He races, sometimes for miles, afoot or horseback. He sits or stands immobile on his housetop; or he expresses what he feels of all these things in his chosen art. He may make a song as he rides home on his wood wagon, or rehearse old tales or make new ones for evening visitors at his fireside. He may, and he often does, play with his children, teaching them songs and dances and the great art of keeping inviolate their integrity against the snoopings of the whites. He may sing or dance when his turn comes in the great cycle of the year's ceremonies. He may be busied in secret matters of life importance in the *kiva* or in the house of his fraternity. To the woman, too, all this is possible. She has the dignity of one who owns her own home, where she seems to be happily busy without the strain of overwork. She cooks what is needed and no more; she tidies up nicely, she grinds and bakes, she chats and giggles; and she too has her artistic expression in pottery or weaving, in singing and dancing, and in the ritual of clan and secret society.

The Indian, like Diogenes, needs nothing from his conqueror but the simple favor of standing out of the sun.

LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES

Yankee Cotton Planter

By Grace M. Neely

I AM not native born. Life led me to the cotton country, and I love it. I have made its language and its customs my own, but my Northern birth and training show me lines and angles quite invisible to my Southern friends. My husband's death left me supervising one square mile of farm land, and controlling and counselling more than two score hands. My problem was that of every other planter in the county. Should I sell for a pittance? Should I let the land "lie out," a liability for taxes? Or should I farm? I chose to farm.

As "de Mistis" I had learned much about the colored worker. Holding the "Boss Man's" job I was to learn more, much more. The economic urge is slight in a country where it is impossible either to starve or freeze. Like his congenial work fellow, the mule, "W'en 'e wun't, 'e wun't." Unorganized, inarticulate, he can instruct Mahatma Gandhi on nice points of passive resistance.

With the coming of the boll weevil we planters bravely attempted crop diversification. Pioneer spirits set out thousands of peach trees and planted acres of watermelons, cantaloups, cucumbers—all of which grow to delicious perfection, and for which, we were told, the world was hungry. Many, many of the peach trees have been pulled up, and most of us have foresworn the truck crops. Too often the cash returns barely covered the cost of the required prepayment of freight.

From the first there was a battle against the boll weevil. The Negroes met the coming of that army of small gray bugs with bewildered skepticism, then fear, hatred, and at last fatalistic acceptance. God was angry with the people, they said; he had sent a curse on them. The idea of a curse was generally accepted but there was another theory which was propounded to me by one of my hands, a deacon of the Antioch church and a great S'ciety leader, so I know the theory must have been current in the all-powerful Burial and Benevolent Society halls. Bringing the weevil, "Deacon" said, was a deep-laid plot to ruin the country. White gemmans had done come here and bored in the ground, little holes, about an inch across, but deep. They had put something into those holes and then those gemmans had gone clean away, but "Nex' year dem 'evils was right yeah, yes ma'am, dey suah was!" He meant the government engineers who had made a soil survey and I knew it was useless to argue with him about it.

I learned it was never possible to push the colored workers. It only brought on sullen resentment. "Ain't no lay-by time on dis place," they grumbled. To insist upon such absurdities as currying the mules daily or not permitting "Sa'days," Sundays or holidays to interfere with milking the cows made one unpopular. That meant getting a bad name in the country—the reputation of being "pahticulah" or "qua'elsome," far more disastrous than being severe along accustomed lines.

The "wages crowd" is the lowest rank in our system of plantation labor. It is composed of young fellows, or of the more irresponsible older men, and it works directly under the overseer's supervision. It is a jovial crew, incurably gregarious. In the field each one's task is spaced at an easy conversational distance from the next, and the pace is automatically accommodated to the slowest man and mule. The work hours of "sun to sun" (sunrise to sunset) are not unduly strenuous because of frequent and restful pauses, such as halting the mules at the end of very long rows while the drivers stroll back to drink from water casks which would have been passed on the return furrow.

Share croppers, next in rank to "the wages," receive an allotment of twenty-five or thirty acres of land with the usu-

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al provision of cabin, stable, wood and well. On this land the cropper and his family stake their labor against the planter's advance of mule, feed, farm implements, half the cost of seed and fertilizer, and a monthly cash allowance from January first until picking time in August. One half the crop goes to the planter, one half to the cropper's account. If credits fail to meet debits when the season is over the planter is out of luck. There is nothing he can do to recoup his loss. He may pocket it and let the share cropper go, or he may keep him on for another year with a growing debit sheet and a fervent prayer that luck will turn.

A renter is the aristocrat of plantation labor. He furnishes his own mule, gear, some feed, and pays a fixed rental of so many pounds of lint cotton. Usually he needs "help" with his "run"—which is the cash for current expenses—and always he needs it for his fertilizer.

As I settled into my duties as the head of the place, I found that for each hand, and for his family, I must be banker, doctor, jury, judge, court of domestic relations, and court of last appeal. These functions are exercised with semi-patriarchal authority, and warm personal feelings are involved. Friendly advice and interest and personal service range from "backing" (addressing) a letter to the adjustment of really serious difficulties.

As "de Mistis" I had had to learn the etiquette of ceremonial visits paid by Negroes who considered my husband's family "their white folks." I had found the required blend of cordiality and authority difficult to acquire, but I learned the technique in time, and could reply without visible embarrassment to the unvarying introduction, "Yo' is my young Mistis now. Yo' is my 'pendence, an' I looks to you." I even accepted calmly the inevitable "Lawd! ain't you pretty! ain't you fat?" In fact I grew to understand the lack felt by a Southern girl who had gone North to live, and who complained to me bitterly that her servants, though excellent, "showed no affection for any member of the family."

My rôle of Boss Man supplied fewer compliments, but more thrills.

"Crazy Jane" brought to me for safe keeping a conjure bag which she feared "They" might find on her. I own I was glad when she reclaimed it, not because I feared its magic, but because of its suggestive dinginess.

Rosalie, sullen and unrepentent, took refuge in a servant's cabin near the Big House while I required Cleve, her husband, to surrender his shot gun to me. Rosalie had failed to have supper on time and Cleve, somewhat drunk, was protesting. He did not in the least wish to give up that gun, but he obeyed orders, first slipping out the shells, and murmuring thickly, "She's awful easy on the trigger, Ole Miss."

At eleven o'clock one night I had to break up a "quilting party" at which there were present when I arrived three women, ten men, and a pervading smell of strong drink. The party was being given, without permission, in a vacant cabin, and it was an education in the art of taking cover to watch that crowd disappear across an open field.

Aunt Clara came to me at least twice a year with a tale of theft. Some one "had done stole a paht" of her money. This, her hoarded wages, she stuffed in a tobacco sack which she pinned to her nondescript undergarments. As Clara could see no difference whatever between a five and a one dollar bill and was even somewhat doubtful of the relative value of a nickel and a dime, it was always impossible for her to prove loss, so the adjustment of the affair always took much of my time, and generally earned for her husband a couple of weeks' vacation from Clara's bed and board.

Several days were greatly enlivened for me one spring by the culmination of a clash between a newcomer on the place and a well-established clan. Gid, the newcomer, had according to custom turned out his "male" (boar hog) in November, but when putting-up time came in early spring said male was nowhere to be found. The place fermented with Gid's insinuations, and trouble was brewing. At last I sent for him. He was voluble with hints and lamentations, and I listened patiently.

"Whom do you suspect?" I asked at last.

"Well, ma'am—it do seem a low-down thing to do to a man. I'm a po' man myse'f, but I'd starve befo' I'd steal. Doan see how people can *do* sech things. Yes'm. I'm a po' man——"

"Whom do you suspect?"

He repeated the whole thing, and again I asked, "Whom do you suspect?"

"Well, ma'am—I know who done it, an' I doan see how he kin——"

"Tell me his name," I interrupted sharply. "This thing must be settled."

"Well, ma'am, it's Jackson. An' how he kin——"

I reminded him that only a man most desperately hungry would eat boar meat, and that Jackson was well supplied with food.

"Yes'm, I know the meat ain't fitten, but Jackson done killed him, an' how a man kin——"

"Bring me evidence, not suspicion," I said sharply. "Then I will take the matter up. How do you know that your male is really dead? Such hogs wander for miles."

Gid left, still muttering, and next day, a beautiful Sunday morning, he returned with his evidence—a sackful of bloody hog's hair, and some gruesome fragments of viscera. Gid fingered the nasty mess lovingly, and waxed sentimental. "My pore ole hawg!" he mourned. "I'd know this anywheres. I never seed a hawg with hair like his'n. An' this is hit. My pore ole male! I ain't never gwine to see him no mo'."

"Where did you get this?"

"Foun' it in a plum thicket acrosst from Jackson's place."

"But Jackson had a red hog, too. He killed last Wednesday. Why do you think he killed yours also?"

Gid laughed triumphantly. "'Cause I saw hair jes like this by Jackson's scalding pot yestidday. I us walking thu his yahd like an' talkin', but I notuss—yes, ma'am, I notuss! They's hair like this aroun' his pot. I see where he scrope up a lot an' buhn it, but they is some theah."

"Come," I said briefly. "Bring that sack with you. We'll see."

By the scalding pot in the hard swept cabin dooryard I lined up the two families in unfriendly silence. I searched carefully. I "scrope" in a wide circle, and I found plenty of red hog hair—*but it did not match!*

Never was accuser more completely crestfallen. There was much vociferation on both sides, and feeling acutely the error in Gid's statement that there

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was now nothing between the families but the atmosphere, I took him away with me.

Just before sundown he arrived at the Big House again. He had found, he said, more evidence. This time it pointed to a hand on another place, and Gid hinted darkly that had "there been a man yere"—I lost my temper.

"Gid, I'm boss. Anything that the head of this place should do, I'll do. Right down to shooting. Come with me."

I took him to the overseer on the neighboring plantation, and he listened courteously to my tale.

"Of course you must satisfy your labor, Mrs. Neely. I will go with you at once."

For hours that night in drizzling rain and dismal darkness we drove over that plantation, searching barn and cabin, and interviewing hands who consistently contradicted themselves and each other, but we found no trace of the whereabouts, past or present, of a large red "male" with curly red hair; but Gid was satisfied at last, and I heard no more about his "hawg."

The old adage about mischief and idle hands certainly holds in plantation life, for Sunday is the day of days for trouble. It was the day on which Spot and Henderson, two of "the wages," got "mad" at one another, and Henderson, report said, was gunning for Spot. The families of both were becoming hysterical; plantation order had to be maintained. Rather wearily I mounted my horse and rounded up the pair. Henderson's gun had been impounded, but I made both of them turn out their pockets to prove that they were not toting pistols, and then I spoke firmly.

"So you boys want to fight, eh? That's all right with me, but you are not going to do it with guns and murder somebody. You are coming up to the lot (barnyard) and we will square a circle. I'll be there to see fair play, but you will fight this out with your fists or you will shake hands here and now."

They shook hands.

Occasionally there is something serious, as there was when I was roused from a nap one hot Sunday afternoon by an insistent tapping on the Big House porch. Vexed and sleepy I went to the door, expecting some trivial request, but I found the giant of the place cowering in a corner by the steps, ashy with fright. At sight of me he whispered, "Ole Miss, I killed Slim."

"Killed Slim!" I gasped.

"Yas'm. He stuck a knife in me, and I threw a brick at him. They says I killed him. His brother's gone fer a gun."

There was a bloody knife cut in the back of Big Bob's coveralls; this might be serious. I snatched up a sun hat and started for the cabin where the fight had occurred. Big Bob shortened his stride to my step, and ludicrously tried to hide his six feet three beside my five feet four. At the cabin pandemonium reigned; at least a dozen hands were there, and the victim, face downward on the cabin porch, was moaning dramatically. I held impromptu court at once. There had been a crap game, and Big Bob had won "twenty-fi'" cents from Slim and his brother Jule—both visitors. Big Bob had started to leave with his winnings, and the brothers had double-teamed him.

Attacked in front and behind Big Bob had snatched the weapon nearest to hand, and had heaved a brick at Slim. Big Bob could easily lift the rear end of a car unaided, so the concussion was terrific, but, fortunately, the brick had struck Slim's head. Certainly he was not dead, and I was sceptical of even serious injury. I examined him carefully, then I said, "Get up! you are not hurt so badly."

"Ah'm killed," he moaned feebly.

"Nonsense. You nearly killed Big Bob. An inch lower and that knife would have reached his heart. Get up—I'll dress your face."

I did; swabbing his bruises with iodine, and his conduct with vitriolic speech. I had barely finished when Slim's brother Jule arrived. He had not brought the gun, but he had borrowed a rackety flivver and would take Slim to the doctor.

"I've saved you that expense," I said. "But get him off this place. Better take him home."

Jule grew very impudent. His brother had been hurt, the law. . . .

"Be quiet! you two started the row, now get off this place, and stay off. Remember, neither one of you is to show up here again."

Next week I saw Slim, riding high on a cotton wagon, racketing through town, and none the worse for his adventure. I had no further troubles with him, but a few months later Jule lounged into the Big House back yard on a trifling pretext.

"Didn't I tell you to stay off this place?" I inquired politely.

"Yas'm."

"Then why are you here?"

"I was jus' goin' thu."

"Then go through. Don't forget the line again. I will show it to you this time."

Do you think me high-handed, you good people of well-policed, closely settled neighborhoods? Remember there was bad blood between Slim, Jule, and Big Bob, and the latter, as one of my hands, was under my protection. In the lonely lands beyond the county seat the planters and their representatives are expected to keep order. It is better to fend off trouble than to have a "Quart (Court) Scrape," with half the hands on the place summonsed as witnesses for the prosecution or the defense and the other half neither to hold nor to bind away from the court room because of kinship or curiosity. And that, perhaps, at the May term of court, when crops need constant care.

Moreover, should a case actually reach the court house, the Boss Man must go there also. His presence is almost as necessary as the coat each man must don for appearance in the court room. That is a legal requirement, a gesture of respect, but the Boss Man's presence is a moral obligation. When one of my hands fell foul of the law my lawyers, who were of course his, greatly regretted a lady's appearance in the court room but admitted its necessity. Not because I was on a thousand-dollar bond for the appearance of the culprit, but because "Your labor expects it. You must, of course, stand by."

Stilling gave me many anxious moments. It is dangerous to allow the custom of private manufacture to grow unchecked, and by the fights I had to quell on "pay day Sa'days" and the hangovers on Monday mornings, I knew that my place was amply supplied with liquor.

"If there is a still on this place and I know it, the sheriff also shall know it," I warned the hands, but it is not for nothing that Brer Rabbit is the hero of Negro folk-lore. Though weak "he powe'ful schemey"—and he always wins. I never found a still, though I once came

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on a day-old trail where one Calvin had carefully removed his outfit from the swamp. He had removed himself also, having given a most plausible excuse for absence over the week-end.

Calvin's almost immediate and perfectly water-tight excuse for getting permission to leave the place for a day or two gave me a keen appreciation of the self-recommendation of a hoary old sinner who asked me for a job.

"Mistis," he explained, "ah wants a place wheah my wife kin *stay*. I'm gettin' on, an' I wants a house she kin put her fu'nituh in. I'm not goin' to tell you no lies, Mistis. Leastways, ef I does, ain't nobuddy gwine t'know it—'ceptin' me an' Gawd."

Plantation life is a bit in advance of the times as regards woman's work. Her place is not only in the home, it is a matter of course that she shall do her part in the field as well. That is not only a right, but a duty, and the cropper whose "women folks won't he'p him" earns from his fellows a curious blend of pity and contempt.

Trial marriage (though not so called) is so completely recognized by custom that the Burial and Benevolent Societies require that members shall designate by name the recipient-to-be of the "bereavement money," lest, as in the case of the wedding which didn't come off, the "gennelman's fus' wife tu'n up, an' ac' jes' scanalous."

Short of stopping absolute murder, interference in "man and wife trouble" is most unwise. Rarely indeed is it forgiven. One night shrill howls came from a cabin, and grew so piercing and convincing that a small crowd gathered. Before authority could arrive to investigate, the woman who had been shrieking stepped out upon the porch.

"Now yo' all jes' go right away fum heah!" she commanded. "Ain't nothin' the matteh. Lovey uz jus' custizin' me."

Getting a pair license is a bit of social swank sometimes required by the bride-to-be, though it generally involves amazing circumventions of the law.

Thomas, coal-black, steady, stupid, was greatly enamored of Pearlie, a fussy young thing who insisted upon the social distinction of a marriage. The Boss Man almost invariably advances the money for the pair license, so Thomas was duly accompanied to the office of the Clerk of the Court of Ordinary, and made his application.

"How old are you?" (He looked forty.)

"Twenty-four."

"You must have been raised rough," commented the clerk. "Ever been married before?"

"Yessuh."

"Living with your wife?"

"Nossuh."

"How long since you have lived with her?"

"Eight yeahs."

"How long did you live with her before you parted?"

"Eight yeahs."

"Eight years old when you were married, eh? Illegal. I'll issue the license."

"Yessuh."

Thomas knew perfectly well what he was about.

Not so Jud, a lad on his first matrimonial venture. He was dismayed to have the license refused because his bride was under legal age. Leaving the Clerk's office he saw a sign which said quite plainly "Licenses." He strolled in and bought one, gleefully pocketing the difference in price—a dollar and a half. I should never have known how my loan had been diverted had not Jud found out later, to his considerable chagrin, that he had acquired a hunting license.

Sales at the plantation commissary are interesting. Of course practically everything is sold on credit, and the amount must be deducted from the buyer's pay, so the problem of salesmanship lies in selling the idea of wanting as little as possible. But I discovered that the lucky possessor of ten cents in cash could dine with much gusto on a seven-cent tin of sardines and three lemon cookies. When some sick hand sent to the "Sto'" for a "box of salmonses" or a pound of cheese, I uttered no words of dietetic wisdom—I recognized that the ailing one was convalescent and entitled to sickroom delicacies.

Truly life in the cabins is bare of luxuries, but I am sure that the dwellers therein pity us of the "Big Houses" for the burden of our possessions. "Too many dishes!" I heard a boy murmur as he helped with spring cleaning in my pantry; and the ceremonial visit of a respectable old field hand closed in a daze of amazement that a house in which two persons live should have three bedrooms. "What *fur?*" she demanded blankly.

We and they stand at the same point and look along divergent sides of the angle to utterly different goals. The centuries of experience behind our race have given us the urge to acquire, to hand on to our sons. Behind theirs lies the jungle, with its insecurity of life. On the hottest summer nights their solid wooden shutters are closed to keep out nameless terrors of the dark. The throb of the "S'ciety drum" speaks to them as the drums of Africa spoke to their forefathers. These people understand want—economy not at all. For them efficiency is not, but kindliness of living is. Some day the world may compromise on a combination of both. North and South will be a pleasanter place in which to live.

"The Young Men Size Up Politics," bringing fresh points of view to bear upon the question of participation by the new college generations in national life, will be one of the features of "Straws in the Wind" next month. It is one of a group inspired by the striking reaction to William Harlan Hale's "Address to the Young Men" in the August SCRIBNER'S. *One of the statements will be that of Holmes Alexander, member of the Maryland Legislature, a Princeton graduate, class of 1928.*

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AS I LIKE IT – *William Lyon Phelps*

In this Goethe centenary year, I am indeed fortunate in being able to announce here for the first time a discovery that adds to our knowledge of Goetheana. This is the earliest printed English translation of the most famous of German lyrics—"Kennst du das Land." The most important reference book on the history of German poetry is Goedeke's "Grundriss zur Geschichte der Deutschen Dichtung," which lists the first translation of this lyric as 1800.

Well, some weeks ago I received a letter from Mr. S. Martin of San Francisco, announcing that he had come across an old book dated 1798 which contained an English translation of the poem, and wishing to know what importance the book might have. I wrote to my colleague, Professor Carl Schreiber, Curator of the great Speck Collection of Goethe material in the Yale University Library—the finest collection outside of Weimar—who informed me that Mr. Martin had made a discovery. Accordingly, through the kindness of Mr. Martin, I secured the volume, and presented it to the Yale Library.

The title-page: "The German Erato, or A Collection of Favourite Songs translated into English with their original music. The Second Edition. Berlin: sold by G. C. Nauk, 1798." Following the title-page is

DEDICATION

TO THE DUTCHESS OF YORK

Madam, The notice with which you honour'd the German Erato on its first appearance, was so highly flattering, that I beg to be allowed to inscribe to your royal highness the present improved edition, in token of gratitude as well as of respect; and I have the honour to be, Madam,

Your royal highness's most obedient and obliged humble servant

The Translator. Berlin, 5 Dec. 1798.

Allibone and Watt mention the *first* edition of this book as 1797. What I should like to know is whether that first edition contained the translation of "Kennst du das Land" and I shall be grateful to any of my readers who can tell me. "Wilhelm Meister" which contained the lyric was published in 1796.

The anonymous editor and translator of "The German Erato" was the Reverend Benjamin Beresford, formerly English Lecturer to the Queen of Prussia. Professor Schreiber in the British Museum Catalogue, found an item, "The Narrative of Circumstances Attending Mr. Beresford's Marriage with Miss Hamilton," London, 1782.

Beresford got out a third edition of the "Erato" in 1800, a "Supplement" in 1801, etc.

As he has the honor of having made the first translation of what is perhaps the finest lyric in literature, and as the book is so rare, and as Scribnerians have shown such interest in Goethe's works, I copy it here:

1

"Know'st thou the land, where citrons scent the gale,
Where glows the orange in the golden vale,
Where softer breezes fan the azure skies,
Where myrtles spring and prouder laurels rise?
Say, know'st thou well?
'Tis there, 'tis there,
Our wand'ring steps, my faithful love, must tend.

2

Know'st thou the pile, the colonade sustains,
Its splendid chambers and its rich domains,
Where breathing statues stand in bright array,
And seem, 'What ails thee, hapless maid,' to say?
Say, know'st thou well?
'Tis there, 'tis there,
My gentle guide, our wand'ring steps must tend.

3

Know'st thou the mount, where clouds obscure the day
Where scarce the mule can trace his misty way;
Where lurks the dragon and her scaly brood;
And broken rocks oppose the headlong flood?
Say, know'st thou well?
'Tis there, 'tis there,
Our way must lead; ah, thither let us tend!"

Mr. Martin's account of the discovery and recovery of this lost book:

"There is an old gentleman with lodgings in the Mission district who has been collecting or accumulating old magazines and newspapers for the past 35 or 40 years. I bought this copy of the German 'Erato' of him together with about a dozen old magazines and pamphlets—some of them apparently quite valuable and all of them intensely interesting to me apart from the commercial possibilities—for $1. . . . He lives in an upper room. It is fairly spacious as rooms go in these old tenements in the Mission district. The side entrance and the back stairway would indicate that you are gaining access to a poor and perhaps unemployed workingman's room, but you are completely disillusioned the moment you enter, for, instead of the surroundings of a poor workingman's room, you are in the midst of numberless gewgaws and what-nots, delicately carved ivory figures, modern and ancient weapons, genuine old engravings and paintings. He may or may not be in need of the money, but his tense, prehensile fingers and the sharp steel-like glint of his eyes as he waits upon you together with I presume his innate passion for antiques would indicate that he is not anxious to part from his goods unless it be for a handsome consideration. And so the collectors who are daily looking for new sources of supply come and go without ever visiting this address and walking away with what might turn out to be an important 'find.'"

Perhaps I shall not insult Scribnerians by reminding them that Erato was the Muse of amorous poetry.

Carlyle's translation of "Wilhelm Meister" appeared in 1824. Here is his version of the lyric in his first edition:

"Know'st thou the land where the lemon-trees bloom?
Where the gold-orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom?
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose?
Know'st thou it?
Thither! O thither,
My dearest and kindest, with thee would I go.

Know'st thou the house, with its turretted walls,
Where the chambers are glancing, and vast are the halls?
Where the figures of marble look on me so mild,
As if thinking: 'Why thus did they use thee, poor child?'
Know'st thou it?
Thither! O thither,
My guide and my guardian, with thee would I go.

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Know'st thou the mountain, its cloud-covered arch,
Where the mules among mist o'er the wild torrent march?
In the clefts of it, dragons lie coil'd with their brood;
The rent crag rushes down, and above it the flood.
Know'st thou it?
Thither! O thither,
Our way leadeth: Father! O come let us go!"

In 1839 Carlyle got out a revised version of his translation, in which he made "many little changes," and it is interesting to see how thoroughly he revised his rendering of the lyric:

"Know'st thou the land where lemon-trees do bloom,
And oranges like gold in leafy gloom;
A gentle wind from deep blue heaven blows,
The myrtle thick, and high the laurel grows?
Know'st thou it, then?
'Tis there! 'tis there,
O my belov'd one, I with thee would go!

Know'st thou the house, its porch with pillars tall?
The rooms do glitter, glitters bright the hall,
And marble statues stand, and look me on;
What's this, poor child, to thee they've done?
Know'st thou it, then?
'Tis there, 'tis there,
O my protector, I with thee would go!

Know'st thou the mountain, bridge that hangs on cloud?
The mules in mist grope o'er the torrent loud,
In caves lie coil'd the dragon's ancient brood,
The crag leaps down and over it the flood:
Know'st thou it, then?
'Tis there, 'tis there
Our way runs; O my father, wilt thou go?"

In the same novel Carlyle's translation of "Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass" is the finest of all English versions; but of the hundreds of English translations of "Kennst du das Land" the best I have seen is by the late James Elroy Flecker:

"Knowest thou the land where bloom the lemon trees?
And darkly gleam the golden oranges?
A gentle wind blows down from that blue sky;
Calm stands the myrtle and the laurel high.
Knowest thou the land? So far and fair!
Thou, whom I love, and I will wander there.

Knowest thou the house with all its rooms aglow,
And shining hall and columned portico?
The marble statues stand and look at me.
Alas, poor child, what have they done to thee?
Knowest thou the land? So far and fair.
My Guardian, thou and I will wander there.

Knowest thou the mountain with its bridge of cloud?
The mule plods warily; the white mists crowd.
Coiled in their caves the brood of dragons sleep;
The torrent hurls the rock from steep to steep.
Knowest thou the land? So far and fair.
Father, away! Our road is over there!"

Two more important Goethe books are to be added to the prolific output of this year of 1932. A new translation in excellent verse of both parts of "Faust" by Professor George Madison Priest of Princeton appears in a tall, handsome volume of more than 400 pages, printed on thick paper, and called the Centenary Edition. There is an introduction of about thirty pages, the notes fill sixty pages, and there is a Bibliography.

It is curious that while it is possible richly to enjoy a prose translation of Homer, and to get from it the spirit as well as the meaning of Homer, a prose translation of "Faust" is not to be endured.

Especially prepared also for the "Goethejahr" is another biography, "The Life and Work of Goethe," by Professor J. G. Robertson, of the University of London. Six years ago the author produced a smaller work, dealing almost exclusively with the facts in Goethe's life; this is not only an amplification of that, but additional and valuable chapters are included, as literary criticism of the poet's chief works. There is a good Bibliography.

And now, after reading these two and other works on and by the subject, let no American visit Germany without going to Weimar. The "Genius Loci" is Goethe himself. Remember how Thackeray recalled his impressions, when, as a lad of nineteen, he saw the grand old man.

"Once walking in the garden of his house in the *Frauenplan;* once going to step into his chariot on a sunshiny day wearing a cap and a cloak with a red collar. He was caressing at the time a beautiful little golden-haired granddaughter, over whose sweet fair face the earth has long since closed too. . . . I can fancy nothing more serene, majestic, and *healthy*-looking than the grand old Goethe. . . . With a five-and-twenty years experience since those happy days of which I write, and an acquaintance with an immense variety of human kind, I think I have never seen a society more simple, charitable, courteous, than that of the dear little Saxon city."

Our distinguished American novelist, Ellen Glasgow, has surpassed her previous books in "The Sheltered Life," a story with steadily deepening tragic intensity and written with distinction. This is a novel that one never finishes; I hasten to explain. One reads to the close of the last page, but the characters, the events, and their implications linger in the mind. I think many readers will reflect on and with some heat will discuss the four leading characters; the man and wife, the young girl, and the octogenarian. That girls under twenty fascinate middle-aged men is an easily verified truth; Miss Glasgow has undertaken the more difficult task of convincing the reader that a healthy girl in her teens may be passionately in love with a middle-aged male. However flattering this may be to men who are fat and forty-ish, I should advise them in their own instances not to believe it; it must be exceptional, and somebody else is the exception. If this novel had been written by a man, I should find the incident all but incredible; but our author is a woman, and ought to know what she is talking about. Older men have one advantage over boys in that they have at their command resources of conversation, are able to entertain and amuse and place at ease those whom they wish to impress; while the boy is so often clumsy, tongue-tied, embarrassed and the more so if he is in love. But, after all, he holds the trumps; and an unskilful player with the high cards will beat the expert.

Miss Glasgow looks on life with an ironical bitterness quite devoid of humor; her people have no happiness. Life is so constituted for most human beings—leaving out the mere animal spirits of youth—that the way to happiness must be found either in religion or in intelligence or in both. Her characters have no more religion than the dog William; he is a very good dog. And unfortunately the only person in the entire book who is intelligent is the old gentleman, who because he is intelligent, finds in old age his best years. Jealousy, the cause of such exquisite torture, is essentially an animal instinct; it can be overcome only by the intellect. Alas for those who have no brains or who have never developed what little mind they possess. . . .

Those who believe that most people are fools—a belief apparently fairly common among novelists and dramatists—should read "Man's Rough

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Road" by Professor A. G. Keller. Here, by the scientific, evolutionary, inductive, casebook method is shown the long hard climb from primitive man to 1932. It shows the struggle man has had with his environment and how by adapting himself to it, he has advanced. You will not find anywhere a book more devoid of nonsense; or more respectful to facts. The chapters on Religion and Sex are particularly interesting. The style is untechnical and vigorous, because it comes from a mind as full of learning as it is free from pedantry. If I were to express my dissent from certain chapters, I would say that not enough attention has been paid to men of genius; and that the explanation of religion in these pages does not (to me) provide the complete explanation.

Professor Joseph J. Reilly of Hunter College has written a charming book of leisurely literary essays, called "Dear Prue's Husband." This is the old-fashioned and commendable method of writing from an easy-chair by the fireside; the love of books animates the author, who assumes his readers will share his enthusiasms. Although the essay that gives its title to the volume deals with Sir Richard Steele, there are papers on Galsworthy, Belloc, and a particularly good one comparing Bazin and Hardy.

The Reverend Doctor John Haynes Holmes has edited with an admirable introduction, selections from the poetry of Scott—who shares with Goethe the honors of this centennial year. If, as Billy Baxter remarked, Wagner's music is not so bad as it sounds, Scott's poems are just as good as they sound. Although he was surpassed by his five great contemporaries, there is delight in his splendid martial rhythms. I believe that readers who will turn back to Scott and Macaulay will find the old thrill still potent.

Few books are more interesting to read than a Dictionary; and H. W. Fowler, as we know, has made a dictionary into a book of excitement and humor. I find nourishment and comfort (besides information) in reading the colossal New English Dictionary, the nine-volume Century, the huge one-volume Webster and the Standard; also I possess several small condensations from unwieldy tomes. But I have always also wanted what has just appeared—"The Universal Dictionary of the English Language," prepared by Professor Henry Cecil Wyld of Oxford. One volume of more than 1400 pages, beautifully printed on opaque paper. The pronunciations are given in such a way as to be intelligible.

A book of irresistible charm for all book-lovers is Christopher Morley's "Ex Libris Carissimis," full of wit and humor and imagination and tenderness. It is the best kind of literary conversation. I was especially pleased to see his appreciation of Vachel Lindsay, a poet of genius; and his sensations on reading "General William Booth Enters into Heaven" were identical with my own.

I daresay a new book on Russia is published somewhere every day. I have already alluded to the stubborn and unflattering facts set forth by Isaac Don Levine in his important work, "Red Smoke." It is curious, however, how often one obtains an unfavorable impression from books that are not so intended. No propaganda against Russia has made life in that country seem so unattractive to me as the intentionally sympathetic representation in Julian Huxley's "A Scientist Among the Soviets."

An excellent idea of hell on earth may be gained from the novelized reminiscences of the German soldier, Erich Dwinger, in his lengthy but highly interesting book, "Between White and Red." During the war, he was taken prisoner by the Russians and later drafted into the White Army and then taken prisoner by the Reds—what a tactical error that White attack was! The nations ought to have learned something by the result of a similar display of military force against the French Revolutionists in the eighteenth century. Nothing strengthens a nation like hostility.

A little volume that every American interested in taxation, pensions, and bonuses ought to read is "Peace Veterans," by the accomplished novelist and veteran soldier, Roger Burlingame. He is in a position where he can speak effectively.

Parents who do not wish their children to become "air-minded" will studiously avoid bringing into the house the most beautiful picture-book I have seen this year, "Beauty of Flight." This is a large quarto by Doctor Manfred Curry, an American living in Munich; Admiral Byrd has contributed a prefatory word of commendation. There are one hundred thrilling photographs of mountains and clouds and of New York City from the air. Here photography becomes a magic art of breath-taking splendor. Doctor Curry's introduction on clouds is full of valuable information. I suppose every one has vaguely guessed at the height of passing clouds; but to me this statement is new and strange.

"In regard to the height of the clouds we have mentioned the fog as the lowest cloud and cirri as the highest types." That I learned in the class in Physical Geography in the Hartford Public High School in 1881: what follows I now learn for the first time. "In this connection attention may be directed to a phenomenon of universal interest which was first observed in the year 1888. After sunset, while there was perfect darkness on earth, clouds made their appearance at an unusual height, being still illumined by the rays of the sun. It was only in 1890 that the height of these clouds was ascertained photogrammatically to be 260,000 feet. It was discovered that at that height an east wind was blowing at 100 miles per hour, which showed that this stratum of the atmosphere does not completely keep up with the rotation of the earth. Not until several years after the discovery of these light-emitting night clouds was it found that this phenomenon had a volcanic origin, being due to the eruption of the Krakatoa volcano. The gases carried by the great heat through the atmosphere into the hydrogen sphere reappeared over the same territory 12 days later, after the earth had rotated beneath them during that period."

The author's scientific studies have not dimmed his enthusiasm. He says,

"It is chiefly the clouds with their ever-changing forms that delight the passenger afresh on every flight. He gazes in admiration through the little windows of the cabin at the sea of clouds, at enormous clouds towering aloft, at thunder-clouds and rain-clouds. . . . I would ask the reader to accompany me into cloudland."

There is only one sentence in this book that is not accurate; it is the first. *"Whoever has flown once in his life will fly again."*

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Although supported by the testimony of Admiral Byrd who quotes it with approval in his Foreword, it is not strictly true. We flew from London to Paris, and I was informed by my travelling companion that I should never fly again. So that's that.

I take the air, the tropics, the arctics, and murders vicariously; and how I enjoy them!

"The happiest words of tongue or pen
Are *Bulldog Drummond's back again!*"

For after a long absence the redoubtable Drummond revisits the glimpses of the moon in a jolly book called "Bulldog Drummond Returns." Bulldog Drummond needs no introduction to this audience and in refreshing contrast to the ordinary chairman, he will get none. But another star arises on the scene of murder. In a new novel by Jackson Gregory, called "The House of the Opal," we are introduced to a master-mind, that of Mr. Paul Savoy. This novel is packed with thrills and has a devilishly ingenious plot. How totally different the world would be if men were as brave as Drummond and as clever as Savoy! I suppose I am an average person; but in comparison with Drummond I am a contemptible, shrinking coward, and in comparison with Mr. Savoy I have only a rudimentary intelligence. Gentle Reader, you need not utter the thoughts that arise in you.

To turn from the carnal mind of death to the spiritual mind of life and peace, only those whose temperaments resist all attempts at improvement will fail to profit from the Abbé Dimnet's admirable book, "What We Live By." This resembles the wonderful picture-book I was discussing a few moments ago; for as Doctor Curry wishes to show us the way to happiness by rising not only to a higher plane but on one, so does the Abbé lead us to happiness by guiding us to an air that is more pure and more serene. The book is free from sentimentality or mere emotional appeal; it is the result of serious thought.

Another useful book, and this time a first aid to the despondent, is James G. Gilkey's "Managing One's Self." Many illustrations of individual achievement are given. I suppose there has never been a time when so many people were afraid of life; those who died just before the year 1914 were a happier generation than this. Yet here we are, whether we like it or not. *Que faire?*

Anyhow, A. S. M. Hutchinson has for the moment decided to stop preaching, and try diversion. I could have told him in advance that his book, whatever it was, would get a bad press; but I think the "chorus of indolent reviewers" are mistaken in thinking he is trying to imitate the beloved P. G. Wodehouse. They have not read, it seems, "Once Aboard the Lugger." The author of that delectable novel does not have to imitate anybody. "Big Business" is not so good a story as "Once Aboard the Lugger," because its humor is not so spontaneous. But I found it ingenious and entertaining.

N. B. After finishing this article, and waiting to send it by the next post, yesterday's *Herald Tribune* came and I read the following in F. P. A.'s column:

"When the reviewers say that Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's 'Big Business' is diluted Wodehouse, or that it is trying to be funny in the Wodehouse manner, we object. The likelihood is that it is Mr. Hutchinson's attempt to be funny in his own manner, which is the manner of 'Once Aboard the Lugger.'"

Elizabeth Herbert has followed her success in "Happy Sinner" by a novel even more amusing, "The House of Wives." The hero's course lies between two women, one the respectable, conventional wife and mother, the other as irresponsible as a rabbit—both are so intolerable that he has to choose between perdition and damnation. The conversations furnish the charm; they are full of flavor. The unexpected is the salt of talk.

A novel that is rewarding only if read with patience is "Sunset" by Frank Morison; any one might have invented the Jules Verne-H. G. Wells idea of communicating with the stars. But there is a challenging discussion of the chief problem in theology, which will give serious readers plenty to think about. Mr. Morison is the author of "Who Moved the Stone?"

Teachers on Sabbatical leave, when they arrive in Sydney, Australia, are advised by me to drop in at a bookshop and buy "Tales Out of School," by Helen Sinclair, wherein they will find that school girls and teachers in Australia are exactly what they are in Altoona, Pennsylvania. These are the reflections of a woman who has been a school-teacher and combines disillusion with cheerfulness.

The novels of Anzia Yezierska are all set to the same tune of Life-Hunger, and no wonder. Her latest book, with its Browning-title, "All I Could Never Be," reveals the social conditions of the ambitious city-poor, which she knows by bitter experience. But there is no bitterness in her point of view; she is made up of sympathy for the rich as well as for those considered less fortunate.

Mr. Charles Williams, the English critic, in his book "Poetry at Present" said of the Poets Laureate "with the exception of Dryden himself, and of Wordsworth, none of them has been a greater poet than Mr. Robert Bridges." But what must he think as he reads what his idol Bridges said of his idol Dryden: "a poet with whose works I am by choice unfamiliar. If all poetry had been like Dryden's, I should never have felt any inclination toward it."

Stuttering and stammering afflict so many persons that a practical book on the subject ought to be popular. It is strange that those who stutter so badly that they cannot say anything they want to say, can sing, curse, and pray with fluid ease. I have observed also that stuttering and stammering are nearly always most malignant in childhood and adolescence; stutterers either die or lose their affliction in old age. It is rare indeed to hear an aged man or woman stutter. Every person who has trouble in articulation will find some definite help in a new book called "Abnormal Speech" written by Carl Winkler. The full title is explanatory: "Abnormal Speech. Its Cause, Prevention, and Treatment. A Complete, Scientific, Progressive Corrective Course, Covering Speech Impedimenta and the Art of Using the Speaking Voice." Mr. Winkler calls himself a *Psychophoneticist* but that should not repel readers. He has cured many people of stuttering and stammering; and even those who think they have no difficulties in speaking will find their enunciation and articulation improved by a study of this slender book. Its motto is

"A calm mind is a victorious mind."

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There are certain authors whom to admire is to reveal appreciation of their attitude; thus if a man likes James Joyce more than he likes James Barrie, we know "what he likes." But there are other authors whom to admire is to betray self-esteem. Why is it that the fanatical admirers of Virginia Woolf are so pleased with themselves?

Some writers convict us of sin; others vaguely disturb our dogmatic slumber; others make us purr with self-satisfaction. Professor Albert S. Cook said there were certain teachers whose pupils were satisfied with the course, satisfied with the teacher, and most of all satisfied with themselves.

I was glad to see in *The Saturday Review of Literature* a criticism of a new novel which belongs to a class, which although treated with respect by many reviewers, fills many readers with boredom and disgust. This review is written by the accomplished William Rose Benét, whom no one can accuse of being squeamish.

"I cannot become excited about this novel, even as a light one for summer reading; and I must confess that I fell into a most restful sleep in the middle of it. It might have been titled 'The Compleat Minx'; note that antique spelling! . . . the complete minx has been overdone in fiction recently, ranging all the way from the charming and bewildered lady who just 'can't help it' to the out-and-out and unashamed tart. Doubtless . . . is like a good many girls to whom any man is just another male to be made use of for whatever benefits may accrue—but what of it? Her kind of exhibitionism has become rather tiresome."

But meanwhile the putrefaction pullulates. In the same issue of the periodical appears the advertisement of a new novel, couched in terms that are springes to catch woodcocks.

"Any man's to have—no man's to hold. The story of a woman who *lent* her love freely—but could not give it forever. A brilliant study of sex values."

A letter from Hoylake, Cheshire, England, by A. Wynne-Jones:

"(Quaddle) the word may be found in Thomas Wright's 'Dictionary of Obsolete & Provincial English.' . . . The meanings given are 1. To shrivel up (West.). 2. To boil gently (Norfolk). (West.) probably stands for Westmoreland."

Two letters on "sib" and no more. From Mrs. W. C. Anderson, of Pittsburgh:

"You tell us of a word new to me, 'siblings.' I am wondering whether the word 'sib' is not the same syllable as we had in the word now appearing as 'gossip' . . . that word was originally 'godsib,' and meant related in God and was applied to a god-father or god-mother. (But their conversation) was generally of a purely personal nature, concerning the relatives of the child to whom they had been sponsors and other friends. The word, softened into 'gossip,' gradually came to mean such conversation."

From Cornelius H. Patton, of Hartford, Conn.:

"In the library of York Minster they have in the original manuscripts the earliest of the bidding prayers. They date from the times of Edward the Confessor and King Harold, and are found in four groups of intercessions. The first group has to do with temptations and enemies; the second is a bidding for prayer in behalf of the Pope, the King, the Archbishop and Aldermen (chief ministers). The third group was for the benefit of 'Our gossips and our Godfathers,' and suggests how sadly an old Saxon word has been debased. Originally gossip meant a relation or a person who assumed a religious obligation, the word being derived from the Anglo-Saxon term *god-sibb*, a God-relation. There you have your word in its original setting. I see you are dismissing the matter, but there is no stopping of a quest like this.

"Now, lest in your own mind you may be crediting me with etymological interest and lore, concerning which I know almost nothing, let me say, that the above information is taken from a published sermon by Chancellor Austen, of York, on the subject of 'Bidding Prayers,' a matter which has interested me as a student of the history of prayer in connection with the use of the 'Bederoll,' or rosary."

A number of years ago Selden Bacon, the New York lawyer, entered the principal bookshop of a large American city and asked for a copy of "A Doll's House." The clerk "elevated the tip of his nose" and responded: "We do not keep children's books."

BOOKS MENTIONED IN THIS ARTICLE, WITH NAMES OF AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

"Faust, Parts I and II," translated by G. M. Priest. Covici Friede. $5.
"The Life and Work of Goethe," by J. G. Robertson. Dutton. $3.75.
"The Sheltered Life," by Ellen Glasgow. Doubleday Doran. $2.50.
"Man's Rough Road," by A. G. Keller. Stokes. $3.
"Dear Prue's Husband," by J. J. Reilly. Macmillan. $2.
"Selections from the Poetry of Scott," ed. by J. H. Holmes. Oxford. $2.50.
"The Universal Dictionary," ed. by H. C. Wyld. Dutton. $10.50.
"Red Smoke," by Isaac Don Levine. McBride. $2.
"A Scientist Among the Soviets," by J. Huxley. Harpers. $1.50.
"Between White and Red," by E. Dwinger. Scribners. $2.75.
"Peace Veterans," by R. Burlingame. Minton Balch. $1.
"Beauty of Flight," by M. Curry. John Day. $5.
"Bulldog Drummond Returns," by H. C. McNeile. Doubleday Doran. $2.
"The House of the Opal," by J. Gregory. Scribners. $2.
"What We Live By," by Abbé Dimnet. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.
"Managing One's Self," by J. G. Gilkey. Macmillan. $1.75.
"Big Business," by A. S. M. Hutchinson. Little Brown. $2.50.
"The House of Wives," by E. H. Herbert. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.
"Sunset," by Frank Morison. Century. $2.
"Tales Out of School," by Helen Sinclair. Angus & Robertson. Sydney, Aus.
"All I Could Never Be," by Anzia Yezierska. Brewer Warren Putnam. $2.
"Ex Libris Carissimis," by Christopher Morley. Univ. of Penn. $2.
"Abnormal Speech," by Carl Winkler. Wilson H. Lee, New Haven. $2.

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"Her misfortune."

"Well, then?"

Wilfrid wheeled round.

"Oh! damn you, Michael! Go away! No one can interfere in this. It's much too intimate."

Michael rose and clutched his hat. Wilfrid had said exactly what he himself had really been thinking ever since he came.

"You're quite right," he said, humbly. "Good-night, old man! That's a nice dog."

"I'm sorry," said Wilfrid; "you meant well, but you can't help. No one can. Good-night!"

Michael got out, and all the way downstairs he looked for the tail between his legs.

When he reached home Dinny had gone up, but Fleur was waiting down for him. He had not meant to speak of his visit, but, after looking at him keenly, she said:

"You haven't been to the House, Michael. You've been to see Wilfrid."

Michael nodded.

"Well?"

"No go!"

"I could have told you that. If you come across a man and woman quarrelling in the street, what do you do?"

"Pass by on the other side, if you can get there in time."

"Well?"

"They're *not* quarrelling."

"No, but they've got a special world no one else can enter."

"That's what Wilfrid said."

"Naturally."

Michael stared. Yes, of course. She had once had her special world, and not with—him!

"It was stupid of me. But I *am* stupid."

"No, not stupid; well-intentioned. Are you going up?"

"Yes."

As he went upstairs he had the peculiar feeling that it was she who wanted to go to bed with him rather than he with her. And yet, once in bed, that would all change, for of such was the nature of man!

Dinny, in her room above theirs, through her open window could hear the faint murmur of their voices, and, bowing her face on her hands, gave way to a feeling of despair. The stars in their courses fought against her! External opposition one could cut through or get round; but this deep spiritual unease in the loved one's soul, that—ah! that—one could not reach; and the unreachable could not be pushed away, cut through, or circumvented. She looked up at the stars that fought against her. Did the ancients really believe that, or was it just with them, as with her, a manner of speaking? Did those bright wheeling jewels on the indigo velvet of all space really concern themselves with little men, the lives and loves of human insects, who, born from an embrace, met and clung and died and became dust? Those candescent worlds, circled by little offsplit planets—were their names taken in vain, or were they really in their motions and their relative positions the writing on the wall for men to read?

No! That was only human self-importance! To his small wheel man bound the Universe. Swing low, sweet chariots! But they didn't! Man swung with them—in space. They guided, man followed.

XXVII

Two days later the Cherrell family met in conclave because of a sudden summons received by Hubert to rejoin his regiment in the Soudan. He wished to have something decided about Dinny before he left. The four Cherrell brothers, Sir Lawrence, Michael and himself, gathered, therefore, in Adrian's room at the Museum after Mr. Justice Charwell's Court had risen. They all knew that the meeting might be futile, because, as even Governments find, to decide is useless if decision cannot be carried out.

Michael, Adrian and the General, who had been in personal touch with Wilfrid, were the least vocal. Sir Lawrence and the Judge the most vocal; Hubert and Hilary were now vocal and now dumb.

Starting from the premise which nobody denied, that the thing was a bad business, two schools of thought declared themselves—Adrian, Michael and to some extent Hilary, believed there was nothing to be done but wait and see; the rest thought there was much to be done, but what—they could not say.

Michael, who had never seen his four uncles so close together before, was struck by the resemblance in the shape and colouring of their faces, except that the eyes of Hilary and Lionel were blue and grey, and of the General and Adrian brown and hazel. They all, notably, lacked gesture, and had a lean activity of figure. In Hubert these characteristics were accentuated by youth, and his hazel eyes at times looked almost grey.

"If only," Michael heard his father say, "you could injunct her, Lionel?" and Adrian's impatient:

"We must let Dinny alone; trying to control her is absurd. She's got a warm heart, an unselfish nature, and plenty of sense." Then Hubert's retort:

"We know all that, Uncle, but the thing will be such a disaster for her we must do what we can."

"Well, what *can* you do?"

'Exactly!' thought Michael, and said: "Just now she doesn't know how she stands."

"You couldn't get her to go out with you to the Soudan, Hubert?" said the Judge.

"I've lost all touch with her."

"If someone wanted her badly—" began the General and did not finish.

"Even then," murmured Adrian, "only if she were quite sure Desert didn't want her more."

Hilary took out his pipe. "Has anyone tried Desert?"

"I have," said the General.

"And I, twice," muttered Michael.

"I suppose," said Hubert, gloomily, "I could have a shot."

"Not, my dear fellow," put in Sir Lawrence, "unless you can be quite certain of keeping your temper."

"I never can be certain of that."

"Then don't!"

"Would *you* go, Dad?" asked Michael.

"I?"

"He used to respect you."

"Not even a blood relation!"

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"You might take a chance, Lawrence," said Hilary.

"But why?"

"None of the rest of us can, for one reason or another."

"Why shouldn't *you?*"

"In a way I agree with Adrian, it's best to leave it all alone."

"What exactly is the objection to Dinny's marrying him?" asked Adrian. The General turned to him abruptly.

"She'd be marked out for life."

"So was that fellow who stuck to his wife when she was convicted. Everybody respected him the more."

"There's no such sharp hell," said the Judge, "as seeing fingers pointed at your life's partner."

"Dinny would learn not to notice them."

"Forgive me, but you're missing the point," muttered Michael. "The point is Wilfrid's own feeling. If he remains bitter about himself, and marries her—that'll be hell for her, if you like. And the fonder she is of him, the worse it'll be."

"You're right, Michael," said Sir Lawrence, unexpectedly. "I'd think it well worth while to go, if I could make him see that."

Michael sighed.

"Whichever way it goes, it's hell for poor Dinny."

" 'Joy cometh in the morning,' " murmured Hilary through a cloud of smoke.

"Do you believe that, Uncle Hilary?"

"Not too much."

"Dinny's twenty-six. This is her first love. If it goes wrong—what then?"

"Marriage."

"With somebody else?"

Hilary nodded.

"Lively!"

"Life is lively."

"Well, Lawrence?" asked the General, sharply: "You'll go?"

Sir Lawrence studied him for a moment, and then replied: "Yes."

"Thank you!"

It was not clear to any of them what purpose would be served, but it was a decision of sorts, and at least could be carried out.

Wilfrid had lost most of his bruise and discarded the plaster on his chin when Sir Lawrence, encountering him on the stairs at Cork Street that same late afternoon, said:

"D'you mind if I walk a little way with you?"

"Not at all, Sir."

"Any particular direction?"

Wilfrid shrugged, and they walked side by side, till at last Sir Lawrence said:

"Nothing's worse than not knowing where you're going!"

"You're right."

"Then why go, especially if in doing so you take someone with you? Forgive my putting things crudely, but, except for Dinny, would you be caring a hang about all this business? What other ties have you got here?"

"None. I don't want to discuss things. If you'll forgive me, I'll branch off."

Sir Lawrence stopped. "Just one moment, and then I'll do the branching. Have you realised that a man who has a quarrel with himself is not fit to live with until he's got over it? That's all I wanted to say; but it's a good deal. Think it over!" And, raising his hat, Sir Lawrence turned on his heel. By George! He was well out of that! What an uncomfortable young man! And, after all, one had said all one had come to say! He walked towards Mount Street, reflecting on the limitations imposed by tradition. But for tradition, would Wilfrid mind being thought 'yellow'? Would Dinny's family care? Would Lyall have written his confounded poem? Would not the Corporal in the Buffs have kow-towed? Was a single one of the Cherrells, met in conclave, a real believing Christian? Not even Hilary—he would bet his boots! Yet not one of them could stomach this recantation. Not religion, but the refusal to take the 'dare'! That was the rub to them. The imputation of cowardice, or at least of not caring for the good name of one's country. Well! About a million British had died for that good name in the war; had they all died for a futility? Desert himself had nearly died for it, and got the M. C., or D. S. O., or something! All very contradictory! People cared for their country in a crowd, it seemed, but not in a desert; in France but not in Darfur.

He heard hurrying footsteps, and, turning round, saw Desert behind him. Sir Lawrence had almost a shock looking at his face, dry, dark, with quivering lips and deep suffering eyes.

"You were quite right," he said, "I thought I'd let you know. You can tell her family I'm going away."

At this complete success of his mission Sir Lawrence experienced dismay.

"Be careful!" he said: "You might do her a great injury."

"I shall do her that, anyway. Thank you for speaking to me. You've made me see. Good-bye!" He turned and was gone.

Sir Lawrence stood looking after him, impressed by his look of suffering. He turned in at his front door doubtful whether he had not made bad worse. While he was putting down his hat and stick, Lady Mont came down the stairs.

"I'm so bored, Lawrence. What have you been doin'?"

"Seeing young Desert; and, it seems, I've made him feel that until he can live on good terms with himself, he won't be fit to live with at all."

"That's wicked."

"How?"

"He'll go away. I always knew he'd go away. You must tell Dinny at once what you've done." And she went to the telephone.

"Is that you, Fleur? . . . Oh! Dinny. . . . This is Aunt Em! . . . Yes. . . . Can you come round here? . . . Why not? . . . That's not a reason. . . . But you must! Lawrence wants to speak to you. . . . At once? Yes. He's done a very stupid thing. . . . What? . . . No! . . . He wants to explain. In ten minutes . . . very well."

'My God!' thought Sir Lawrence. He had, suddenly, realised that to deaden feeling on any subject one only needed to sit in conclave. Whenever the Government got into trouble, they appointed a Commission. Whenever a man did something wrong, he went into consultation with solicitor and counsel. If he, himself, hadn't been sitting in conclave, would he ever have gone to see Desert and put the fat into the fire like this? The conclave had dulled his feelings. He had gone to Wilfrid as some juryman comes in to return his verdict after sitting on a case for days. And now he had to put himself right with Dinny, and how the deuce would he do that? He went into his study, conscious that his wife was following.

"Lawrence, you must tell her exactly

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what you've done, and how he took it. Otherwise it may be too late. And I shall stay until you've done it."

"Considering, Em, that you don't know what I said, or what he said, that seems superfluous."

"No," said Lady Mont, "nothing is, when a man's done wrong."

"I was charged to go and see him by your family."

"You ought to have had more sense. If you treat poets like innkeepers, they blow up."

"On the contrary, he thanked me."

"That's worse. I shall have Dinny's taxi kept at the door."

"Em," said Sir Lawrence, "when you want to make your will, let me know."

"Why?"

"Because of getting you consecutive before you start."

"Anything I have," said Lady Mont, "is to go to Michael, to be kept for Catherine. And if I'm dead when Kit goes to Harrow, he's to have my grandfather's 'stirrup-cup' that's in the armoire in my sitting-room at Lippin'hall. But he's not to take it to school with him, or they'll melt it, or drink boiled peppermints out of it, or something. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly."

"Then," said Lady Mont, "get ready and begin at once when Dinny comes."

"Quite!" said Sir Lawrence, meekly. "But how the deuce am I to put it to Dinny?"

"Just put it, and don't invent as you go along."

Sir Lawrence played a tune with his fingers on the window-pane. His wife stared at the ceiling. They were like that when Dinny came.

"Keep Miss Dinny's taxi, Blore."

At the sight of his niece Sir Lawrence perceived that he had, indeed, lost touch with feeling. Her face, under its chestnut-coloured hair, was sharpened and pallored, and there was a look in her eyes that he did not like.

"Begin," said Lady Mont.

Sir Lawrence raised one high thin shoulder as if in protection.

"My dear, your brother has been recalled, and I was asked whether I would go and see young Desert. I went. I told him that if he had a quarrel with himself he would not be fit to live with till he'd made it up. He said nothing and turned off. Afterwards he came up behind me in this street, and said that I was right. Would I tell your family that he was going away. He looked very queer and troubled. I said: 'Be careful! You might do her a great injury.' 'I shall do her that, anyway,' he said. And he went off. That was about twenty minutes ago."

Dinny looked from one to the other, covered her lips with her hand, and went out.

A moment later they heard her cab move off.

XXVIII

Except for receiving a little note in answer to her letter, which relieved her not at all, Dinny had spent these last two days in distress of mind. When Sir Lawrence made his communication, she felt as if all depended on whether she could get to Cork Street before Wilfrid was back there, and, in her taxi, she sat with hands screwed tight together in her lap, and eyes fixed on the driver's back, a back indeed so broad that it was not easy to fix them elsewhere. Useless to think of what she was going to say—she must say whatever came into her head when she saw him. His face would give her a lead. She realised that if he once got away from England, it would be as if she had never seen him. She stopped the cab in Burlington Street and walked swiftly to his door. If he had come straight home, he must be in! In these last two days she had realised that Stack had perceived some change in Wilfrid, and was conforming to it, and when he opened the door, she said:

"You mustn't put me off, Stack, I must see Mr. Desert." And, slipping past, she opened the door of the sitting-room. Wilfrid was pacing up and down.

"Dinny!"

She felt that if she said the wrong thing, it might be, then and there, the end; and she only smiled. He put his hands over his eyes; and, while he stood thus blinded, she stole up and threw her arms round his neck.

Was Jean right? Ought she to——?

Then, through the opened door Foch came in. He slid the velvet of his muzzle under her hand, and she sank on her knees to kiss him. When she looked up, Wilfrid had turned away. Instantly she scrambled up, and stood, as it were, lost. She did not know of what, if of anything, she thought, not even whether she was feeling. All seemed to go blank within her. He had thrown the window open and was leaning there holding his hands to his head. Was he going to throw himself out? She made a violent effort to control her nerves, and said very gently: "Wilfrid!" He turned and looked at her, and she thought: 'My God! He hates me!' Then his expression changed, and became the one she knew; and she was aware once more of how at sea one is with wounded pride—so multiple and violent, and changing in its moods!

"Well?" she said: "What do you wish me to do?"

"I don't know. The whole thing is mad. I ought to have buried myself in Siam by now."

"Would you like me to stay here, tonight?"

"Yes! No! I don't know."

"Wilfrid, why take it so hard? It's as if love were nothing to you. Is it nothing?"

For answer he took out Jack Muskham's letter.

"Read this!"

She read it. "I see. It was doubly unfortunate that I came down."

He threw himself down again on the divan, and sat there looking up at her.

'If I do go,' thought Dinny, 'I shall only begin tearing to get back again.' And she said: "What are you doing for dinner?"

"Stack's got something, I believe."

"Would there be enough for me?"

"Too much, if you feel as I do."

She rang the bell.

"I'm staying to dinner, Stack. I only want about a pin's head of food."

When he had gone, craving a moment in which to recover her balance, she said: "May I have a wash, Wilfrid?"

While she was drying her face and hands, she took hold of herself with all her might, and then as suddenly relaxed. Whatever she decided would be wrong, would be painful, perhaps impossible. Let it go!

When she came back to the sitting-room he was not there. The door into his bedroom was open, but the room was empty. Dinny rushed to the window. He was not in the street. Stack's voice said:

"Excuse me, Miss: Mr. Desert was called out. He told me to say he would write. Dinner will be ready in a minute."

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Dinny went straight up to him.

"Your first impression of me was the right one, Stack; not your second. I am going now. Mr. Desert need have no fear of me. Tell him that, please."

"Miss," said Stack, steadily, "I told you he was very sudden; but this is the most sudden thing I've ever known him do. I'm sorry, Miss. But I'm afraid it's a case of cutting your losses. If there's anything I can do to help you, I will."

"If he leaves England," said Dinny, steadily, "I should like to have Foch."

"If I know Mr. Desert, Miss, he means to go. I've seen it coming on him ever since he had that letter the night before you came round in the early morning."

"Well," said Dinny, "shake hands, and remember what I said."

They exchanged a hand-grip, and, still unnaturally steady, she went out and down the stairs. She walked fast, giddy and strange in her head, and nothing but the word: So! recurring in her mind. All that she had felt, all that she had meant to feel, compressed into that word of two letters. In her life she had never felt so withdrawn and tearless, so indifferent as to where she went, what she did, or whom she saw. The world might well be without end, for its end had come. She did not believe that he had designed this way of breaking from her. He had not enough insight into her for that. But, in fact, no way could have been more perfect, more complete. Drag after a man! Impossible! She did not even have to form that thought, it was instinctive.

She walked, and walked, for three hours, about the London streets, and turned at last towards Westminster with the feeling that if she didn't she would drop. When she went in at South Square, she summoned all that was left in her to a spurt of gaiety; but, when she had gone up to her room, Fleur said:

"Something very wrong, Michael."

"Poor Dinny! What the hell has he done now?"

Going to the window, Fleur drew aside the curtain. It was not yet quite dark. Except for two cats, a taxi to the right, and a man on the pavement examining a small bunch of keys, there was nothing to be seen.

"Shall I go up and see if she'll talk?"

"No. If Dinny wants us, she'll let us know. If it's as you think, she'll want no one. She's proud as the devil when her back's to the wall."

"I hate pride," said Fleur; and, closing the curtain, she went towards the door. "It comes when you don't want it, and does you down. If you want a career, don't have pride." She went out.

'I don't know,' thought Michael, 'if I have pride, but I haven't got a career.' He followed slowly upstairs, and for some little time stood in the doorway of his dressing-room. But no sound came from upstairs.

Dinny, indeed, was lying on her bed, face down. So this was the end! Why had the force called love exalted and tortured her, then thrown her, used and exhausted, quivering, longing, wounded, startled, to eat her heart out in silence and grief? Love and pride, and the greater of these is pride! So the saying seemed to go within her, and to be squeezed into her pillow. Her love against his pride! Her love against her own pride! And the victory with pride! Wasteful and bitter! Of all that evening only one moment now seemed to her real: when he had turned from the window, and she had thought: 'He hates me!' Of course, he hated her standing like the figure of his wounded self-esteem; the one thing that prevented him from crying out: 'God damn you all! Good-bye!'

Well, now he could cry it and go! And she—suffer, suffer—and slowly get over it. No! Lie on it, keep it down, keep it silent, press it into her pillows. Make little of it, make nothing of it, while inside her, it swelled and ravaged her. The expression of instinct is not so clear as that; but behind all formless throbbing there is meaning; and that was the meaning within Dinny's silent and half smothered struggle on her bed. How could she have acted differently? Not her fault that Muskham had sent the letter with that phrase about the protection of a woman. Not her fault that she had rushed down to Royston! What had she done wrong? The whole thing arbitrary, gratuitous! Perhaps love in its courses was always so! It seemed to her that the night ticked while she lay there; the rusty ticking of an old clock. Was it the night, or her own life, abandoned and lying on its face?

XXIX

Wilfrid had obeyed impulse when he ran down into Cork Street. Ever since the sudden breaking off of that fierce undignified scuffle at Royston, and the sight of Dinny standing in the car covering her eyes with a hand, his feelings towards her had been terribly confused. At that sudden sight, sound and scent of her, warmth had rushed up in him and spent itself in kisses; but the moment she had left him his insane feeling had returned and hurled him down into a London where at least one could walk and meet no one. He went south and became involved with a queue of people trying to get into 'His Majesty's.' He stood among them thinking: 'As well in here as anywhere.' But, just as his turn came, he broke away, and branched off eastward; passed through Covent Garden, desolate and smelling of garbage, and came out into Ludgate Hill. Hereabouts he was reminded by scent of fish that he had eaten nothing since breakfast. And going into a restaurant, he drank a cocktail and ate some hors d'œuvres. Asking for a sheet of paper and envelope, he wrote:

"I had to go. If I had stayed, you and I would have been one. I don't know what I'm going to do—I may finish in the river to-night, or go abroad, or come back to you. Whatever I do, forgive, and believe that I have loved you. Wilfrid."

He addressed the envelope and thrust it into his pocket. But he did not post it. He could never express what he was thinking or feeling. Again he walked east. Through the City zone, deserted as if it had been mustard-gassed, he was soon in the cheerier Whitechapel Road. He walked, trying to tire himself out and stop the whirling of his thoughts. He moved northwards now, and towards eleven was nearing Chingford. All was moonlit and still when he passed the hotel and went on towards the Forest. One car, a belated cyclist, a couple or two, and three tramps, were all he met before he struck off the road in among the trees. Daylight was gone, and the moon was silvering the leaves and branches. Thoroughly exhausted, he lay down on the beech mast. The night was an unwritten poem—the gleam and drip of light like the play of an incoherent mind, fluttering, slipping in and out of reality; never at rest; never the

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firm silver of true metal; burnished and gone like a dream. Up there were the stars he had travelled by times without number, the Wain, and all the others that seemed meaningless, if not nameless, in this town world.

He turned over and lay on his face, pressing his forehead to the ground. And suddenly he heard the drone of a flying machine. But through the heavily-leafed boughs he could see no gliding, sky-scurrying shape. Some night-flier to Holland; some English airman pricking out the lighted shape of London, or practising flight between Hendon and an East Coast base. After flying in the war he had never wished to fly again. The very sound of it brought back still that sick, fed-up feeling from which the Armistice had delivered him. The drone passed on and away. A faint rumbling murmur came from London, but here the night was still and warm, with only a frog croaking, a bird cheeping feebly once, two owls hooting against each other. He turned again on to his face, and fell into an uneasy sleep.

When he woke light was just rifting the clear darkness. A heavy dew had fallen; he felt stiff and chilled, but his mind was clear. He got up and swung his arms, lighted a cigarette and drew the smoke deep in. He sat with his arms clasped round his knees, smoking his cigarette to its end without ever moving it from his lips, and spitting out the stub with its long ash just before it burned his mouth. Suddenly he began to shiver! He got up to walk back to the road. Stiff and sore, he made poor going. It was full dawn by the time he reached the road, and then, knowing that he ought to go towards London, he went in the opposite direction. He plodded on, and every now and then shivered violently. At last he sat down and, bowed over his knees, fell into a sort of coma. A voice saying: "Hi!" roused him. A fresh-faced young man in a small car had halted alongside.

"Anything wrong?"

"Nothing," muttered Wilfrid.

"You appear to be in poor shape, all the same. D'you know what time it is?"

"No."

"Get in here, and I'll run you to the hotel at Chingford. Got any money?"

Wilfrid looked at him grimly and laughed.

"Yes."

"Don't be touchy! What you want is a sleep and strong coffee! Come on!"

Wilfrid got up. He could hardly stand. He lay back in the little car, huddled beside the young man, who said: "Now we shan't be long."

In ten minutes, which to a blurred and shivering consciousness might have been five hours, they were in front of the hotel.

"I know the 'boots' here," said the young man, "I'll put you in charge of him. What's your name?"

"Hell!" muttered Wilfrid.

"Hi! George! I found this gentleman on the road. He seems to have gone a bit wonky. Put him into some decent bedroom. Heat him up a good hot bottle, and get him into bed with it. Brew him some strong coffee, and see that he drinks it."

The boots grinned. "That all?"

"No; take his temperature, and send for a doctor. Look here, Sir," the young man turned to Wilfrid, "I recommend this chap. He can polish boots with the best. Just let him do for you, and don't worry. I must get on. It's six o'clock." He waited a moment, watching Wilfrid stagger into the hotel on the boots' arm, then sped away.

The "boots" assisted Wilfrid to a room. "Can you undress, Governor?"

"Yes," muttered Wilfrid.

"Then I'll go and get you that bottle and the coffee. Don't be afraid, we don't 'ave damp beds 'ere. Were you out all night?"

Wilfrid sat on the bed and did not answer.

" 'Ere!" said the "boots": "Give us your sleeves!" He pulled Wilfrid's coat off, then his waistcoat and trousers. "You've got a proper chill, it seems to me. Your under-things are all damp. Can you stand?"

Wilfrid shook his head.

The "boots" stripped the sheets off the bed, pulled Wilfrid's shirt over his head; then with a struggle wrenched off vest and drawers, and wrapped him in a blanket.

"Now, Governor, a good pull and a pull altogether." He forced Wilfrid's head on to the pillow, heaved his legs on to the bed, and covered him with two more blankets.

"You lie there, I won't be gone ten minutes."

Wilfrid lay, shivering so that his thoughts would not join up, nor his lips make consecutive sounds owing to the violent chattering of his teeth. He became conscious of a chambermaid, then of voices.

"His teeth'll break it. Isn't there another place?"

"I'll try under his arm."

A thermometer was pressed under his arm and held there.

"You haven't got yellow fever, have you, Sir?"

Wilfrid shook his head.

"Can you raise yourself, Governor, and drink this?"

Robust arms raised him, and he drank.

"One 'undred and four."

"Gawd! 'Ere, pop this bottle to his feet, I'll 'phone the Doc."

Wilfrid could see the maid watching him, as if wondering what sort of fever she was going to catch.

"Malaria," he said, suddenly. "Give me a cigarette! In my waistcoat."

The maid put a cigarette between his lips and lit it. Wilfrid took a long pull.

"A-again!" he said.

Again she put it between his lips, and again he took a pull.

"They say there's mosquitoes in the forest. Did you find any last night, Sir?"

"In the sys-system."

Shivering a little less now, he watched her moving about the room, folding his clothes, drawing the curtains so that they shaded the bed. Then she approached him, and he smiled up at her.

"Another nice drop of hot coffee?"

He shook his head, closed his eyes again, and shivered deep into the bed, conscious that she was still watching him, and then again of voices.

"Can't find a name, but he's some sort of nob. There's money and this letter in his coat. The doctor'll be here in five minutes."

"Well, I'll wait till then, but I've got my work to do."

"Same 'ere. Tell the Missus when you call her."

He saw the maid stand looking at him with a sort of awe. A stranger, and a nob, with a curious disease, interesting to a simple mind. Of his face pressed into the pillow, she couldn't see much —one dark cheek, one ear, some hair, the screwed-up eye under the brow. He felt her touch his brow timidly with a finger. Burning hot, of course!

"Would you like your friends written to, Sir?"

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He shook his head.

"The doctor'll be here in a minute."

"I'll be like this two days—nothing to be done—quinine—orange juice—" Seized by a violent fit of shivering, he was silent. He saw the doctor come in; and the maid, still leaning against the chest of drawers biting her little finger. She took it from her mouth and he heard her say:

"Shall I stay, Sir?"

"Yes, you can stay."

The doctor's fingers closed on his pulse, raised his eyelid, pushed his lips apart.

"Well, Sir? Had much of this?"

Wilfrid nodded.

"All right! You'll stay where you are, and shove in quinine, and that's all I can do for you. Pretty sharp bout."

Wilfrid nodded.

"There are no cards on you. What's your name?"

Wilfrid shook his head.

"All right! Don't worry! Take this."

XXX

Leaving a motor omnibus, Dinny walked into the large of Wimbledon Common. After a nearly sleepless night, she had slipped out, leaving a note to say she would be away all day. She hurried over the grass into a birch grove, and lay down. The high moving clouds, the sunlight striking in and out of the birch tree branches, the water wagtails, the little dry patches of sand, and that stout wood-pigeon, undismayed by her motionless figure, brought her neither peace nor the inclination to think of nature. She lay on her back, quivering and dry-eyed, wondering for whose inscrutable delight she was thus suffering. The stricken do not look for outside help, they seek within. To go about exuding tragedy was abhorrent to her. She would not do that! But the sweetness of the wind, the moving clouds, the rustle of the breeze, the sound of children's voices, brought no hint of how she was to disguise herself and face life afresh. The isolation in which she had been ever since the meeting with Wilfrid under Foch's statue, now showed nakedly. All her eggs had been in one basket, and the basket had fallen. She dug with her fingers at the sandy earth; and a dog, seeing a hole, came up and sniffed it. She had begun to live, and now she was dead. "No flowers by request!"

So sharp had been her realisation of finality yesterday evening, that she did not even consider the possibility of tying up the broken thread. If he had pride, so had she! Not the same sort, but as deep in her marrow. No one had any real need of her! Why not go away? She had nearly three hundred pounds. The notion gave her neither exhilaration nor any real relief; but it would save her from making herself a nuisance to those who would expect her to be her old cheerful self. She thought of the hours she had spent with Wilfrid in places like this. So sharp was her memory, that she had to cover her lips to prevent anguish welling out of them. Until she met him she had never felt alone. And now—she *was* alone! Chill, terrifying, endless! Remembering how she had found swift motion good for heartache, she got up and crossed the road where the Sunday stream of cars was already flowing out of town. Uncle Hilary had once exhorted her not to lose her sense of humour. But had she ever had one? At the end of Barnes Common she climbed on to a 'bus and went back to London. She must have something to eat, or she would be fainting. She got down near Kensington Gardens and went into an hotel.

After lunch she sat some time in the Gardens, and then walked to Mount Street. No one was in, and she sank down on the sofa in the drawing-room. Thoroughly exhausted, she fell asleep. Her Aunt's entrance woke her, and sitting up, she said:

"You can all be happy about me, Aunt Em. It's finished."

Lady Mont stared at her niece sitting there with a ghostly little smile, and two tears, starting not quite together, ran down her cheeks.

"I didn't know you cried at funerals, too, Aunt Em."

She got up, went over to her Aunt, and with her handkerchief removed the marks the tears had made.

"There!"

Lady Mont got up. "I *must* howl," she said, "I simply must." And she swayed rapidly out of the room.

Dinny sat on, that ghost of a smile still on her face. Blore brought in the tea things, and she talked to him of Wimbledon, and his wife. He did not seem to know which of the two was in worse shape, but, as he was going out, he turned and said:

"And if I might suggest, Miss Dinny, a little sea air for you."

"Yes, Blore, I was thinking of it."

"I'm glad, Miss; one overdoes it at this time of year."

He, too, seemed to know that her course was run. And, feeling suddenly that she could not go on thus attending her own funeral, she stole to the door, listened for sounds, then slipped down the stairs and away.

But she was so physically exhausted that she could scarcely drag herself as far as St. James's Park. There she sat down by the water. People, sunbeams and ducks, shading leaves, spiky reeds, and this sirocco within her! A tall man walking from the Whitehall end, made a little convulsive movement, as if to put his hand to his hat, corrected it at sight of her face, and lounged on. Realising what her face must be expressing, she got up, and trailing on to Westminster Abbey, went in and sat down in a pew. There, bent forward, with her face resting on her arms, she stayed quite half an hour. She had not prayed, but she had rested, and the expression on her face had changed. She felt more fit to face people, and not show so much.

It was past six, and she went on to South Square. Getting unseen to her room, she had a long hot bath, put on a dinner frock, and resolutely went down. Only Fleur and Michael were there, and neither of them asked her any questions. It was clear to her that they knew. She got through the evening somehow. When she was going up, both of them kissed her, and Fleur said:

"I've told them to put you a hot water bottle; stuck against your back, it helps you to sleep. Good-night, bless you!"

Again Dinny had the feeling that Fleur had once suffered as she was suffering now. She slept better than she could have hoped.

With her early tea she received a letter with the heading of an hotel at Chingford.

"Madam,

"The enclosed letter addressed to you was found in the pocket of a gentleman who is lying here with a very sharp attack of malaria. I am posting it on to you, and am

Truly yours,
ROGER QUEAL, M.D."

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She read the letter . . . "Whatever I do, forgive, and believe that I have loved you. Wilfrid." And he was ill! All the impulses which sprang up she instantly thrust back. Not a second time would she rush in where angels feared to tread! But hurrying down, she telephoned to Stack the news that he was lying at the Chingford hotel with an attack of malaria.

"He'll want his medicine and his razors, then, Miss. I'll take 'em down to him."

Forcing back the words: "Give him my love," she said: "He knows where I am if there is anything I can do."

The blacker bitterness of her mood was gone; yet she was as cut off from him as ever! Unless he came or sent for her, she could make no move; and deep down she seemed to know that he would neither come nor send. No! He would strike his tent and flit away from where he had felt so much.

Towards noon Hubert came to say good-bye. It was, at once, clear to her that he, too, knew. He was coming back for the rest of his leave in October, he said. Jean was to stay at Condaford till after her child was born in November. She had been ordered to be out of the summer heat. He seemed to Dinny that morning like the old Hubert again. He dwelt on the advantage of being born at Condaford. And endeavouring to be sprightly, she said:

"Quaint to find you talking like that, Hubert. You never used to care about Condaford."

"It makes a difference to have an heir."

"Oh! It'll be an heir, will it?"

"Yes, we've made up our minds to a boy."

"And will there be a Condaford by the time he comes into it?"

Hubert shrugged. "We'll have a try at keeping it. Things don't last unless you set yourself to keep them."

"And not always then," murmured Dinny.

XXXI

Wilfrid's words: "You can tell her family I'm going away," and Dinny's: "It's finished," had travelled, if not like wildfire, throughout the Cherrell family. There was no rejoicing as over a sinner that repenteth. All were too sorry for her, with a sorrow nigh unto dismay. Each wanted to show sympathy, none knew how. Sympathy scented with sympathy was worse than none. Three days passed during which not one member of the family succeeded in expressing anything. Then Adrian had a brainwave: He would ask her to eat something with him, though why food should be regarded as consolatory neither he nor anyone else has ever known. He appointed a café which had perhaps more repute than merit.

Since Dinny was not of those young women who make the ravages of life into an excuse for French-varnishing their surfaces, he had every opportunity to note her pallor. He forbore to comment. Indeed, he found it difficult to talk at all, for he knew that though, when enthralled by women, men remain devoted to their mental mainsprings, women, less bodily enthralled, stay mentally wrapped up in the men they love. He began, however, to tell her how someone had tried to 'sell him a pup.'

"He wanted five hundred pounds, Dinny, for a Cromagnon skull found in Suffolk. The whole thing looked extraordinarily genuine. But I happened to see the County archæologist. 'Oh!' he said: 'he's been trying to palm that off on you, has he? That's the well-known "pup." He's dug it up at least three times. The man ought to be in gaol. He keeps it in a cupboard and every five or six years digs a hole, puts it in, takes it out, and tries to sell it. It possibly *is* a Cromagnon skull, but he picked it up in France, about twenty years ago. It would be unique, of course, as a British product.' Thereon I went off to have another look at where it was found last time. And it was plain enough, when you already knew it, that he'd put the thing in. There's something about antiques that saps morale."

"What sort of man was he, Uncle?"

"An enthusiastic-looking chap, rather like my hairdresser."

Dinny laughed. "You ought to do something, or he *will* sell it next time."

"The depression's against him, my dear. Bones and first editions are extraordinarily sensitive. He'll have to live a good ten years to get anything like a price."

"Do many people try to palm things off on you?"

"Some succeed, Dinny. I regret that 'pup,' though; it was a lovely skull. There aren't many as good now-a-days."

"We English certainly are getting uglier."

"Don't you believe it. Put the people we meet in drawing rooms and shops into cassocks and cowls, armour and jerkins, and you'll have just the faces of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries."

"But we do despise beauty, Uncle. We connect it with softness and immorality."

"Well, it makes people happy to despise what they haven't got. We're only about the fourth—no, the fifth—plainest people in Europe. But take away the Celtic infusions, and I admit we'd be the first."

Dinny looked round the café. Her survey added nothing to her conclusions, partly because she took but little in, and partly because the lunchers were nearly all Jews or Americans.

Adrian watched her with an ache. She looked so bone-listless.

"Hubert's gone, then?" he said.

"Yes."

"And what are you going to do, my dear?"

Dinny sat looking at her plate. Suddenly she raised her head and said:

"I think I shall go abroad, Uncle."

Adrian's hand went to his goatee.

"I see," he said, at last. "Money?"

"I have enough."

"Where?"

"Anywhere."

"By yourself?"

Dinny nodded.

"The drawback to going away," murmured Adrian, "is the having to come back."

"There doesn't seem to be anything much for me to do just now. So I think I'll cheer people up by not seeing them for a bit."

Adrian debated within himself.

"Well, my dear, only you can decide what's best for you. But if you felt like a long travel, it strikes me that Clare might be glad to see you in Ceylon."

Seeing by the surprised movement of her hands that the idea was new to her, he went on:

"I have a feeling that she may not be finding life very easy."

Her eyes met his.

"That's what I thought at the wedding, Uncle; I didn't like his face."

"You have a special gift for helping others, Dinny; and whatever's wrong

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about Christianity, it's not the saying 'To give is more blessed than to receive.'"

"Even the Son of Man liked his little joke, Uncle."

Adrian looked at her hard, and said:

"Well, if you do go to Ceylon, mind you eat your mangoes over a basin."

He parted from her a little later; and too much out of mood to go back to work, went to the Horse Show instead.

XXXII

At South Square 'The Daily Phase' was among those journals which politicians take lest they should miss reading correctly the temperature of Fleet Street. Michael pushed it over to Fleur at breakfast.

During the six days since her arrival neither of them had said a word to Dinny on the subject of Wilfrid. It was she who now said: "May I see that?"

Fleur handed her the paper. She read, gave a little shudder, and went on with her breakfast. Kit broke the ensuing hush by stating Hobbs' average. Did Aunt Dinny think he was as great as W. G. Grace?

"I never saw either of them, Kit."

"Didn't you see W. G.?"

"I think he died before I was born."

Kit scrutinised her doubtfully.

"Oh!"

"He died in 1915," said Michael: "You'd have been eleven."

"But haven't you really seen Hobbs, Auntie?"

"No."

"I've seen him three times. I'm practising his hook to leg. 'The Daily Phase' says Bradman is the best batsman in the world now. Do you think he's better than Hobbs?"

"Better news than Hobbs."

Kit stared.

"What is news?"

"What newspapers are for."

"Do they make it up?"

"Not always."

"What news were you reading just now?"

"Nothing that would interest you."

"How do you know?"

"Kit, don't worry!" said Fleur.

"May I have an egg?"

"Yes."

The hush began again, till Kit stopped his eggspoon in mid-air and isolated a finger:

"Look! The nail's blacker than it was yesterday. Will it come off, Auntie?"

"How did you do that?"

"Pinched it in a drawer. I didn't cry."

"Don't boast, Kit."

Kit gave his mother a clear upward look and resumed his egg.

Half an hour later, when Michael was just settling down to his correspondence, Dinny came into his study.

"Busy, Michael?"

"No, my dear."

"That paper! Why can't they leave him alone?"

"You see the 'Leopard' is selling like hot cakes. Dinny, how does it stand now?"

"I know he's been having malaria, but I don't even know where or how he is."

Michael looked at her face masked in its desperate little smile, and said, hesitatingly:

"Would you like me to find out?"

"Not from me, Michael. If he wants me, he knows where I am."

"I'll see Compson Grice. I'm not lucky with Wilfrid myself."

When she was gone he sat staring at the letters he had not begun to answer, half dismayed, half angered. Poor Dinny! What a shame! He pushed the letters aside, and went out.

Compson Grice's office was near Covent Garden, which, for some reason still to be discovered, attracts literature. When Michael reached it, about noon, that young publisher was sitting in the only well-furnished room in the building, with a newspaper cutting in his hand and a smile on his lips. He rose and said: "Hallo, Mont! Seen this in 'The Phase'?"

"Yes."

"I sent it round to Desert, and he wrote that at the top and sent it back. Neat, eh!"

Michael read in Wilfrid's writing:

"Whene'er the lord who rules his roosts
Says: 'Bite!' he bites, says 'Boost!' he boosts."

"He's in town, then?"

"Was half an hour ago."

"Have you seen him at all?"

"Not since the book came out."

Michael looked shrewdly at that comely fattish face. "Satisfied with the sales?"

"We're in the forty-first thousand, and going strong."

"I suppose you don't know whether Wilfrid is going back to the East?"

"Haven't the least little idea."

"He must be pretty sick with the whole thing."

Compson Grice shrugged.

"How many poets have ever made a thousand pounds out of a hundred pages of verse?"

"Small price for a soul, Grice."

"It'll be two thousand before we've done."

"I always thought it a mistake to print 'The Leopard.' Since he did it I've defended it, but it was a fatal thing to do."

"I don't agree."

"Obviously. It's done you proud."

"You can sneer," said Grice, with some feeling, "but he wouldn't have sent it to me if he hadn't wished it to come out. I am not my brother's keeper. The mere fact that it turns out a scoop is nothing to the point."

Michael sighed.

"I suppose not; but this is no joke for him. It's his whole life."

"Again, I don't agree. That happened when he recanted to save himself being shot. This is expiation, and damned good business into the bargain. His name is known to thousands who'd never have heard of it."

"Yes," said Michael, brooding, "there is that, certainly. Give me persecution to keep a name alive. Grice, will you do something for me? Make an excuse to find out what Wilfrid's intentions are. I've put my foot into it with him, and can't go myself, but I specially want to know."

"H'm!" said Grice. "He bites."

Michael grinned. "He won't bite his benefactor. I'm serious. Will you?"

"I'll try. By the way, there's that book by a French Canadian I've just published. Top-hole! I'll send you a copy—your wife will like it." 'And,' he added to himself, 'talk about it.' He smoothed back his sleek dark hair, and extended his hand. Michael shook it with a little more warmth than he really felt, and went away.

'After all,' he thought, 'what is it to Grice except business? Wilfrid's nothing to him! In these days we have to take what the gods send.' And he fell to considering what was really making the Public buy a book not concerned with

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sex, memoirs, or murders. The Empire? The prestige of the English? He did not believe it. No! What was making them buy it was that fundamental interest which attached to the question how far a person might go to save his life without losing what was called his soul. In other words the book was being sold by that little thing—believed in some quarters to be dead—called Conscience. A problem posed to each reader's conscience, that he could not answer easily; and the fact that it had actually happened to the author brought it home to the reader that some awful alternative might at any moment be presented to himself. And what would he do then, poor thing? And Michael felt one of those sudden bursts of consideration and even respect for the Public which often came over him and so affected his more intelligent friends that they alluded to him as 'Poor Michael!'

So meditating, he reached his room at the House of Commons, and had settled down to the consideration of a private bill to preserve certain natural beauties, when a card was brought to him.

"General Sir Conway Cherrell.
"Can you see me?"

Pencilling: "Delighted, Sir!" he handed the card back to the attendant, and got up. Of all his uncles he knew Dinny's father least, and he waited with some trepidation.

The General came in, saying:

"Regular rabbit warren this, Michael."

He had the confirmed neatness of his profession, but his face looked worn and worried.

"Luckily, we don't breed here, Uncle Con."

The General emitted a short laugh.

"No, there's that. I hope I'm not interrupting you. It's about Dinny. She's still with you?"

"Yes, Sir."

The General hesitated, and then, crossing his hands on his stick, said firmly:

"You're Desert's best friend, aren't you?"

"Was. What I am now, I really don't know."

"Is Desert still in town?"

"Yes; he's been having a bout of malaria, I believe."

"Dinny still seeing him?"

"No, Sir."

Again the General hesitated, and again seemed to firm himself by gripping his stick.

"Her mother and I, you know, only want what's best for her. We want her happiness, the rest doesn't matter. What do you think?"

"I really don't believe it matters what any of us think."

The General frowned.

"How do you mean?"

"It's just between those two."

"I understood that he was going away."

"He said so to my father, but he hasn't gone. His publisher told me just now that he was still at his rooms this morning."

"How is Dinny?"

"Very low in her mind. But she keeps her end up."

"He ought to do something."

"What, Sir?"

"It's not fair to Dinny. He ought either to marry her, or go right away."

"Would you find it easy, in his place, to make up your mind?"

"Perhaps not."

Michael made a restless tour of his little room.

"I think the whole thing is way below any question of just yes or no. It's a case of wounded pride, and where you've got that, the other emotions don't run straight. You ought to know that, Sir. You must have had similar cases, when fellows have been court-martialled."

The word seemed to strike the General with the force of a revelation. He stared at his nephew and did not answer.

"Wilfrid," said Michael, "is being court-martialled, and it isn't a short sharp business like a real court-martial—it's a desperate long drawn out affair, with no end to it that I can grasp."

"I see," said the General, quietly: "But he should never have let Dinny in for it."

Michael smiled. "Does love ever do what's correct?"

"That's the modern view, anyway."

"According to report, the ancient one, too."

The General went to the window and stood looking out.

"I don't like to go and see Dinny," he said, without turning round, "it seems like worrying her. Her mother feels the same. And there's nothing we can do."

His voice, troubled not for himself, touched Michael.

"I believe," he said, "that in some way it'll be all over very soon. And whichever way will be better for them and all of us than this."

The General turned round.

"Let's hope so. I wanted to ask you to keep in touch with us, and not let Dinny do anything without letting us know. It's very hard waiting down there. I won't keep you now; and thank you, it's been a relief. Good-bye, Michael!"

He grasped his nephew's hand, squeezed it firmly, and was gone.

Michael thought: 'Hanging in the wind! There's nothing worse. Poor old boy!'

XXXIII

Compson Grice, who had no mean disposition and a certain liking for Michael, went out to lunch mindful of his promise. A believer in the power of meals to solve difficulties, he would normally have issued an invitation and obtained his information over the second or third glass of really old brandy. But he was afraid of Wilfrid. Discussing his simple *sole meunière* and half bottle of Chablis, he decided on a letter. He wrote it in the Club's little green-panelled writing room, with a cup of coffee by his side and a cigar in his mouth.

"The Hotch Potch Club.
Friday.

"Dear Desert,

"In view of the remarkable success of 'The Leopard' and the probability of further large sales, I feel that I ought to know definitely what you would like me to do with the royalty cheques when they fall due. Perhaps you would be so good as to tell me whether you contemplate going back to the East, and, if so, when; and at the same time let me have an address to which I can remit with safety. Possibly you would prefer that I should simply pay your royalties into your bank, whatever that is, and take their receipt. Hitherto our financial transactions have been somewhat lean, but 'The Leopard' will certainly

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have—indeed is already having—an influence on the sales of your two previous books; and it will be advisable that you should keep me in touch with your whereabouts in future. Shall you be in Town much longer? I am always delighted to see you, if you care to look in.

"With hearty congratulations and best wishes,

I am sincerely yours,
COMPSON GRICE."

This letter, in his elegant and upright hand, he addressed to Cork Street, and sent at once by the Club messenger. The remains of his recess he spent sounding in his rather whispering voice the praises of his French Canadian product, and then took a taxi back to Covent Garden. A clerk met him in the lobby.

"Mr. Desert is waiting up in your room, Sir."

"Good!" said Compson Grice, subduing a tremor and thinking: 'Quick work!'

Wilfrid was standing at a window which commanded a slanting view of Covent Garden market; and Grice was shocked when he turned round—the face was so dark and wasted and had such a bitter look: the hand, too, had an unpleasant dry heat in the feel of it.

"So you got my letter?" he said.

"Thanks. Here's the address of my bank. Better pay all cheques into it and take their receipt."

"You don't look too fearfully well. Are you off again?"

"Probably. Well, good-bye, Grice. Thanks for all you've done."

Compson Grice said, with real feeling: "I'm terribly sorry it's hit you so hard."

Wilfrid shrugged and turned to the door.

When he was gone his publisher stood twisting the bank's address in his hands. Suddenly he said out loud: "I don't like his looks; I absolutely don't!" And he went to the telephone. . . .

Wilfrid walked north, he had another visit to pay. He reached the Museum just as Adrian was having his cup of 'Dover' tea and bun.

"Good!" said Adrian, rising. "I'm glad to see you. There's a spare cup. Do sit down."

He had experienced the same shock as Grice at the look on Desert's face and the feel of his hand.

Wilfrid took a sip of tea. "May I smoke?" He lighted a cigarette, and sat, hunched in his chair. Adrian waited for him to speak.

"Sorry to butt in on you like this," said Wilfrid, at last, "but I'm going back into the blue. I wanted to know which would hurt Dinny least—just to clear out, or to write."

Adrian lived through a wretched and bleak minute.

"You mean that if you see her you can't trust yourself."

Desert gave a shivering shrug.

"It's not that exactly. It sounds brutal, but I'm so fed up that I don't feel anything. If I saw her—I might wound her. She's been an angel. I don't suppose you can understand what's happened in me. I can't myself. I only know that I want to get away from everything and everybody."

Adrian nodded.

"I was told you'd been ill—you don't think that accounts for your present feeling? For God's sake don't make a mistake in your feelings now."

Wilfrid smiled.

"I'm used to malaria. It's not that. You'll laugh, but I feel like bleeding to death inside. I want to get to where nothing and nobody reminds me. And Dinny reminds me more than anyone."

"I see," said Adrian, gravely. And he was silent, passing his hand over his bearded chin. Then he got up and began to walk about.

"Do you think it's fair to Dinny or yourself not to try what seeing her might do?"

"Yes," said Desert, almost with violence. "I tell you, I should hurt her."

"You'll hurt her any way; her eggs are all in one basket. And look here, Desert! You published that poem deliberately. I always understood you did so as a form of expiation, even though you had asked Dinny to marry you. I'm not such a fool as to want you to go on with Dinny if your feelings have really changed; but are you sure they have?"

"My feelings haven't changed. I simply have none. Being a pariah dog has killed them."

"D'you realise what you're saying?"

"Perfectly. I knew I was a pariah from the moment I recanted, and whether people knew it or not didn't matter. All the same—it *has* mattered."

"I see," said Adrian again, and came to a standstill. "I suppose that's natural."

"Whether it is to others, I don't know; it is to me. I am out of the herd, and I'll stay there. I don't complain. I side against myself." He spoke with desperate energy.

Adrian said, very gently: "Then you just want to know how to hurt Dinny least? I can't tell you: I wish I could. I gave you the wrong advice when you came before. Advice is no good, anyway. We have to wrastle things out for ourselves."

Desert stood up. "Ironical, isn't it? I was driven to Dinny by my loneliness. I'm driven away from her by it. Well, good-bye, Sir; I don't suppose I shall ever see you again. And thanks for trying to help me."

"I wish to God I could."

Wilfrid smiled the sudden smile that gave him his charm.

"I'll try what one more walk will do. I may see some writing on the wall. Anyway you'll know I didn't want to hurt her more than I could help. Good-bye!"

Adrian's tea was cold and his bun uneaten. He pushed them away. He felt as if he had failed Dinny, and yet for the life of him could not see what he could have done. That young man looked very queer! 'Bleeding to death inside!' Gruesome phrase! And true, judging by his face! Fibre sensitive as his, and a consuming pride! "Going back into the blue." To roam about in the East—a sort of Wandering Jew; become one of those mysterious Englishmen found in out-of-the-way places, with no origins that they would speak of, and no future but their present. He filled a pipe and tried his best to feel that, after all, in the long run Dinny would be happier unmarried to Desert. And he did not succeed. There was only one flowering of real love in a woman's life, and this was hers. He had no doubt on that point. She would make shift—oh! yes; but she would have missed 'the singing and the gold.' And, grabbing his battered hat, he went out. He strode along in the direction of Hyde Park; then, yielding to a whim, diverged towards Mount Street.

When Blore announced him his sister

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was putting the last red stitches in the tongue of one of the dogs in her French embroidery. She held it up.

"It ought to drip. He's looking at that bunny. Would blue drips be right?"

"Grey, on that background, Em."

Lady Mont considered her brother sitting in a small chair with his long legs hunched up.

"You look like a war correspondent—camp stools, and no time to shave. I do want Dinny to be married, Adrian. She's twenty-six. All that about bein' yellow. They could go to Corsica."

Adrian smiled. Em was so right, and yet so wrong!

"Con was here to-day," resumed his sister, "he'd been seein' Michael. Nobody knows anythin'. And Dinny just goes walks with Kit and Dandy, and nurses Catherine, and sits readin' books without turnin' the page."

Adrian debated whether to tell her of Desert's visit to him.

"And Con says," went on Lady Mont, "that he can't make two ends meet this year—Clare's weddin' and the Budget, and Jean expectin'—he'll have to cut down some trees, and sell the horses. We're hard up, too. It's lucky Fleur's got so much. Money is such a bore. What do you think?"

Adrian gave a start.

"Well, no one expects a good thing now-a-days, but one wants enough to live on."

"It's havin' dependents. Boswell's got a sister that can only walk with one leg; and Johnson's wife's got cancer—poor thing! And everybody's got somebody. Dinny says at Condaford her mother does everythin' in the village. So how it's to go on, I don't know. Lawrence doesn't save a penny."

"We're falling between two stools, Em; and one fine day we shall reach the floor with a bump."

"I suppose we shall live in almshouses." Lady Mont lifted her work up to the light. "No, I shan't make it drip. Or else go to Kenya; they say there's somethin' that pays there."

"What I hate," said Adrian, with sudden energy, "is the thought of Mr. Tom Noddy or somebody buying Condaford and using it for week-end cocktail parties."

"I should go and be a banshee in the woods. There couldn't be Condaford without a Cherrell."

"There dashed well could, Em. There's a confounded process called evolution; and England is its home."

Lady Mont sighed, and, getting up, swayed over to her parakeet.

"Polly! You and I'll go and live in an almshouse."

XXXIV

When Compson Grice telephoned to Michael, or rather to Fleur, for Michael was not in, he sounded embarrassed.

"Is there any message I can give him, Mr. Grice?"

"Your husband asked me to find out Desert's movements. Well, Desert's just been in to see me, and practically said he was off again; but—er—I didn't like his looks, and his hand was like a man in fever."

"He's been having malaria."

"Ah! By the way, I'm sending you a book I'm sure you'll like, it's by that French Canadian."

"Thank you, Mr. Grice. I'll tell Michael when he comes in."

And Fleur stood thinking. Ought she to pass this on to Dinny? Without consulting Michael she did not like to, and he, tied tightly to the House just now, might not even be in to dinner. How like Wilfrid to keep one on tenterhooks! She always felt that she knew him better than either Dinny or Michael. They were convinced of a vein of pure gold in him. She, for whom he had once had such a passion, could only assess that vein at nine carats. 'That, I suppose,' she thought rather bitterly, 'is because my nature is lower than theirs.' People assessed others according to their own natures, didn't they? Still it was difficult to give high value to one whose mistress she had not become, and who had then fled into the blue. There was always extravagance in Michael's likings; in Dinny—well, Dinny she did not really understand.

And so she went back to the letters she was writing. They were important, for she was rallying the best and brightest people to meet some high-caste Indian ladies who were over for the Conference. She had nearly finished them when she was called to the telephone by Michael, asking if there were any message from Compson Grice. Having given him what news there was, she went on:

"Are you coming in to dinner? . . . Good! I dread dining alone with Dinny; she's so marvellously cheerful, it gives me the creeps. Not worry other people and all that, of course; but if she showed her feelings more it would worry us less. . . . Uncle Con! . . . It's rather funny, all the family seem to want now the exact opposite of what they wanted at first. I suppose that's the result of watching her suffer. . . . Yes, she went in the car to sail Kit's boat on the Round Pond; they sent Dandy and the boat back in the car, and are walking home. . . . All right, dear boy. Eight o'clock; don't be late if you can help it. . . . Oh! here *are* Kit and Dinny. Good-bye!"

Kit had come into the room. His face was brown, his eyes blue, his sweater the same colour as his eyes, his shorts darker blue; his green stockings were gartered below his bare knees, and his brown shoes had brogues; he wore no cap on his bright head.

"Auntie Dinny has gone to lie down. She had to sit on the grass. She says she'll be all right soon. D'you think she's going to have measles? Of course, I've had them, Mummy, so when she's isulated I can still see her. We saw a man who frightened her."

"What sort of man?"

"He didn't come near; a tall sort of man; he had his hat in his hand, and when he saw us, he almost ran."

"How do you know he saw you?"

"Oh! he went like that, and scooted."

"Was that in the Park?"

"Yes."

"Which?"

"The Green Park."

"Was he thin, and dark in the face?"

"Yes; do you know him too, Mummy?"

"Why 'too,' Kit? Did Auntie Dinny know him?"

"*I* think so; she said: 'Oh!' like that, and put her hand here. And then she looked after him; and then she sat down on the grass. I fanned her with her scarf. I love Auntie Dinny. Has she a husband?"

"No."

When he had gone up, Fleur debated. Dinny must have realised that Kit would describe everything. She decided only to send up a message and some sal volatile.

The answer came back: "I shall be all right by dinner."

But at dinner time a further message came to say she still felt rather faint:

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might she just go to bed and have a long night?

Thus it was that Michael and Fleur sat down alone.

"It was Wilfrid, of course."

Michael nodded.

"I wish to God he'd go. It's so wretched—the whole thing! D'you remember that passage in Turgenev, where Litvinov watches the train smoke curling away over the fields?"

"No. Why?"

"All Dinny's tissue is going up in smoke."

"Yes," said Fleur between tight lips. "But the fire will burn out."

"And leave——?"

"Oh! She'll be recognisable."

Michael looked hard at the partner of his board. She was regarding the morsel of fish on her fork. With a little set smile on her lips she raised it to her mouth and began champing, as if chewing the cud of experience. Recognisable! Yes, *she* was as pretty as ever, though more firmly moulded, as if preparing for the revival of shape. He turned his eyes away, for he still squirmed when he thought of that business four years ago, of which he had known so little, suspected so much, and talked not at all. Smoke! Did all human passion burn away and drift in a blue film over the fields, obscure for a moment the sight of the sun, and the shapes of the crops and the trees, then fade into air and leave the clear hard day; and no difference anywhere? Not quite! For smoke was burnt tissue, and where fire had raged there was alteration. Of the Dinny he had known from a small child up, the outline would be changed—hardened, sharpened, refined, withered? And he said:

"I must be back at the House by nine, the Chancellor's speaking. Why one should listen to him, I don't know, but one does."

"Why you should listen to anyone will always be a mystery. Did you ever know any speaker in the House change anyone's opinions?"

"No," said Michael, with a wry smile, "but one lives in hopes. We sit day after day talking of some blessed measure, and then take a vote, with the same result as if we'd taken it at the end of the first two speeches. And that's gone on for hundreds of years."

"So filial!" said Fleur. "Kit thinks Dinny is going to have measles. He's asking, too, if she has a husband. . . . Coaker, bring the coffee, please. Mr. Mont has to go."

When he had kissed her and gone, Fleur went up to the nurseries. Catherine was the soundest of sleepers, and it was pleasant to watch her, a pretty child with hair that would probably be like her own and eyes so hesitating between grey and hazel that they gave promise of becoming ice-green. One small hand was crumpled against her cheek, and she breathed lightly as a flower. Nodding to the nurse, Fleur pushed open the door into the other nursery. To wake Kit was dangerous. He would demand biscuits, and, very likely, milk, want light conversation and ask her to read to him. But in spite of the door's faint creaking he did not wake. His bright head was thrust determinedly into the pillow from under which the butt of a pistol protruded. It was hot, and he had thrown back the clothes, so that, by the glimmer of the night-light his blue-pyjamad figure was disclosed to the knees. His skin was brown and healthy and he had a Forsyte's chin. Fleur moved up and stood quite close. He looked 'such a duck,' thus determinedly asleep in face of the opposition put up by his quickening imagination. With feathered fingertips she gripped the sheet, pulled it up, and gingerly let it down over him; then stood back with her hands on her hips, and one eyebrow raised. He was at the best age in life, and would be for another two years until he went to school. No sex to bother him as yet! Everybody kind to him; everything an adventure out of books. Books! Michael's old books, her own, the few written since fit for children. He was at the wonderful age! She looked swiftly round the twilit room. His gun and sword lay ready on a chair! One supported disarmament, and armed children to the teeth! His other toys, mostly mechanised, would be in the schoolroom. No; there on the window-sill was the boat he had sailed with Dinny, its sails still set; and there on a cushion in the corner was 'the silver dog,' aware of her but too lazy to get up. She could see the slim feather of his tail cocked and waving gently at her. And afraid lest she might disturb this admirable peace, she blew a kiss to both of them and stole back through the door. Nodding again to the nurse, she inspected Catherine's eyelashes, and went out. Down the stairs she tip-toed to the floor on which was Dinny's room above her own. Was it unfeeling not to look in and ask if there were anything she wanted? She moved closer to the door. Only half-past nine! She could not be asleep. Probably she would not sleep at all. It was hateful to think of her lying there silent and unhappy. Perhaps to talk would be a comfort, would take her mind off! She was raising her hand to knock when a sound came forth, smothered, yet unmistakable—the gasping sobs of one crying into her pillow. Fleur stood as if turned to stone. A noise she had not heard since she herself had made it nearly four years ago! It turned her sick with the force of memory—a horrible, but a sacred sound. Not for worlds would she go in! She covered her ears, drew back, and fled downstairs. For further protection from that searing sound she turned on the portable wireless. It gave forth from the second act of "Madame Butterfly." She turned it off, and sat down again at her bureau. She wrote rapidly a kind of formula: "Such a pleasure if, etc.—meet those very charming Indian ladies who, etc.—Yours, etc., Fleur Mont." Over and over and over, and the sound of that sobbing in her ears! It was stuffy to-night! She drew the curtains aside and threw the window wider to let in what air there was. A hostile thing, life, full of silent menace and small annoyances. If you went towards and grasped life with both hands, it yielded, perhaps, then drew back to deal some ugly stroke. Half past ten! What were they jabbering about now in Parliament? Some twopenny-ha'penny tax! She closed the window and drew the curtains again, stamped her letters, and stood looking round the room before turning out and going up. And, suddenly, came a memory—of Wilfrid's face outside, close to the glass of the window, on the night he fled from her to the East. If it were there now; if, for a second time in his strange life, he came like a disembodied spirit to that window, seeking now not her but Dinny? She switched off the light and groped her way to the window, cautiously drew the curtains apart a very little, and peered out. Nothing but the last of the artificially delayed daylight! Impatient-

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ly, she dropped the curtain and went upstairs. Standing before her long mirror, she listened a moment, and then carefully did not. How like life, that! One shut eyes and ears to all that was painful—if one could. And who could blame? Plenty, to which one could shut neither eyes nor ears, seeped in even through closed lids and cotton-wool. She was just getting into bed when Michael came. She told him of the sobbing, and he in turn stood listening; but nothing penetrated the room's solid roofing. He went into his dressing-room and came back presently in a dressing-gown she had given him, blue, with embroidered cuffs and collar, and began to walk up and down.

"Come to bed," said Fleur; "you can't help by doing that."

They talked a little in bed. It was Michael who fell asleep. Fleur lay wakeful. Big Ben struck twelve. The Town murmured on, but the house was very still. A little crack now and then, as though some board were settling down after the day's pressure of feet; the snuffle, not loud, of Michael's breathing—such, and the whispering, as it were, of her own thoughts, were its only noises. From the room above not a sound. She began to think of where they should go in the long vacation. Scotland had been spoken of, and Cornwall; she herself wanted the Riviera for a month at least. To come back brown all over; she had never been properly sun-browned yet! With Mademoiselle and Nanny the children would be safe! What was that? A door closing. Surely the creaking of stairs! She touched Michael.

"Yes?"

"Listen!"

Again that faint creaking.

"It began above," whispered Fleur; "I think you ought to see."

He got out of bed, put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and, opening the door quietly, looked out. Nothing on the landing, but the sound of someone moving in the hall! He slipped down the stairs.

There was a dim figure by the front door, and he said gently:

"Is that you, Dinny?"

"Yes."

Michael moved forward. Her figure left the door, and he came on her sitting on the coat 'sarcophagus.' He could just see that her hand was raised holding a scarf over her head and face.

"Is there anything I can get you?"

"No. I wanted some air."

Michael checked his impulse to turn the light up. He moved forward, and in the darkness stroked her arm.

"I didn't think you'd hear," she said. "I'm sorry."

Dared he speak of her trouble? Would she hate him for it, or be grateful?

"My dear," he said, "anything that'll do you good."

"It's silly. I'll go up again."

Michael put his arm round her; he could feel that she was fully dressed. After a moment she relaxed against him, still holding the scarf so that it veiled her face and head. He rocked her gently—the least little movement side to side. Her body slipped till her head rested against his shoulder. Michael ceased to rock, ceased almost to breathe. As long as she would, let her rest there!

XXXV

When Wilfrid left Adrian's room at the Museum, he had no plan or direction in his mind, and walked along like a man in one of those dreams where the theme is repeated over and over, and the only end is awakening. He went down the Kingsway to the Embankment, came to Westminster Bridge, turned on to it, and stood leaning over the parapet. A jump and he would be out of it! The tide was running down—English water escaping to the seas, nevermore to come back, glad to go! Escape! Escape from all those who made him think of himself. To be rid of this perpetual self-questioning and self-consciousness! To end this damned mawkish indecision, this puling concern as to whether one would hurt her too much! But of course one would not hurt her too much! She would cry and get over it. Sentiment had betrayed him once! Not again! By God! Not again!

He stood there a long time, leaning on the parapet, watching the bright water and the craft creeping by; and every now and then a passing cockney would stand beside him, as if convinced that he must be seeing something of sensational interest. And he was! He was seeing his own life finally 'in the blue,' unmoored, careering like the Flying Dutchman on far waters to the far ends of the world. But at least without need for bravado, kow-towing, appeal or pretence, under his own flag, and that not at half mast.

"I've 'eard," said a voice, "that lookin' at the water long enough will make 'em jump sometimes."

Wilfrid shuddered, and walked away. God! How raw and jagged one had got! He walked off the Bridge past the end of Whitehall into St. James's Park, skirted the long water up to the geraniums and the large stone males, females and fruits in front of the Palace, passed into the Green Park and threw himself down on the dry grass. He lay there, perhaps an hour, on his back with his hand over his eyes, grateful for the sun soaking into him. When he got up he felt dizzy, and had to stand some minutes to get his balance before moving towards Hyde Park Corner. He had gone but a little way when he started and swerved off to the right. Coming towards him, nearer the riding track, were a young woman and a little boy. Dinny! He had seen her gasp, her hand go to her heart. And he had swerved and walked away. It was brutal, horrible, but it was final. So a man, who had thrust a dagger home, would feel. Brutal, horrible, but final! No more indecision! Nothing now but to get away as quick as ever he could! He turned towards his rooms, striding along as if possessed, his lips drawn back in such a smile as a man has in a dentist's chair. He had stricken down the only woman who had ever seemed to him worth marrying, the only woman for whom he had felt what was worthy to be called real love. Well! Better strike her down like that than kill her by living with her! He was as Esau, and as Ishmael, not fit for a daughter of Israel. And a messenger boy turned and stared after him—the pace at which he walked was so foreign to the youth's habitual feelings. He crossed Piccadilly with no concern whatever for its traffic, and plunged into the narrow mouth of Bond Street. It suddenly struck him that he would never see Scott's hats again. The shop had just been shut, but those hats rested in rows, super-conventional hats, tropical hats, ladies' hats, and specimens of the newest Trilby or Homburg, or whatever they called it now. He strode on, rounded the scent of Atkinson's, and came to his own door. There he had to sit down at the foot of the stairs before

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he could find strength to climb. The spasmodic energy which had followed the shock of seeing her had ebbed out in utter lassitude. He was just beginning to mount when Stack and the dog came down. It rushed at his legs and stood against him, reaching its head up. Wilfrid crumpled its ears. To leave it once more without a master!

"I'm off early to-morrow morning, Stack. To Siam. I probably shan't be coming back."

"Not at all, Sir?"

"Not at all."

"Would you like me to come too, Sir?"

Wilfrid put his hand on the henchman's shoulder.

"Jolly good of you, Stack; but you'd be bored to death."

"Excuse me, Sir, but you're hardly fit to travel alone at present."

"Perhaps not, but I'm going to."

The henchman bent his eyes on Wilfrid's face. It was a grave intent gaze, as if he were committing that face finally to heart.

"I've been with you a long time, Sir."

"You have, Stack; and nobody could have been nicer to me. I've made provision in case anything happens to me. You'd prefer to go on here, I expect, keeping the rooms for when my father wants them."

"I should be sorry to leave here, if I can't come with you. Are you sure about that, Sir?"

Wilfrid nodded. "Quite sure, Stack. What about Foch?"

Stack hesitated, then said with a rush: "I think I ought to tell you, Sir, that when Miss Cherrell was here last—the night you went off to Epping—she said that if you was to go away at any time, she would be glad to have the dog. He's fond of her, Sir."

Wilfrid's face became a mask.

"Take him his run," he said, and went on up the stairs.

His mind was once again in turmoil. Murder! But it was done! One did not bring a corpse to life with longing or remorse. The dog, if she wanted him, was hers, of course! Why did women cling to memories, when all they should wish should be to forget? He sat down at his bureau and wrote:

"I am going away for good. Foch comes to you with this. He is yours if you care to have him. I am only fit to be alone. Forgive me if you can, and forget me. Wilfrid."

He addressed it, and sat on at the bureau slowly turning his head and looking round the room. Under three months since the day he had come back. He felt as if he had lived a lifetime. Dinny over there at the hearth, after her father had been! Dinny on the divan looking up at him! Dinny here, Dinny there! Her smile, her eyes, her hair! Dinny, and that memory in the Arab tent, pulling at each other, wrestling for him. Why had he not seen the end from the beginning? He might have known himself! He took a sheet of paper and wrote:—

"My dear Father,

"England doesn't seem to agree with me, and I am starting to-morrow for Siam. My bank will have my address from time to time. Stack will keep things going here as usual, so that the rooms will be ready whenever you want them. I hope you'll take care of yourself. I'll try and send you a coin for your collection now and then. Good-bye.

Yours affectionately,

WILFRID."

His father would read it and say: "Dear me! Very sudden! Queer fellow!" And that was about all that anyone would think or say—except——!

He took another sheet of paper and wrote to his bank; then lay down, exhausted, on the divan.

Stack must pack, he hadn't the strength. Luckily his passport was in order, that curious document which rendered one independent of one's kind; that password to whatever loneliness one wanted. The room was very still, for at this hour of lull before dinner traffic began there was hardly any noise from the streets. The stuff which he took after attacks of malaria had opium in it, and a dreamy feeling came over him. He drew a long breath, and relaxed. To his half-drugged senses scents kept coming—the scent of camels' dung, of coffee roasting, carpets, spices and humanity in the *Suks,* the sharp unscented air of the desert, and the fœtid reek of some river village; and sounds—the whine of beggars, a camel's coughing grunts, the cry of the jackal, Muezzin call, padding of donkeys' feet, tapping of the silversmiths, the creaking and moaning of water being drawn. And before his half-closed eyes visions came floating; a sort of long dream picture of the East as he had known it. Now it would be another East, further and more strange! . . . He slipped into a real dream. . . .

XXXVI

Seeing him turn away from her in the Green Park, Dinny had known for certain it was all over. The sight of his ravaged face had moved her to the depths. If only he could be happy again, she could put up with it. For since the evening he left her in his rooms, she had been steeling herself, never really believing in anything but this. She slept little and had breakfast upstairs. A message was brought her about ten o'clock that a man with a dog was waiting to see her.

She finished dressing quickly, put on her hat, and went down. It could only be Stack.

The henchman was standing beside the 'sarcophagus,' holding Foch on a lead. His face, full of understanding as ever, was lined and pale, as if he had been up all night.

"Mr. Desert sent this, Miss." He held out a note.

Dinny opened the door of the drawing room.

"Come in here, please, Stack. Let's sit down."

He sat down and let go of the lead. The dog went to her, and put his nose on her knee. Dinny read the note.

"Mr. Desert says that I may have Foch."

Stack bent his gaze on his boots. "He's gone, Miss. Went by the early service to Paris and Marseilles."

She could see moisture in the folds of his cheeks. He gave a loud sniff, and angrily brushed his hand over his face.

"I've been with him fourteen years, Miss. It was bound to hit me. He talks of not coming back."

"Where has he gone?"

"Siam."

"A long way," said Dinny, with a smile. "The great thing is that he should be happy again."

"That is so, Miss. I don't know if you'd care to hear about the dog's food. He has a dry biscuit about nine, and shin of beef or sheep's head, cooked,

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with crumbled hound-meal, between six and seven, and nothing else. A good quiet dog, he is, perfect gentleman in the house. He'll sleep in your bedroom, if you like."

"Do you stay where you are, Stack?"

"Yes, Miss. The rooms are his lordship's. As I told you, Mr. Desert is sudden; but I think he means what he says. He never was happy in England."

"I'm sure he means what he says. Is there anything I can do for you, Stack?"

The henchman shook his head, his eyes rested on Dinny's face and she knew he was debating whether he dared offer sympathy. She stood up.

"I think I'll take Foch a walk and get him used to me."

"Yes, Miss. I don't let him off the lead except in the Parks. If there's anything you want to know about him any time, you have the number."

Dinny put out her hand.

"Well, good-bye, Stack, and best wishes."

"The same to you, Miss, I'm sure." His eyes had something more than understanding in them, and the grip of his hand a spasmodic strength. Dinny continued to smile till he was gone and the door closed, then sat down on the sofa with her hands over her eyes. The dog, who had followed Stack to the door, whined once, and came back to her. She uncovered her eyes, took Wilfrid's note from her lap and tore it up.

"Well, Foch," she said, "what shall we do? Nice walk?"

The tail moved; he again whined slightly.

"Come along, then, boy."

She felt steady, but as if a spring had broken. With the dog on the lead she walked towards Victoria Station, and stopped before the statue. The leaves had thickened round it, and that was all the change. Man and horse, remote, active, and contained—'workmanlike'! A long time she stood there, her face raised, dry-eyed, thin and drawn; and the dog sat patiently beside her.

Then, with a shrug, she turned away and led him rapidly towards the Park. When she had walked some time, she went to Mount Street and asked for Sir Lawrence. He was in his study.

"Well, my dear," he said, "that looks a nice dog, is he yours?"

"Yes. Uncle Lawrence, will you do something for me?"

"Surely."

"Wilfrid has gone. He went this morning. He is not coming back. Would you be so very kind as to let my people know, and Michael and Aunt Em, and Uncle Adrian. I don't want ever to have to speak of it."

Sir Lawrence inclined his head, took her hand and put it to his lips. "There was something I wanted to show you, Dinny." He took from his table a little statuette of Voltaire. "I picked that up two days ago. Isn't he a delightful old cynic? Why the French should be so much pleasanter as cynics than other peoples is mysterious, except that cynicism, to be tolerable, must have grace and wit; apart from those, it's just bad manners. An English cynic is a man with a general grievance. A German cynic is a sort of wild boar. A Scandinavian cynic is a pestilence. An American jumps around too much to make a cynic, and a Russian's state of mind is not constant enough. You might get a perfectly good cynic in Austria, perhaps, or northern China—possibly it's a question of latitude."

Dinny smiled.

"Give my love to Aunt Em, please. I'm going home this afternoon."

"God bless you, my dear," said Sir Lawrence. "Come here, or to Lippinghall, whenever you want; we love having you." And he kissed her forehead.

When she had gone, he went to the telephone, and then sought his wife.

"Em, poor Dinny has just been here. She looks like a smiling ghost. It's all over. Desert went off for good this morning. She doesn't want ever to speak of it. Can you remember that?"

Lady Mont, who was arranging some flowers in a Chinese ginger jar, dropped them and turned round.

"Oh! dear!" she said: "Kiss me, Lawrence!"

They stood for a moment embraced. Poor Em! Her heart was soft as butter! She said into his shoulder: "Your collar's all covered with hairs. You *will* brush your hair after you've put your coat on. Turn, I'll pick them off."

Sir Lawrence turned.

"I've telephoned to Condaford and Michael and Adrian. Remember, Em! The thing is as if it never was."

"Of course I shall remember. Why did she come to you?"

Sir Lawrence shrugged. "She's got a new dog, a black spaniel."

"Very faithful, but they get fat. There! Did they say anything on the telephone?"

"Only: 'Oh!' and 'I see,' and 'Of course.' "

"Lawrence, I want to cry; come back presently, and take me somewhere."

Sir Lawrence patted her shoulders and went out quickly. He, too, felt peculiar. Back in his study, he sat in thought. Desert's flight was the only possible solution! Of all those affected by this incident, he had the clearest and most just insight into Wilfrid. True, probably, that the fellow had a vein of gold in him which his general nature did its best to hide. But to live with? Not on your life! Yellow? Of course he wasn't that! The thing was not plain-sailing, as Jack Muskham and the pukka sahibs supposed, with their superstition that black was not white, and so on. No, no! Young Desert had been snared in a most peculiar way. Given his perverse nature, its revolts, humanitarianism and want of belief, given his way of hobnobbing with the Arabs, his case was as different from that of the ordinary Englishman as chalk from cheese. But, whatever his case, he was not a man to live with! Poor Dinny was well out of that! What pranks Fate played! Why should her choice have fallen there? If you came to that, why anything where love was concerned? It knew no laws, not even those of common sense. Some element in her had flown straight to its kindred element in him, disregarding all that was not kindred, and all outside circumstance. She might never get again the chance of that particular 'nick,' as Jack Muskham would call it. But—good God!—marriage was a lifelong business; yes, even in these days, no passing joke! For marriage you wanted all the luck and all the give and take that you could get. Not much give and take about Desert—restless, disharmonic, and a poet! And proud—with that inner self-depreciative pride which never let up on a man! A liaison, one of those leaping companionships young people went in for now—possibly; but that didn't fit Dinny; even Desert must have felt so. In her the physical without the spiritual seemed out of place. She was a lady, yes, a lady. And if people did not know what that

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meant in these days, all the worse for them!

'Where,' he thought, 'can I take poor Em at this time in the morning? The Zoo she doesn't like; I'm sick of the Wallace. Madame Tussaud's! Gaiety will break through. Madame Tussaud's!'

XXXVII

At Condaford Jean went straight from the telephone to find her mother-in-law, and repeated Sir Lawrence's words with her usual decision. The gentle rather timid expression on Lady Cherrell's face changed to a startled concern.

"Oh!"

"Shall I tell Father?"

"Please, dear."

Alone again with her accounts, Lady Cherrell sat thinking. The only one of the family, except Hubert, who had never seen Wilfrid Desert, she had tried to keep an open mind, and had no definite opposition on her conscience. She felt now only a troubled sympathy. What could one do? And, as is customary in the case of another's bereavement, she could only think of flowers.

She slipped out into the garden, and went to the rose beds, which, flanked by tall yew hedges, clustered round the old sundial. She plucked a basket full of the best blossoms, took them up to Dinny's narrow and conventual bedroom, and disposed them in bowls by the bedside and on the window-sill. Then, opening the door and mullioned window wide, she rang for the room to be dusted and the bed made. The Medici prints on the walls she carefully set exactly straight, and said:

"I've dusted the pictures, Annie. Keep the window and door open. I want it all to smell sweet. Can you do the room now?"

"Yes, m'lady."

"Then I think you'd better, I don't know what time Miss Dinny will be here."

Back with her accounts, she could not settle to them, and, pushing them into a drawer, went to find her husband. He, too, was seated before bills and papers without sign of animation. She went up to him and pressed his head against her.

"Jean's told you, Con?"

"Yes. It's the only thing, of course; but I hate Dinny to be sad."

They were silent till Lady Cherrell said:

"I'd tell Dinny about our being so hard up. It would take her mind off."

The General ruffled his hair. "I shall be three hundred down on the year. I might get a couple of hundred for the horses, the rest must come out of trees. I don't know which I dislike more. Do you think she could suggest something?"

"No, but she would worry and that would prevent her troubling so much over the other thing."

"I see. Well, Jean or you tell her, then. I don't like to. It looks like hinting that I want to reduce her allowance. It's a pittance as it is. Make it plain there's no question of that. Travel would have been the thing for her, but where's the money to come from?"

Lady Cherrell did not know, and the conversation lapsed.

Into that old house, which for so many centuries human hopes, fears, births, deaths, and all the medley of everyday emotions had stamped with a look of wary age, had come an uneasiness which showed in every word and action, even of the servants. What attitude to adopt? How to show sympathy, and yet not show it? How to welcome, and yet make it clear that welcome did not carry rejoicing? Even Jean was infected. She brushed and combed the dogs, and insisted on taking the car to the station for every afternoon train.

Dinny came by the third. Leading Foch, she stepped out of the carriage almost into Jean's arms.

"Hallo, my dear," said Jean, "here you are! New dog?"

"Yes; a darling."

"What have you got?"

"Only these things. It's no use looking for a porter, they're always trundling bicycles."

"I'll get them out."

"Indeed, you won't! Hold Foch!"

When, carrying her suitcase and dressing-bag, she reached the car, Dinny said:

"Would you mind if I walk up by the fields, Jean? It's good for Foch; and the train was stuffy; I should like a sniff of the hay."

"Yes, there's some down still. I'll take these along, and have fresh tea ready."

She left Dinny standing with a smile on her face. And all the way to the Grange she thought of that smile, and swore under her breath. . . .

Entering the field path, Dinny let Foch off his lead. By the way he rushed to the hedgerow, she realised how he had missed all this. A country dog! For a moment his busy joy took up her attention; then the sore and bitter aching came back again. She called him and walked on. In the first of their own fields the hay was still lying out, and she flung herself down. When she once got home she must watch every word and look, must smile and smile, and show nothing! She wanted desperately these few minutes of abandonment. She didn't cry, but pressed herself against the hay-covered earth, and the sun burned her neck. She turned on her back and gazed up at the blue. She framed no thoughts, dissolved in aching for what was lost and could never be found now. And the hum of summer beat drowsily above her from the wings of insects drunk on heat and honey. She crossed her arms on her chest to compress the pain within her. If she could die, there, now, in full summer with its hum and the singing of the larks; die and ache no more! So she lay motionless, until the dog came and licked her cheek. And, ashamed, she got up and stood brushing the hay-seeds and stalks from her dress and stockings.

Past old Kismet in the next field she came to the thread of stream and crossed it into the disenchanted orchard, smelling of nettles and old trees; then on, to the garden and the flagstones of the terrace. One magnolia flower was out, but she dared not stop and sniff, lest its lemon-honey scent should upset her again; and, coming to the French window, she looked in.

Her mother was sitting with the look on her face that Dinny called 'waiting for Father.' Her father was standing with the look on his face that she called 'waiting for Mother.' Jean seemed expecting her cub to come round the corner.

'And I'm the cub,' thought Dinny, and stepped over the threshold, saying:

"Well, Mother darling, can I have some tea? . . ."

That evening after good-night had been said, she came down again, and went to her father's study. He was at

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his bureau, poring, with a pencil, over something he had written. She stole up, and read over his shoulder:

"Hunters for sale: Bay gelding, fifteen three, rising ten, sound, good-looking, plenty of bone, fine jumper. Mare: Blue roan: fifteen one, rising nine, very clever, carries lady, show jumper, sound wind and limb. Apply Owner: Condaford Grange, Oxon."

"M'm!" he said, and crossed out the 'wind and limb.'

Dinny reached down and took the paper.

The General started and looked round.

"No," she said. And tore the sheet.

"Here! You mustn't do that. It took me——"

"No, Dad, you can't sell the horses, you'd be lost."

"But I *must* sell the horses, Dinny."

"I know. Mother told me. But it isn't necessary. I happen to have quite a lot." She put the notes she had been carrying so long on his bureau.

The General stood up.

"Impossible!" he said: "Very good of you, Dinny, but quite impossible!"

"You mustn't refuse me, Dad. Let me do something for Condaford. I've no use for it, and it happens to be just the three hundred Mother says you want."

"No use for it? Nonsense, my dear! Why! With that you could have a good long travel!"

"I don't want a good long travel. I want to stay at home and help you both."

The General looked hard into her face.

"I should be ashamed to take it," he said. "It's my own fault that I've got behind."

"Dad! You never spend anything on yourself."

"Well, I don't know how it is—one little thing and another, it piles up."

"You and I will go into it. There must be things we could do without."

"The worst is having no capital. Something comes along and I have to meet it out of income; insurance is heavy, and with rates and taxes always going up, income gets smaller all the time."

"I know; it must be awful. Couldn't one breed something?"

"Costs money to start. Of course we could do perfectly well in London or Cheltenham, or abroad. It's keeping the place up, and the people dependent on it."

"Leave Condaford! Oh! no! Besides, who would take it? In spite of all you've done, we're not up to date, Dad."

"We're certainly not."

"We could never put 'this desirable residence' without blushing unseen. People won't pay for other people's ancestors."

The General stared before him.

"I do frankly wish, Dinny, the thing wasn't such a trust. I hate bothering about money, screwing here and screwing there, and always having to look forward to see if you can make do. But, as you say, to sell's unthinkable. And who'd rent it? It wouldn't make a boys' school, or a country club, or an asylum. Those seem the only fates before country houses now-a-days. Your Uncle Lionel's the only one of us who's got any money—I wonder if he'd like to take it on for his week-ends."

"No, Dad! No! Let's stick to it. I'm sure we can do it, somehow. Let me do the screwing and that. In the meantime you *must* take this. Then we shall start fair."

"Dinny, I——"

"To please me, dear."

The General drew her to him, and kissed her forehead.

"That business of yours," he muttered into her hair: "My God, I wish——"

She drew back.

"I'm going out for a few minutes now, just to wander round. It's so nice and warm."

And winding a scarf over her head, she was gone through the opened window.

The last dregs of the long daylight had drained down beyond the rim, but warmth abided, for no air stirred, and no dew fell—a still, dry, dark night, with swarming stars. From the moment she stepped out Dinny was lost in it. But the old house shrouded in its creepers lived for her eyes, a dim presence with four still-lighted windows. She stood under an elm tree leaning against its trunk, with her arms stretched back, and her hands clasping it behind her. Night was a friend—no eye to see, no ear to listen. She stared into it, unmoving, drawing comfort from the solidity and breadth behind her. Moths flew by almost touching her face. Insentient nature, warm, incurious, busy even in the darkness. Millions of little creatures burrowed and asleep, hundreds floating or creeping about, billions of blades of grass and flowers straightening up ever so slowly in the comparative coolness of the night. Nature! Pitiless and indifferent even to the only creatures who crowned and petted her with pretty words! Threads broke and hearts broke, or whatever really happened to the silly things—nature twitched no lip, heaved no sigh! One twitch of nature's lip would have been more to her than all human sympathy. If, as in the 'Birth of Venus,' breezes could puff at her, waves like doves lap to her feet, bees fly round her seeking honey! If for one moment in this darkness she could feel at one with the starshine, the smell of earth, the twitter of that bat, the touch of a moth's wing on her nose!

With her chin tilted up, and all her body taut against the tree trunk, she stood breathless from the darkness and the silence and the stars. Ears of a weasel, nose of a fox to hear and scent out what was stirring! In the tree above her head a bird chirped once. The drone of the last train, still far away, began, swelled, resolved itself into the sound of wheels and the sound of steam, stopped, then began again and faded out in a far drumming. All hushed once more! Where she stood the moat had been, filled in so long that this great elm tree had grown. Slow, the lives of trees, and one long fight with the winds; slow and tenacious like the life of her family clinging to this spot.

'I will not think of him,' she thought, *'I will* not think of him!' As a child that refuses to remember what has hurt it, so would she be! And, instantly, his face formed in the darkness—his eyes, and his lips. She turned round to the trunk, and leaned her forehead on its roughness. But his face came between. Recoiling, she walked away; over the grass swiftly and without noise, invisible as a spirit. Up and down she walked, and the wheeling soothed her.

'Well,' she thought, 'I have had my hour. It can't be helped. I must go in.'

She stood for a moment looking up at the stars, so far, so many, bright and cold. And with a faint smile she thought:

'I wonder which is my lucky star!'

THE END.

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"IT was an accident" is a poor alibi for injuries which could have been prevented.

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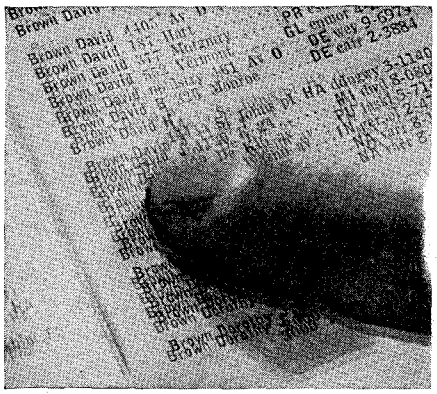

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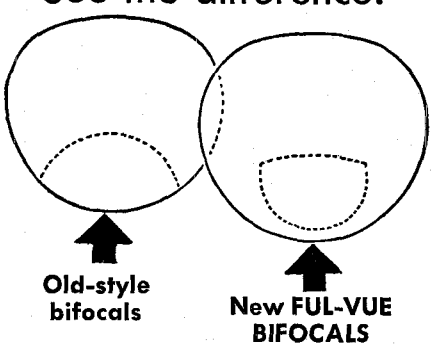

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Behind the Scenes

FRANK R. KENT brings his political papers in SCRIBNER'S to a conclusion with this issue. They have been widely commented upon.

THOMAS CRAVEN, the critic, is best known for his book, "Men of Art."

RUFUS DART is a Washington newspaper man who has had opportunity to see in action the ghostly gentlemen he writes about.

MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY retains her connection with one of the best known private schools in New York.

MARGARET CARPENTER, now Mrs. Henry B. Richardson, was "brought up in New York, educated at Brearley, cut short my college career to marry and have been raising children and subjecting my husband to very impressionistic housekeeping ever since."

HERBERT REED, dean of football writers, was best known as "Right Wing" of *The New York Evening Post*. He lives at Harmon, N. Y.

HELEN BENNETT has a husband and daughter and her maiden name. Her specialty is sociology and economics and her most thrilling experience was Russia in 1930. She lives in New York ("Thank God!") after twenty years of Suburbia.

ERNA FERGUSSON is considered by many the best-posted authority on the Indians of our Southwest. She lives in Albuquerque, N. M., where she spreads her time between writing and politics.

GRACE M. NEELY was born in Lebanon, Pa., married a planter, and went to live in Waynesboro, Ga. The story of her struggle with the plantation after her husband's death is told in her narrative. She is now on the staff of an Ohio school.

The movement started by William Harlan Hale's "Address to the Young Men" in August SCRIBNER'S has assumed national importance. The publication in October SCRIBNER'S of McCready Huston's résumé of the replies to Mr. Hale only added to the interest. It is plain that the young men and women of America are alive to the need of political thought and action and are prepared to take part in any movement which will bring clarity and purpose to their political thinking. Because articles have continued to flood our offices, we are using what few extracts from letters we have room for herewith and will give several pages of the magazine to the issue in our December number. It seems to us that the test of the validity of the movement and of its significance for America will come *after* the November elections. If there is a sound determination beneath it all which may be formulated into a sound political philosophy, there can be hope. If it has simply been a sporadic uprising in a presidential year, it would be useless to give it serious attention. What significance it has in our national life will be made clear by the young men and women themselves. SCRIBNER'S will be glad to have comment either in the form of articles or letters and will pay for such extracts as are used in the magazine.

A few of the many comments follow:

Sirs:

I have had the advantage of studying for five years in Europe and of mixing with students of all types, nationalist, communist, fascist.

To start with, the youth of Europe is not pleasure bent, nor is it preoccupied with problems (neurotic mostly) of sex that one finds amongst the youth of America and England. Facing a world turned upside down by the selfishness of their elders they are earnestly cogitating on means to bring back balance to the world, not by trying again old and worn out methods but indulging in new and sometimes terrifying ones. Hence the predominance of youth in the Fascisti movement as well as in the Communistic. But I would like to emphasize the fact that the *leaders* are young, as well as the followers.

It can easily be seen that the reason then that in America there is apathy amongst the young is through the lack of leadership. The lack of leadership, in America, seems to me due to the fact that all the young are so taken up with living out their own little lives, having their pleasure and indulging their emotions to the full, that they have no thought to give to the mechanism of the state. I don't say that there are not a few "thinkers" amongst them, but like the writer of Address to Young Men, they merely think and wonder what to do. It is all so easy—but it wants a leader first, then perhaps a committee of five or six (all under the age of thirty), then the call for contributions to start a youth press (a dollar from every young man or woman in the States), then the daily paper started, no contributor to be over the age of thirty, then a youth Party to be formed to challenge both the Democratic and the Republican Party, with a definite plan laid down in which good living will be assured to all.

But if this Youth Party, this Youth Press is founded on the worn out ideas of our elders, it will fail. If the idea of prosperity is one of bigger business, better salesmanship, more motor cars, more radios, more possessions, then surely it will fail again, as the civilization built up by our fathers and grandfathers has just crumbled to ruins. Happiness and prosperity and contentment come from the soul, not from personal possessions, therefore any new civilization to bring peace and contentment must be based upon ethics not upon the desire for more worldly possessions. There must again be brought into life the technique of living which has been lost to

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humanity for so many centuries. Where is the youthful philosopher in the States to lay down the rules of this technique? Is it because his writings are refused publication by an unsympathetic press that we do not hear his voice? If so then let him go to the city squares and call it forth as the great philosophers of ancient Greece did when their country was in danger and they knew that their words could save it.

LOUIS MANNERS-SUTTON.

Florence, Italy.

Sirs:

I am a young woman thirty years of age, stenographer in a law office in a small West Texas town, and I ask that he include the young women in his address. To us comes the clarion call as strongly as to the young men of the nation. Our jobs, our happiness, our lives also are at stake. Perhaps we are not awakening as rapidly to the fact that a radical change in our governmental policies is necessary, or rather to the fact that we may be instrumental in making that change, but at least our sleep is not very deep, and a few more articles such as the one I have just read will be like clean, cold water on our faces.

The country is not going to the dogs. We do not want soap-box radicalism; we do not want to suddenly become transformed into robots, fit only for the operation of a great machine. We want co-operation with some standard-bearer who is idealistic without being vague and utterly impractical, who is sincere and who is capable of intelligent organization for the good of the country and the individual. We will follow such a standard-bearer in all strength and good faith.

CADDELLE BIBOLET.

San Angelo, Texas.

Sirs:

It is my belief that one single phenomenon will go far toward explaining most of the inadequacies, hypocrisies and disgraces of current politics. I refer to the total lack of any large purposes in political practice—the absence of any philosophy regarding the use of government in the modern state.

Give the young men a direction, a purpose, something to hitch their loyalty to—give them a vision of the real opportunity of our day in public service—and their apathy will vanish over night. Politics is "dirty" largely because it now is used for no purpose greater than self-seeking. And I believe that it will be used for self-seeking just as long as powerful private interests have access to economic franchises that are essentially social and monopolistic, to acquire which they inevitably exert what Lincoln Steffens calls "the pressure to buy and corrupt."

We need therefore, not merely a few planks having to do with transitory issues, but a whole new philosophy of the purposes that modern economic life can and should be made to serve, and of the use of politics in bending and controlling the economic structure to those purposes. Our unity must be more than the negative one of an agreement in criticism; we must achieve a unity on positive purposes and programmes.

JAMES E. BRYAN.

221 Asbury Ave., Asbury Park, N. J.

Sirs:

Yes, Mr. Hale, the time has come—and high time it is. But, let us be certain that our "common denominators" be so buttressed with the integrity of sound ideas and lofty purpose that none can dismiss our cause on the mere grounds of malcontent. I think that most of us will agree that the Marxian ideas are of little value today—they are already outmoded. And the paternal brand of socialism espoused by Thomas followers seems, on the surface at least, to be little more than weak tea for a strong fever.

On the other hand, to have any truck with either of the two present major political parties would, I believe, eventually deliver us into the hands of the enemy. For, too obvious to be denied is the fact that control of both the Democratic and Republican parties rests with the party "bosses," whose dispensation of patronage keeps them in power. Neither force of numbers nor public clamor has ever succeeded in wresting power away from these shrewd political monarchs. Besides, the under-cover operation of "boring from within" would deprive us of a most potent device for rallying followers . . . a flaming torch, an emblem of our crusade in the possession of a party name and banner. To be successful our appeal must be to the imagination as well as to the intellect.

Difficult as it may seem, I believe a third party movement of the unified, forward-looking Nazi type is the only vehicle that can bring ultimate success. In such organization there is less danger of the loss of zeal and the obscuring of objectives, through any temporizing on principles or compromising on methods . . . control will be definitely in our own hands, from the very beginning.

I agree, Mr. Hale, our political life must begin. Let its birth be symbolic of its purpose . . . no part of political expediency, no vestige of moral cowardice. Let us *suffer* the child of our political destiny to be brought unto us . . . today!

PETER J. DETROY.

Haworth, N. J.

Sirs:

The movement of public indignation against political exploitation is just getting under way and the public sentiment moves so slowly that it is hard to withhold from saying, "To hell with it," and letting it go. Mr. Hale is a spirited young man. He belongs to the lost generation in America. Should he arise from the dead one hundred years from today he would perhaps see some results of his thinking. You see, I am disgusted with our government racket. I should be most pleased to smack every one of our 120,000,000 people in the face until their noses bleed and say, "Wake up, you damned fool, and see what it's all about." But then this is the best of all possible worlds.

DAVID A. HEMPHILL.

Nicholasville, Ky.

(*Continued on page 30*)

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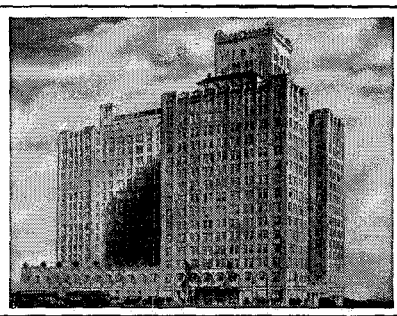

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Revival or Recovery?

By S. Palmer Harman

BUSINESS has begun to revive; there can be no question of that, for the fact is recorded in larger freight-car loadings, larger sales at department stores, larger sales of cigarettes, a sharp spurt of activity at the textile and shoe mills, and a vastly larger volume of business on the Stock Exchange. This last item on the list is included because, like the others, it means more income for certain classes of people—brokers and fortunate speculators—and, again like the others, it may or may not have great significance as far as the general business situation is concerned. Not much confidence is to be reposed in the stock market today as a business barometer; it is better to regard it merely as one item among many.

For the striking fact about business revival to date is that people still talk about recovery as though it were a doubtful matter, as indeed it is. Thus far we have had isolated phenomena which do not weave themselves into the pattern of a general forward movement in an extremely convincing way. There is a feeling that the whole thing is tentative and fragile, that something important must happen before we are warranted in saying that the country is conclusively on its way out of the depression. Hence, it is convenient and accurate to speak of what has occurred in the last month or two as business revival, meaning an absolute gain in volume of unknown significance, rather than as business recovery, which would imply a movement all along the line toward some condition recognizable as normal.

It is a toss-up, therefore, as to how far the movement will go, and many observers are confused because they have been accustomed to think that if a revival once got under way it would be a sure sign that the "corner" had been turned, whereas they are conscious that such a conclusion at this time is anything but certain. Yet there is a logical and normal explanation for the revival which we have experienced thus far. It is a snap-back from panic conditions. Stock prices touched the low level of the depression period last July and since that time have had a sweeping recovery. It is now generally recognized that the recovery represented, at least in its earlier stages, a natural rebound from panic conditions, when investors were throwing securities overboard for what they would bring because they could see nothing but disaster ahead. Gradually it came to be recognized that those fears were overdrawn, that stocks and bonds were worth more than their market prices even in the event of wholesale receiverships and bankruptcies; hence, the recovery, which merely reflects a calmer and more calculating state of mind.

So with business itself. Industrial activity touched bottom in July, as average prices for commodities had done in June. The panic which had seized investors, and which was so evident on the stock exchange, made people unwilling to spend even a few dollars to buy necessary goods, and merchants and manufacturers were correspondingly unwilling to lay in more stocks than they could immediately sell. With the passing of the acute phases of the financial crisis, business conditions also eased appreciably, and there has been a pickup in numerous lines of activity.

It should be noted, however, that this revival of trade has been predominantly in what are known as "consumption" lines. New clothes and new shoes have been bought to replace articles that were fast wearing out. Some necessary repairs have been made on buildings to prevent damaging deterioration. Even in foodstuffs, which are subject to more pinching and economizing than is generally realized, an expansion has been noted, despite the fact that the roster of the unemployed is

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larger than ever. In a nation of 125,000,000 people it does not take much loosening of the purse-strings to produce noticeable results among articles which are employed in everyday use. Along with consumer buying there has gone a certain amount of stocking up by merchants and manufacturers who wished to be protected against a possible rise in the price of crude materials.

But American prosperity, until recently, has been largely based upon the expansion of industrial equipment designed to meet future consumption needs, and there has been hardly a sign of reviving activity in this direction. Steel mill operations, which at the end of August amounted to only 12 per cent of capacity, are now around 16 per cent. New building construction is still running at about one half of the level of a year ago. Railroads are buying little in the way of rails, cars or locomotives, drillers of oil wells and builders of pipe lines are holding back because of existing oversupplies of crude oil, copper mines are probably working at less than 20 per cent of capacity, shipbuilding is flat. In lines of trade calling for the expenditure of the consumer's dollar there has been a rather marked revival; in those calling for the expenditure of the investor's dollar, from which the major part of income and profits has been derived in the past, revival has lagged.

With industrial activity restricted to the low percentages cited above, it is natural that new investment in productive capacity should lag, and we obviously shall have to look about to discover, if possible, some other recipe for prosperity than an endless growth of productive mechanism. Tremendous efforts are being made to start things going by expanding credit through government borrowing and spending, but in the main this programme looks toward the construction of more productive mechanism, and private business enterprise has not fallen in readily with that plan, for the reasons cited. Indeed, a fair case

(*Continued on page 30*)

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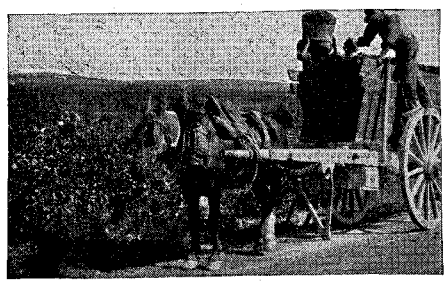

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(Continued from page 29)

could be made out for the assertion that a large part of the money which the government is spending is finding its way into the security markets. Every kind of credit except government credit has been steadily contracting, yet average prices of stocks doubled during July and August. Experience in recent years has demonstrated that artificially easy money is slow to produce results in business, but quick to produce them on the stock markets.

How, then, is business recovery to originate, if not in building more machinery to produce more things? Except that the country is not now organized for it, there is no reason why prosperity should not flow from making a better distribution of the output of the machines we now have. For it is a preposterous idea that a country can only prosper by continually postponing the enjoyment of its savings and investing them in new machines, the output of which eventually produces a glut and a panic. Slowly and ponderously, emphasis is being shifted from production to consumption, and the present revival in consumer buying provides a clue to the future, if only we find out how to act upon it.

Behind the Scenes

(Continued from page 27)

Sirs:

I do not like the implication that there is an issue between age and youth, that age and experience has utterly failed and that the only hope is for youth to take up the torch. The idea of a political party in power, composed only of young men, to me, is absurd. Youth and age are necessary to each other. The impetuosity of youth must be tempered by the experience and caution of age.

And why completely condemn the capitalistic system? Mr. Mellon's statement that the "present economic arrangement is basically safe and sound," is not ridiculous, as Mr. Hale seems to think. It is the abuses of the system and not the system, itself, which is at fault. It is at times like the present that the abuses come to light and should be corrected, and are being corrected. We are all familiar with the part that extravagance and graft have played in the collapse of business; of the influence of production built up to meet an artificial demand, caused in turn by over inflation of credit, etc. These matters are now recognized and are gradually being corrected. Of course, where the human element is involved, perfection can never be reached. Mistakes and abuses will always occur, but economic laws are inexorable, and whenever they are transgressed, these errors will always show up, sooner or later, as they have done during the present depression.

FRANK D. ALLEN.
Pekin Wood Products Co., Helena, Ark.

Sirs:

I graduated from the University of Iowa in June and have become a member of the unemployed. To keep myself from utter boredom and from taking to the road as so many of my acquaintances have done, I have directed my efforts to helping rebuild a new party. At the Iowa state socialist convention recently, I was named to the state executive committee. I am to tour the state in behalf of Norman Thomas. And especially, am I going to address myself to the young men of my state and my university. I was an athlete there, I was graduated with honors, and I was highly lauded by the institution's administration for my record of having worked my entire way through school. I have letters of recommendation from the

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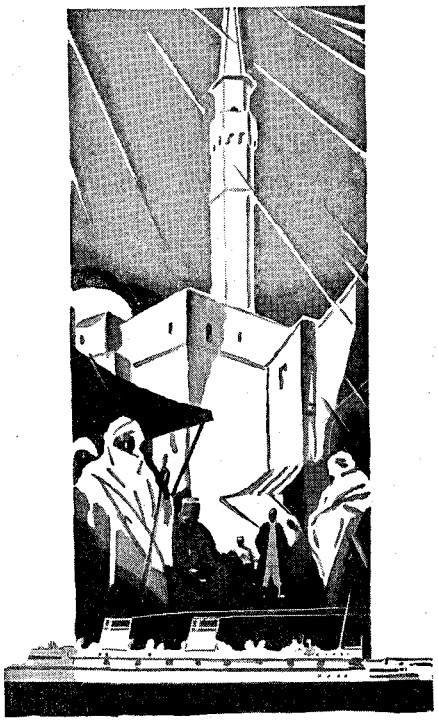

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president of the university. We shall see how they receive me when I return crusading for Norman Thomas among the young men of our generation who are finding themselves face to face with rebuilding the country.

ALVIN COONS.

115 S. Kellogg Ave., Ames, Iowa.

Sirs:

I was especially interested in Mr. Hale's suggestion that what this country needs is a "vivid, youthful press."

My only criticism of the "vivid, youthful press" idea is that too many of the discontented would be satisfied to write bombastic editorials damning the chaotic capitalistic mess we are in and let it go at that. Supposing every one wanted to hurl verbal bombshells against the grinning gods of unemployment, but that nobody would do anything more? For even though this visionary and idealistic group knows that the giddy dance of unemployment must stop, that our grave problems of rioting and starvation must be solved, that the chaos will inevitably strip our young enthusiasts of their visions and hopes, action must accompany the theories and solutions churned out in print. A vivid, youthful press. Fine. But let us have more than pretty theories and impractical idealism. That is the trouble with mere talk and ranting on the printed page. Too often it gets us nowhere.

STANLEY HEGGEN.

Renwick, Iowa.

The following comment by Professor Armstrong on "As I Like It," by Doctor Phelps, is characteristic of many received every month. The suggestion of making Doctor Phelps's articles a basis for club programmes seems particularly happy.

But the chief reason of my writing this is to tell you how thoroughly I enjoyed the last two numbers of SCRIBNER'S which I had not seen in South America. The first magazine that I bought on my return was SCRIBNER'S and I turned immediately to the *As I Like It* section and I found it, it seemed to me, more interesting than ever. Sometimes I do not like to read the column because so many things are suggested that I want to do that when I get through with it I am discouraged. This time as I read it, it seemed to me that clubs would find the suggestions most stimulating and ample work to keep them busy from month to month. In other words, I think that the next person who asks me anything about a club programme will receive the answer—"Why don't you study Doctor Phelps's *As I Like It* column and assign the various books mentioned each month to the members for reports?" It seems to me that a most marvellously interesting and up-to-date study would result.

A. J. ARMSTRONG.

Baylor University, Waco, Texas.

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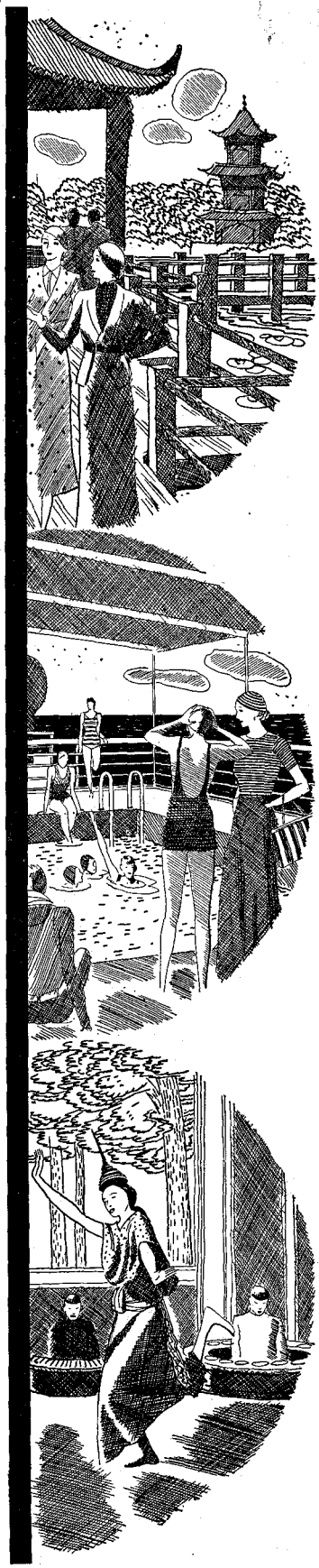

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